

MAY

No. 11

# NATIONAL

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

## COMICS

10<sup>c</sup>



QUICKSILVER



SALLY O'NEIL



STARRING  
**UNCLE  
SAM**  
AMERICA'S  
GREATEST  
HERO!

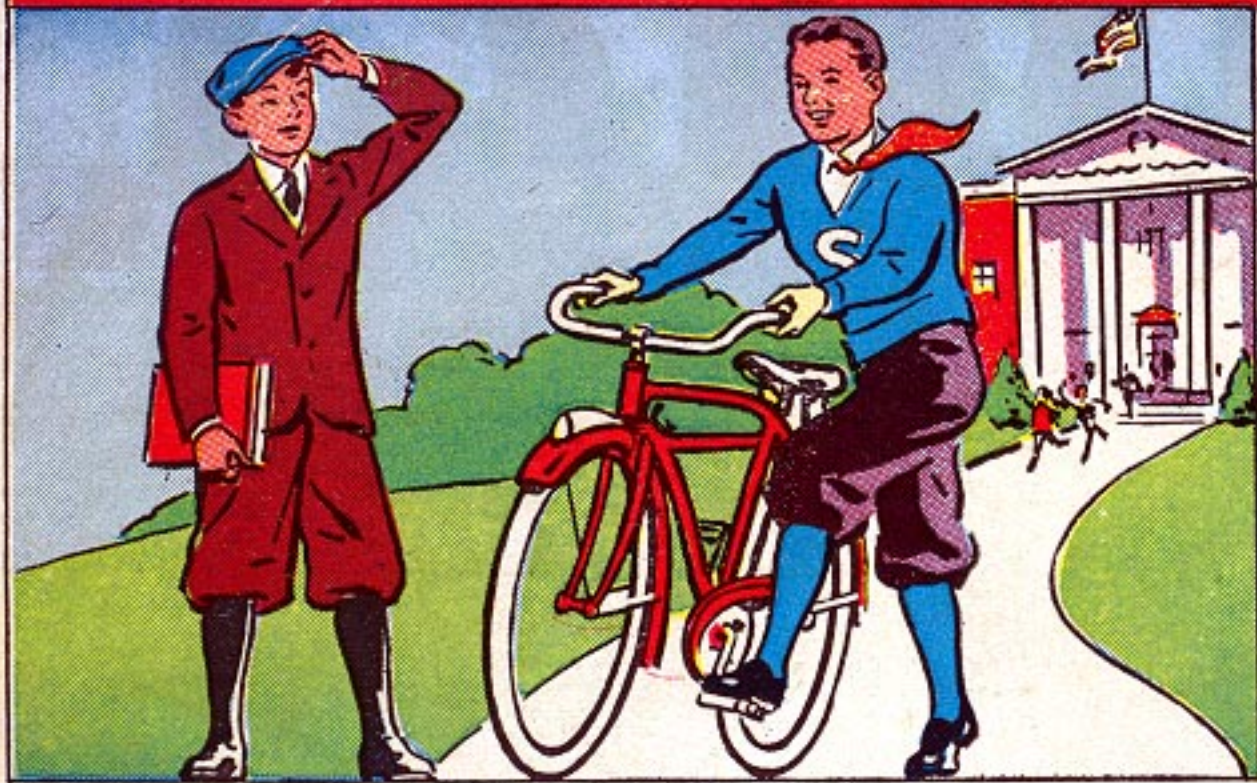




WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

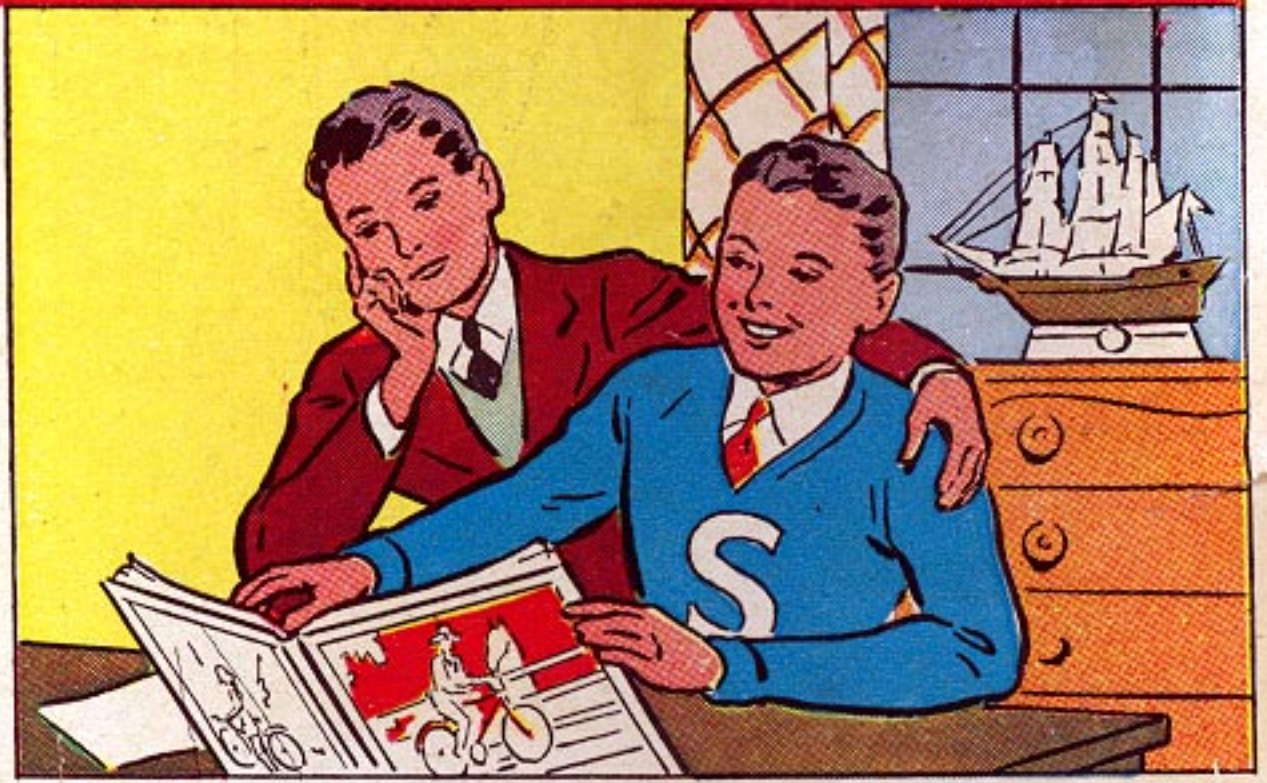


# HURRY BOYS, GET YOURS!



**BILL:** Gosh, Slim, it must be great to be voted the most popular boy in school. Bet you'll be in the movies some day.

**SLIM:** Shucks! It's easy to be healthy and popular when you ride a Schwinn bike.



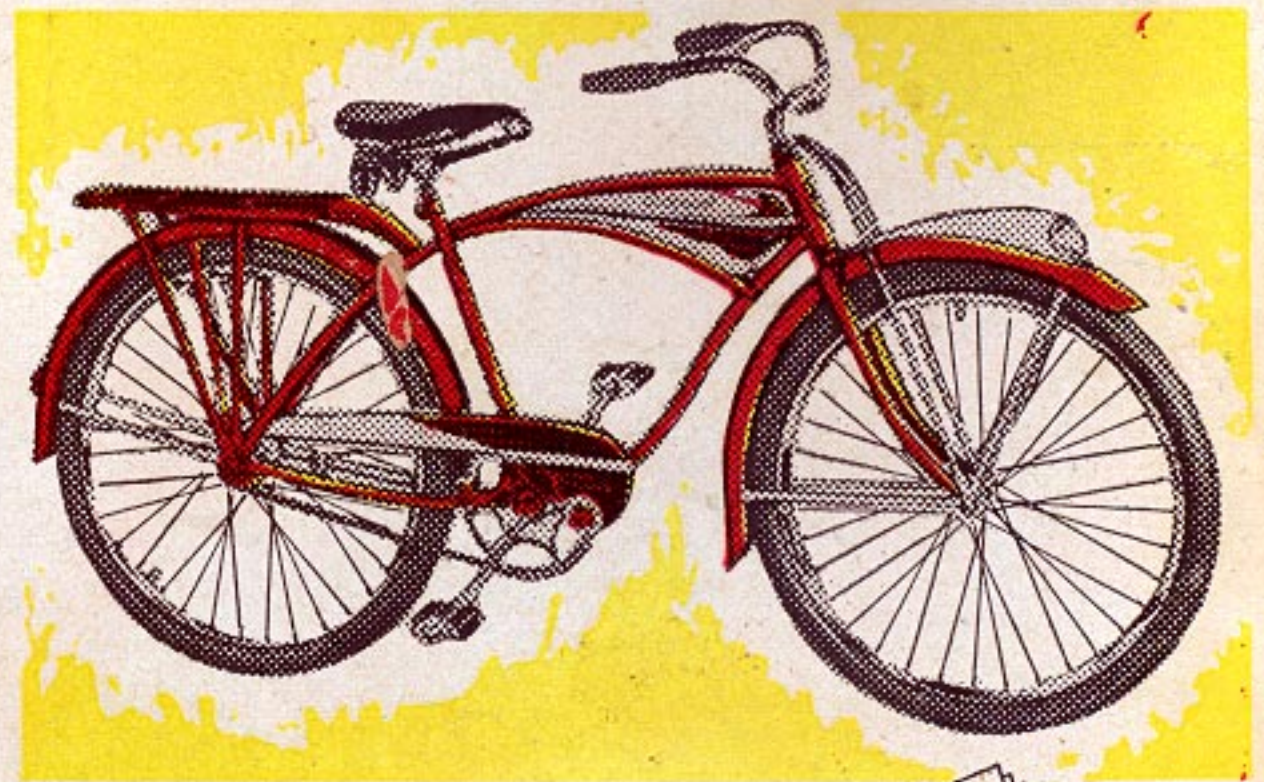
**SLIM:** Look at all these Hollywood stars that ride Schwinn-Built bikes—Buck Jones, Pat O'Brien, Jane Withers, Bing Crosby and lots of others.

**BILL:** Where did you ever get this swell book of pictures? And all in colors too!



**SLIM:** Aw, that was easy. Just wrote a postal card to Arnold, Schwinn & Co. and asked for their Hollywood Album. Hey, Bill, where you goin'?

**BILL:** So long, Slim. I'm writing a post card right now. Gonna show this Hollywood Album to dad so he'll get me a Schwinn too.



**YOUR** favorite movie stars and their Schwinn-Built bicycles—all in glorious colors, in the new Schwinn **HOLLYWOOD ALBUM!** Hurry and get yours—**FREE!** It will help you *get* that Schwinn-Built bicycle you've been hinting about to dad and mother. You can show them all of the leading Schwinn models in full colors, too—all with a *lifetime guarantee!* Schwinn is the bike that's "tops"—in Hollywood and everywhere—"tops" in style, quality, riding ease, safety features and *exclusive* accessories. . . . The Hollywood Albums are going fast. So mail the coupon or a postal *now* for your free copy.



## SCHWINN BICYCLES

**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ★**



**ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.**  
1700 N. Kildare Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me **FREE**—your full-color **HOLLYWOOD ALBUM.**

Name.....

Street.....

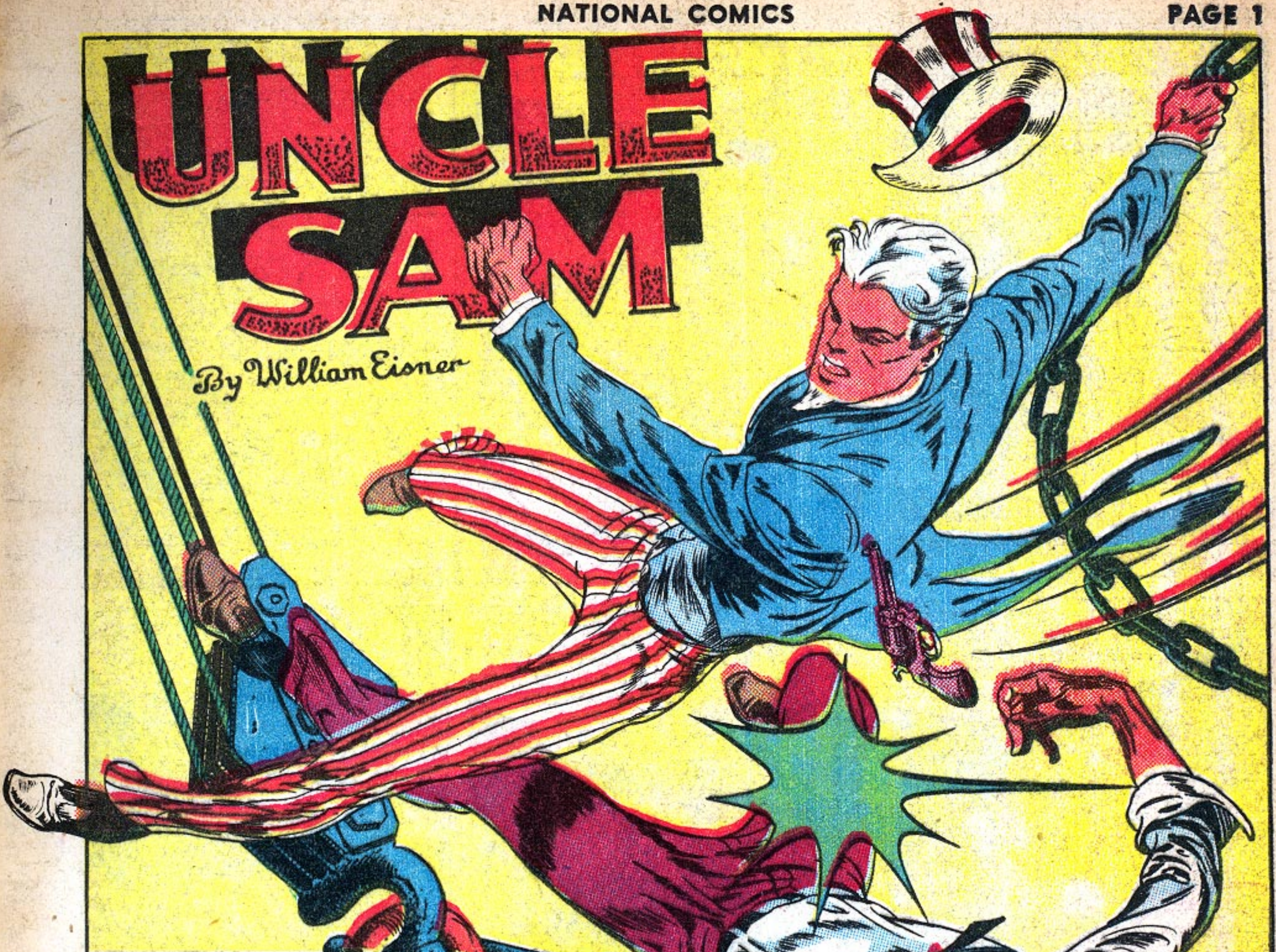
City.....State.....

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# UNCLE SAM

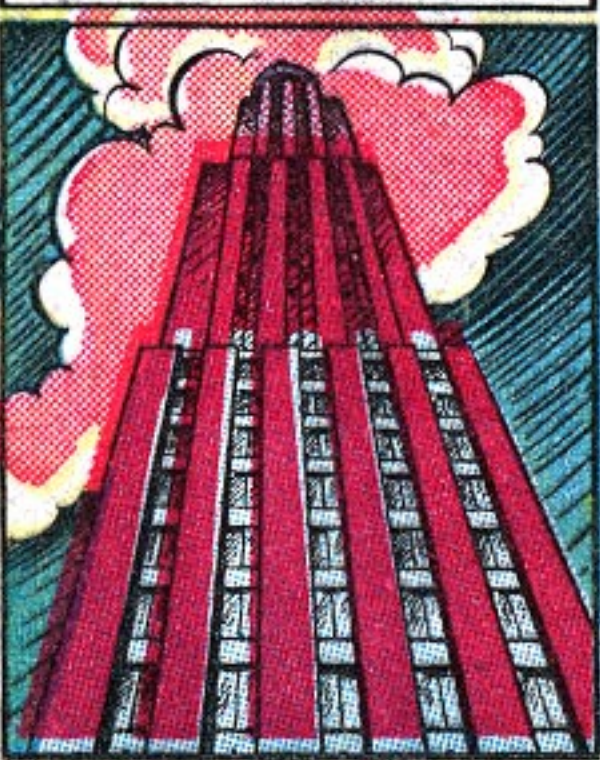
By William Eisner



UNDER A THICK MANTLE OF SMOKE LIES STEELVILLE.. THE ROWS OF MISERABLE WOODEN SHACKS HOUSE THE FAMILIES OF MEN WHO WORK IN THE MILLS.



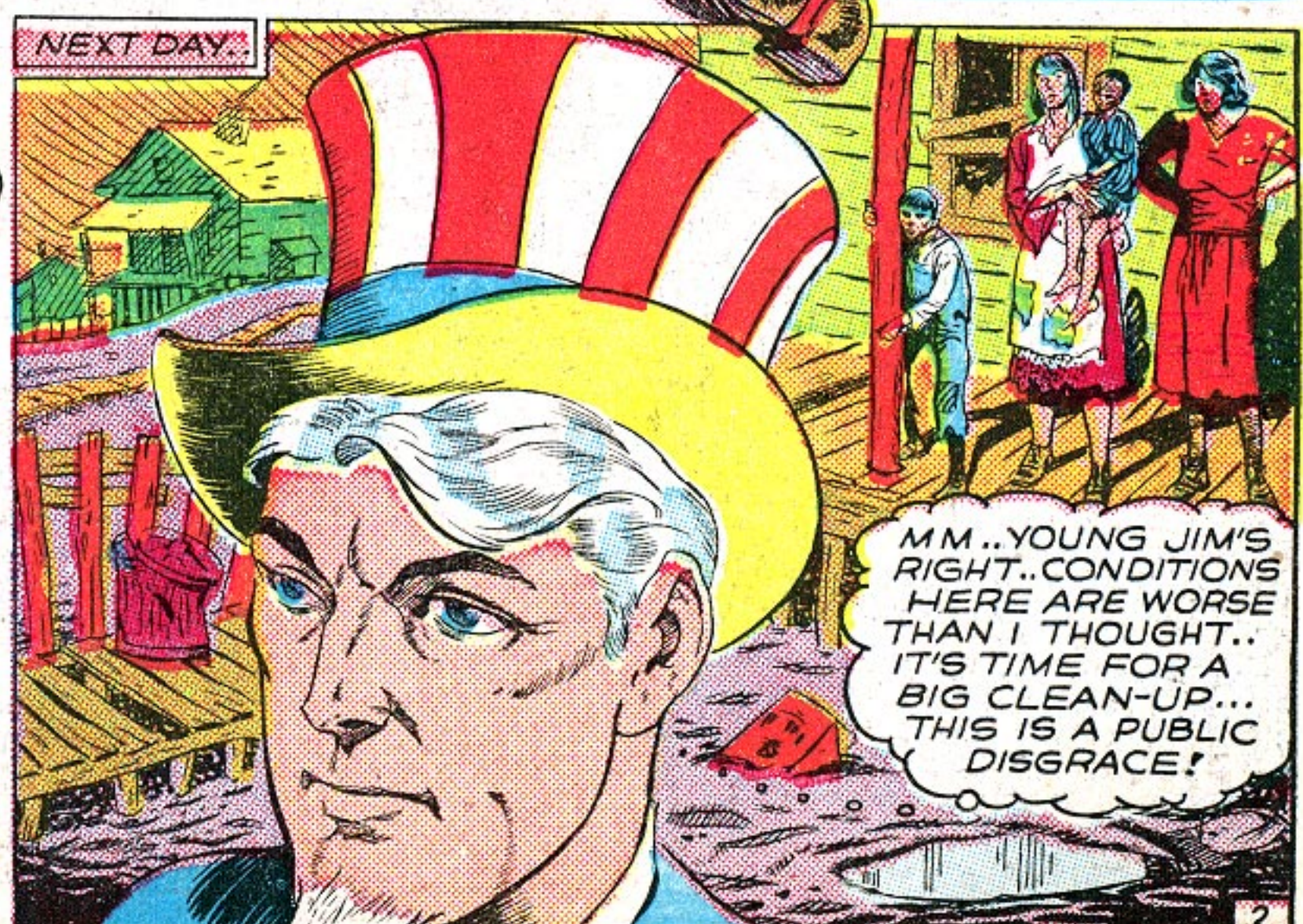
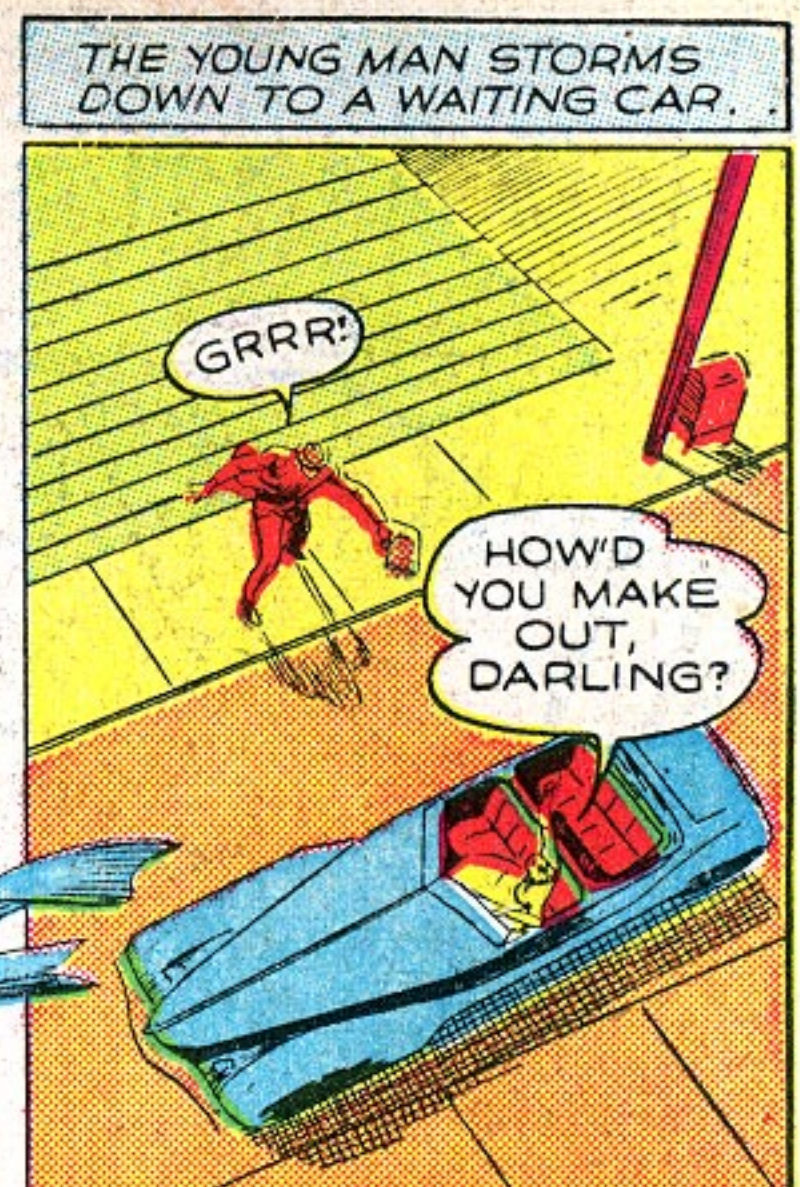
WHILE ABOVE THE POLLUTED AIR RISES THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL TOWER OF THE VANDER STEEL COMPANY.



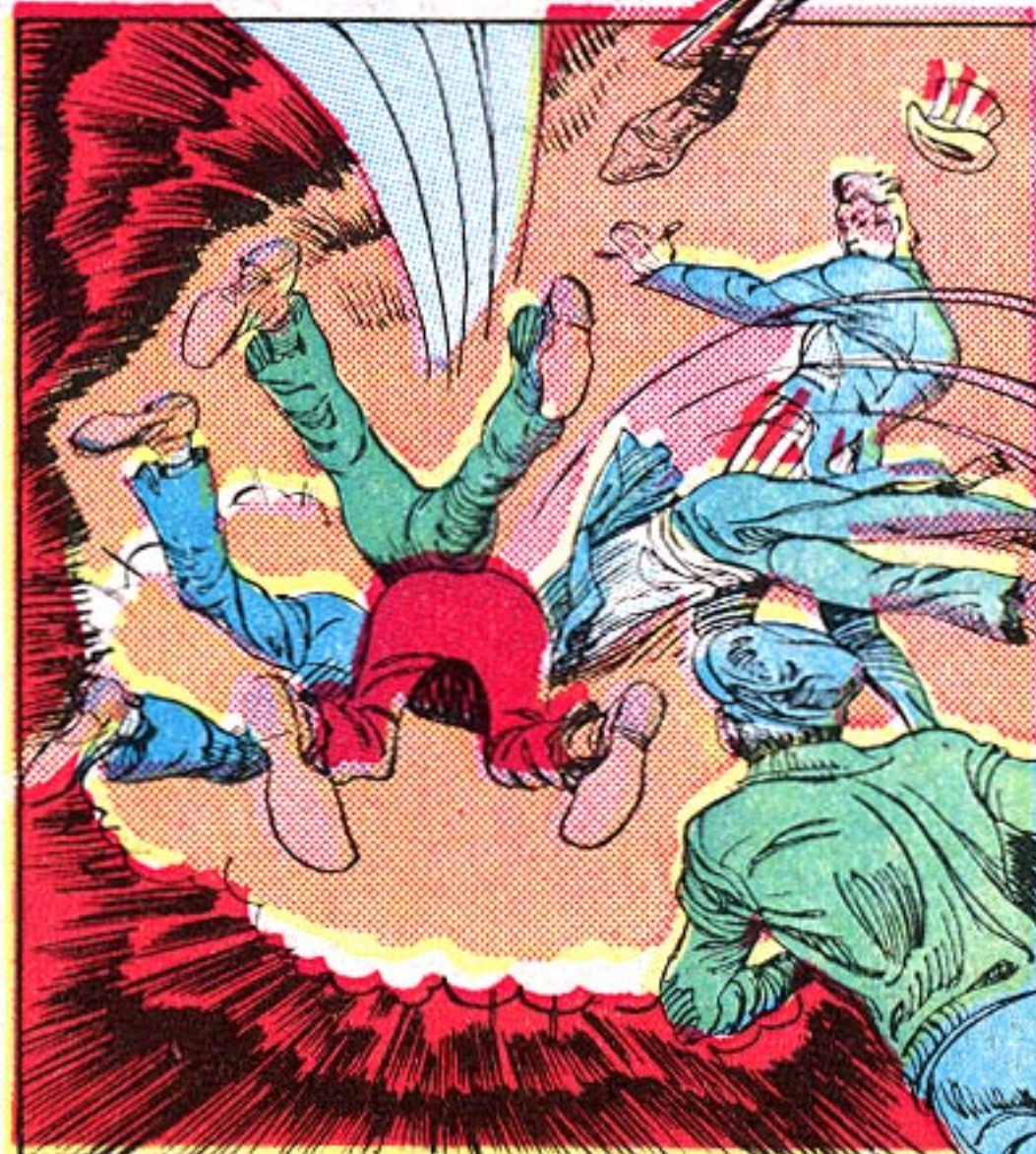
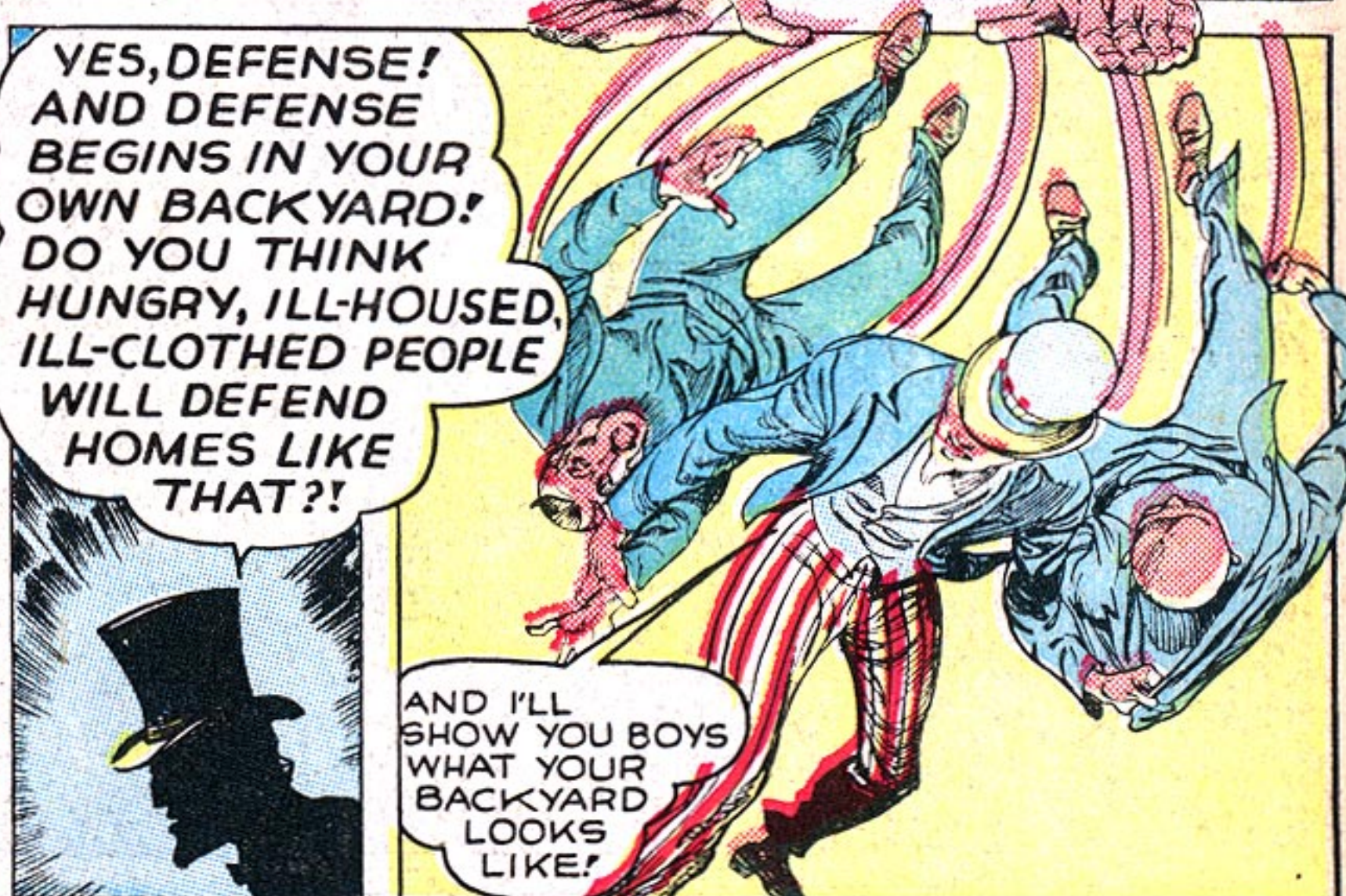
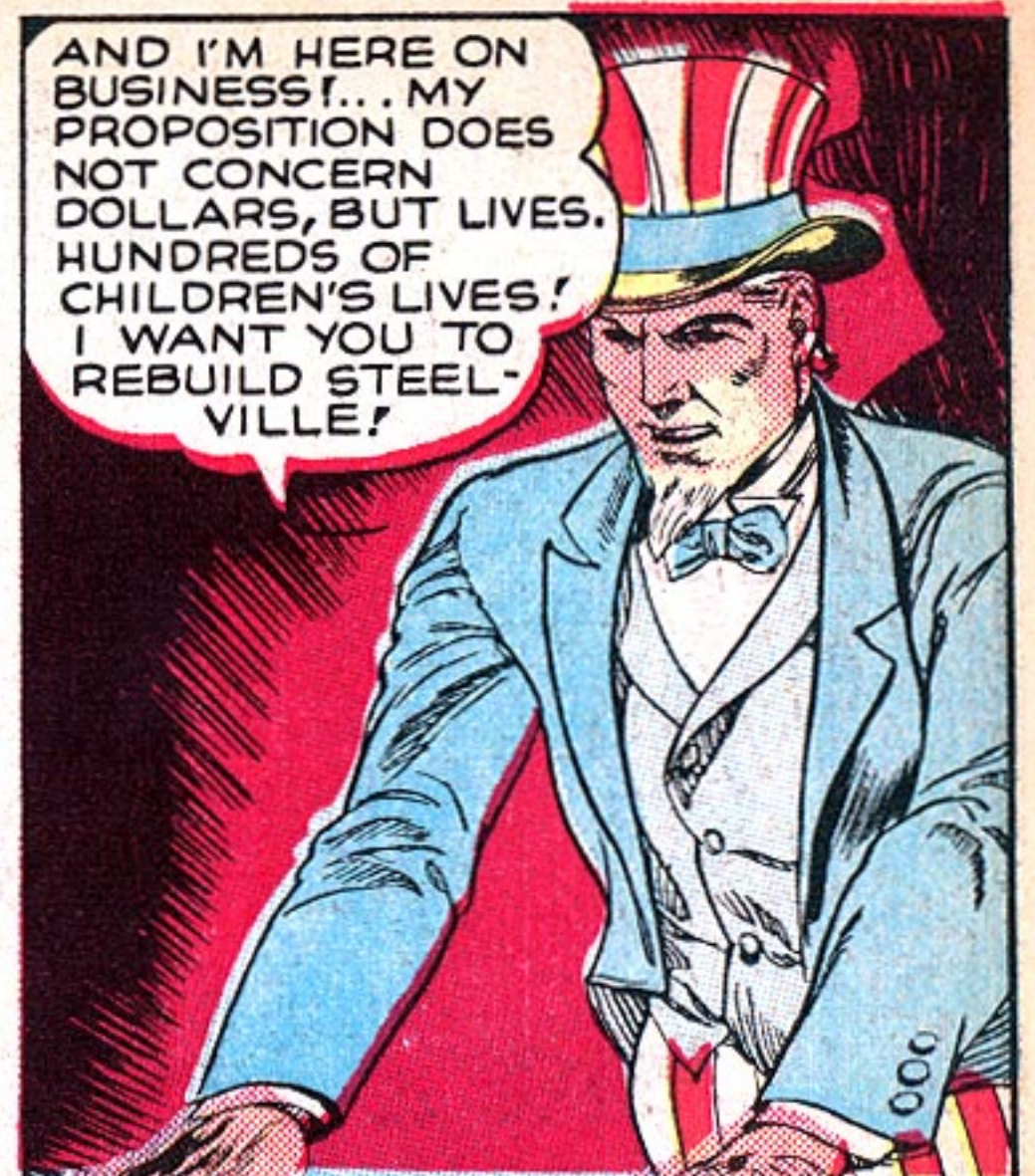
I SAID GET OUT, YOU YOUNG UPSTART. GET OUT OF HERE!



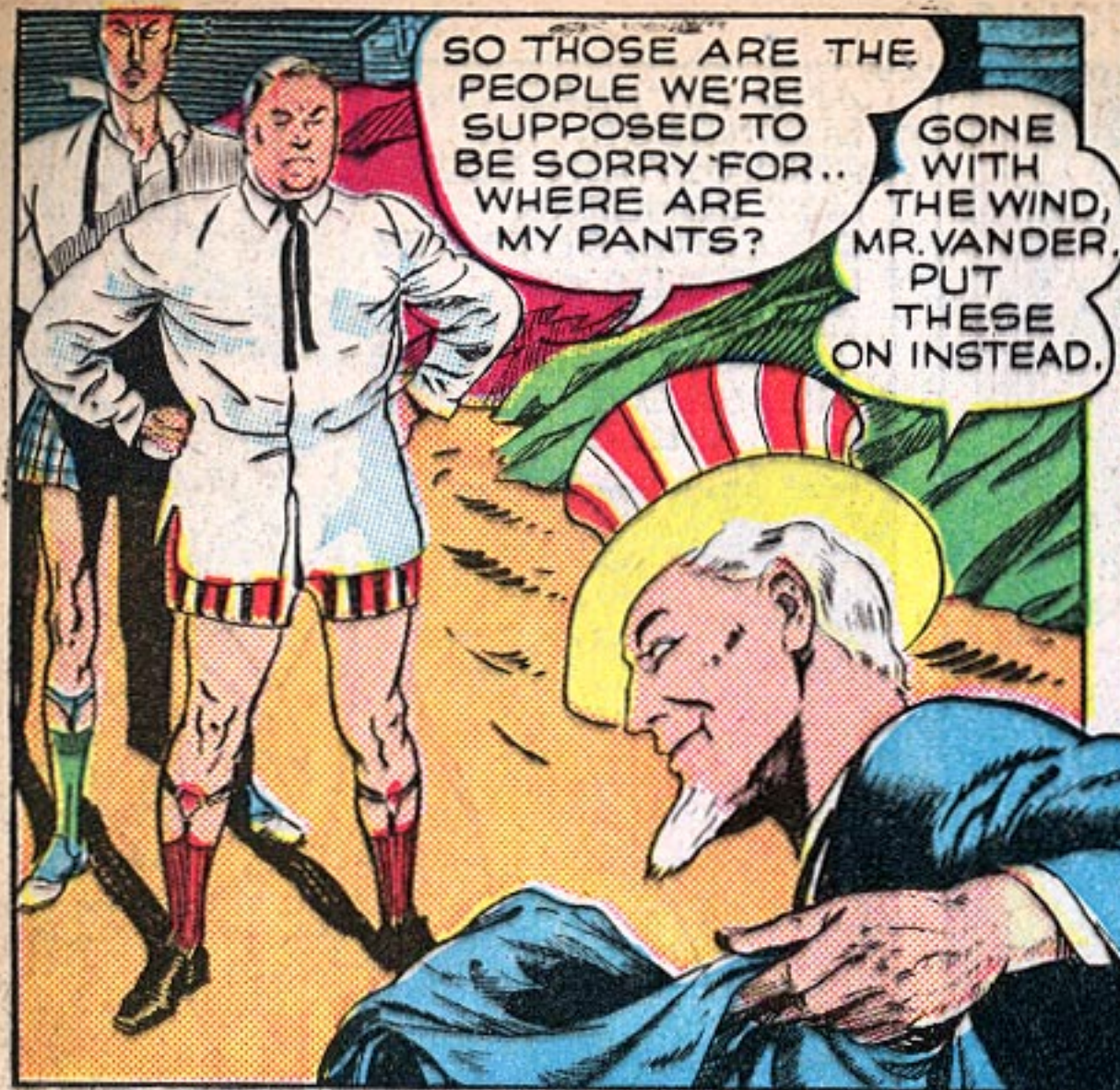




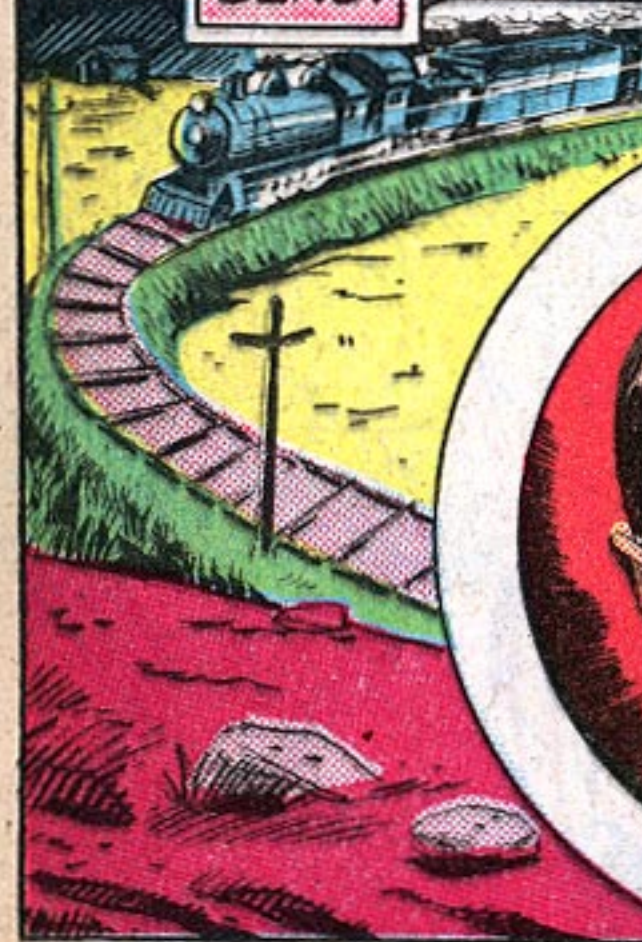








JUST THEN A SPEEDING FREIGHT TRAIN COMES ROARING AROUND THE BEND.



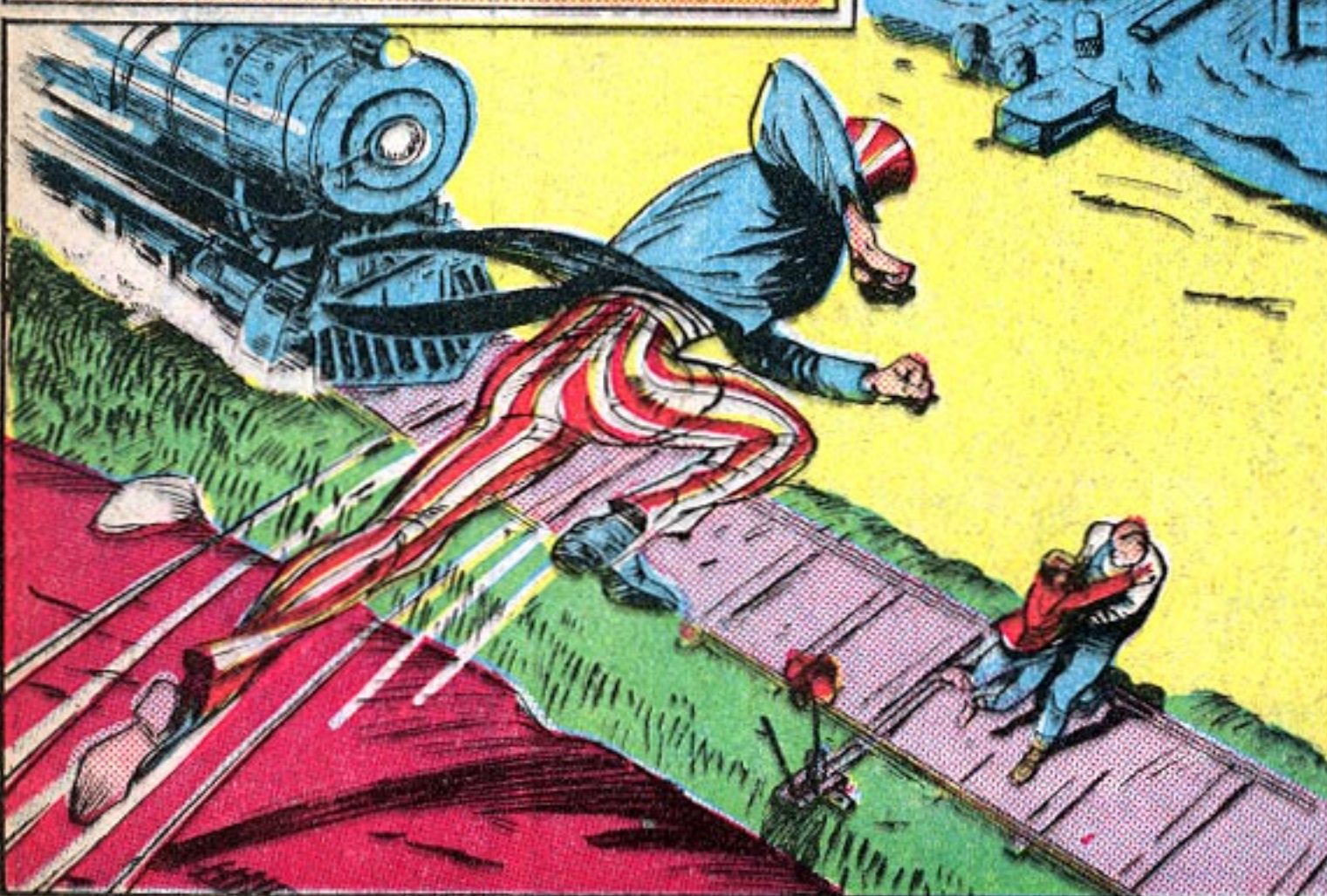
GREAT SCOTT! THE KID'S FOOT IS CAUGHT IN THE TRACK! HE'LL BE KILLED!



I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!



WITH JUST A FEW YARDS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, UNCLE SAM SPRINGS INTO ACTION.



HE LEAPS UPON THE MONSTER'S WHEELS AND PULLS THEM TO A SCREECHING STOP.





THEY BRING THE BOY HOME TO HIS MOTHER, WITH WORDS OF WARNING TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE TRACKS.



I NEVER REALIZED THINGS WERE SO BAD, SAM.

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T.. THAT'S WHY I'M SHOWING YOU THIS.. NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT EVIL INFLUENCES DESPERATE MEN COME UNDER.



THEY ENTER A SMOKY BASEMENT CROWDED WITH POOR WORKERS.



WHAT D'YOU STAND THIS FOR? I'M THE GUY WHO CAN GET YOUR DEMANDS FOR YOU!

THAT'S SCALINI, THE RACKETEER!

HE'S TRYING TO GET CONTROL OF THEIR UNION.

YOU'RE SUCKERS TO STAND FOR THESE CONDITIONS.. VOTE ME AN' MY BOYS INTO OFFICE IN YOUR UNION AND YOU'LL SEE ACTION.. HEY, LOOIE! SHOW 'EM WHAT WE MEAN!



ACTION, SEE? THIS LITTLE GIRL IS NONE OTHER THAN VANDER'S DAUGHTER! WE'LL HOLD HER TILL THE OLD MAN GIVES IN!

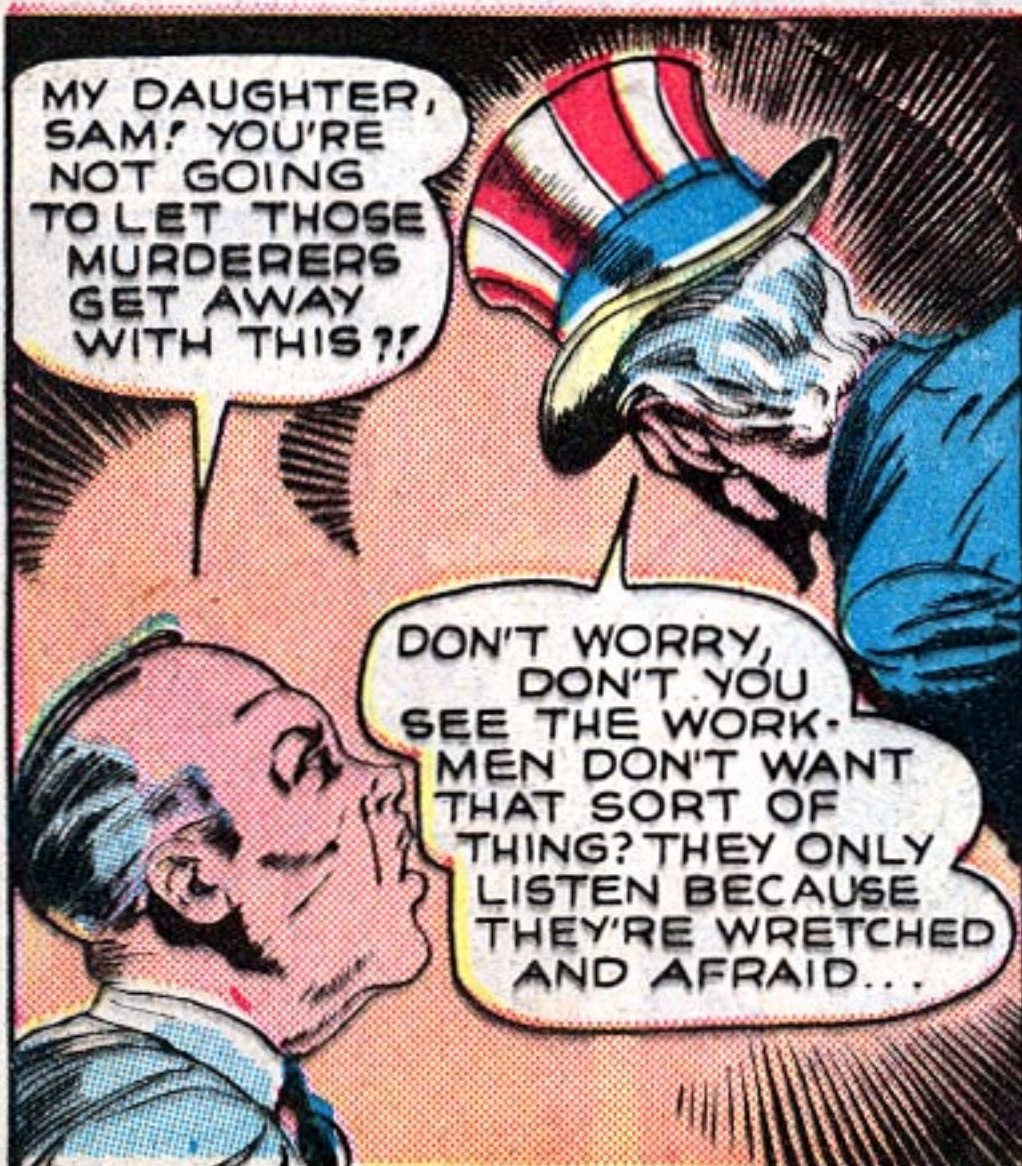


KIDNAPPIN'S GOIN' TOO FAR.. LET THAT GIRL GO!

I BANE T'INK IT'S TOO CROOKED. YEAH.. PY GOLLY!



MY DAUGHTER, SAM! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THOSE MURDERERS GET AWAY WITH THIS?!



DON'T WORRY, DON'T YOU SEE THE WORK-MEN DON'T WANT THAT SORT OF THING? THEY ONLY LISTEN BECAUSE THEY'RE WRETCHED AND AFRAID...

BUT IT'S TIME THIS THING WAS STOPPED...JUST A MINUTE, MY FRIEND!

OBJECTIONS, EH? WELL, WE GOT OUR OWN WAYS OF HANDLIN' PUNKS LIKE YOU!







THE WORKERS PITCH INTO THE RACKETEERS WITH A VIM.



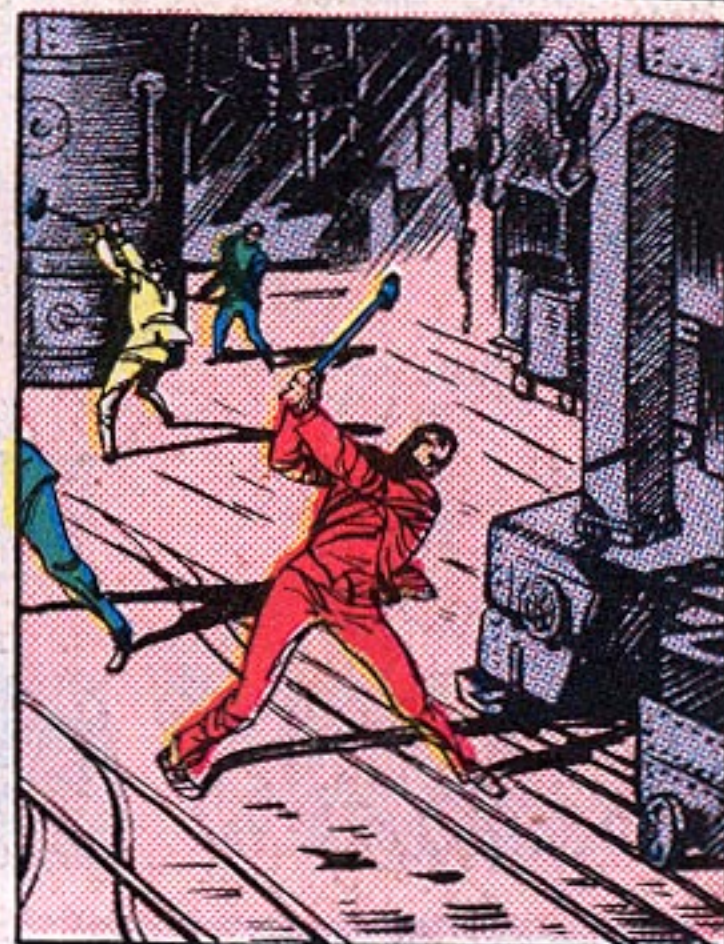
SOME OF THE CROOKS SLIP OUT A SIDE WAY.



UNCLE SAM AND THE OUTRAGED WORKERS RACE ACROSS TO THE FACTORY.



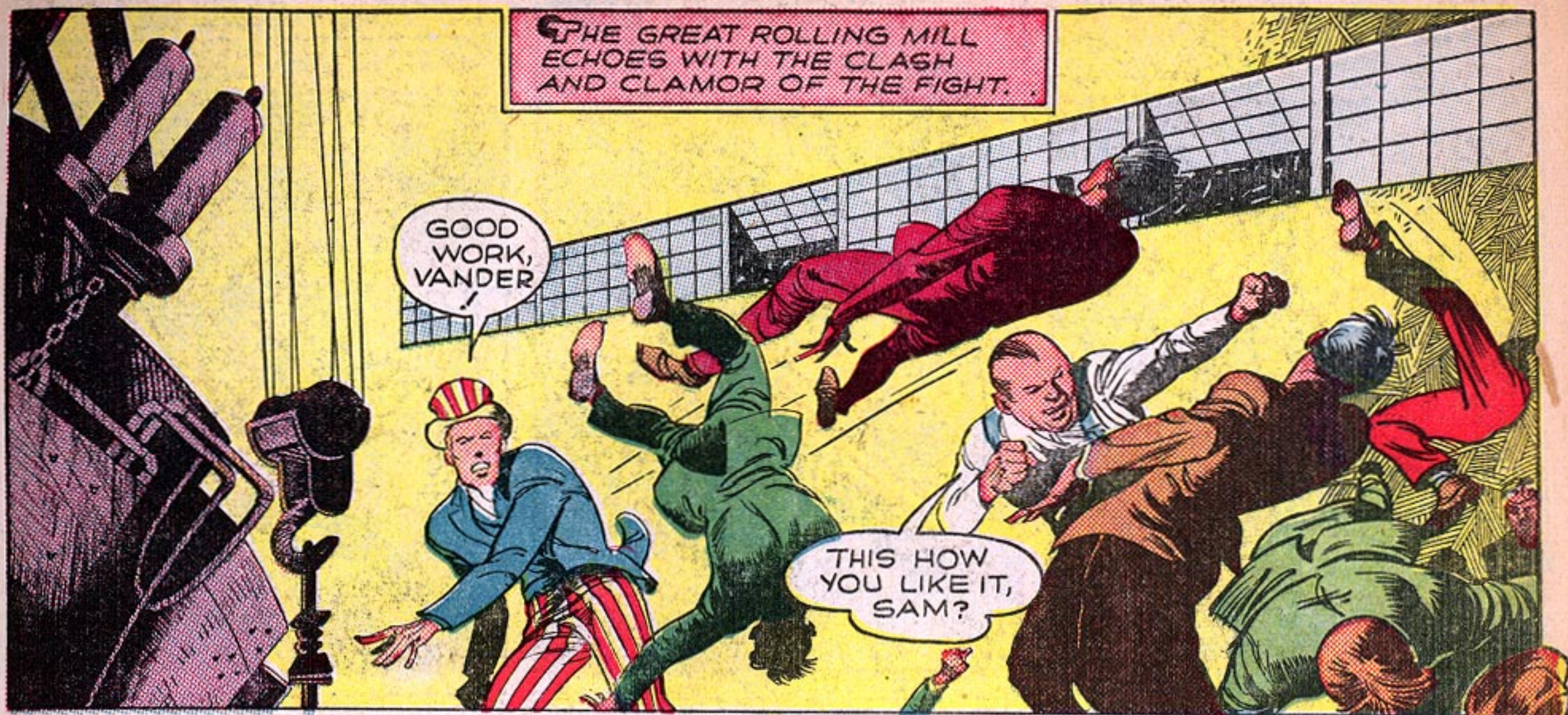
THE GANGSTERS HAVE BEGUN THEIR VENGEFUL WRECKING.



BOTH FACTIONS MEET. THE FIGHT IS ON...



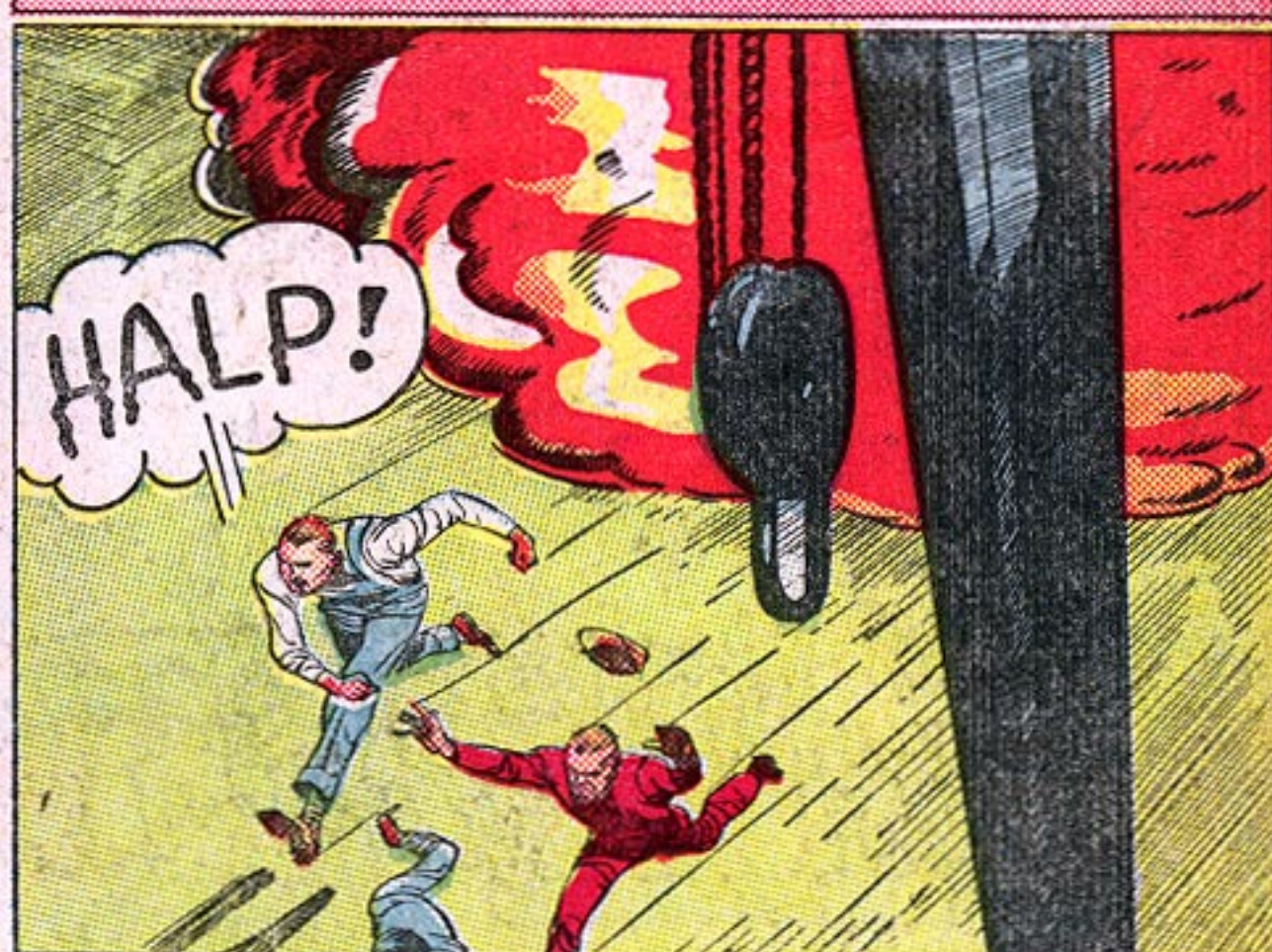




TWO GANGSTERS CLIMB TO THE CONTROLS OF THE TRAVELING CRANE.

THE GIANT BULL-LADLE IS OVERTURNED, SPILLING ITS MOLTEN FIERY CONTENTS.

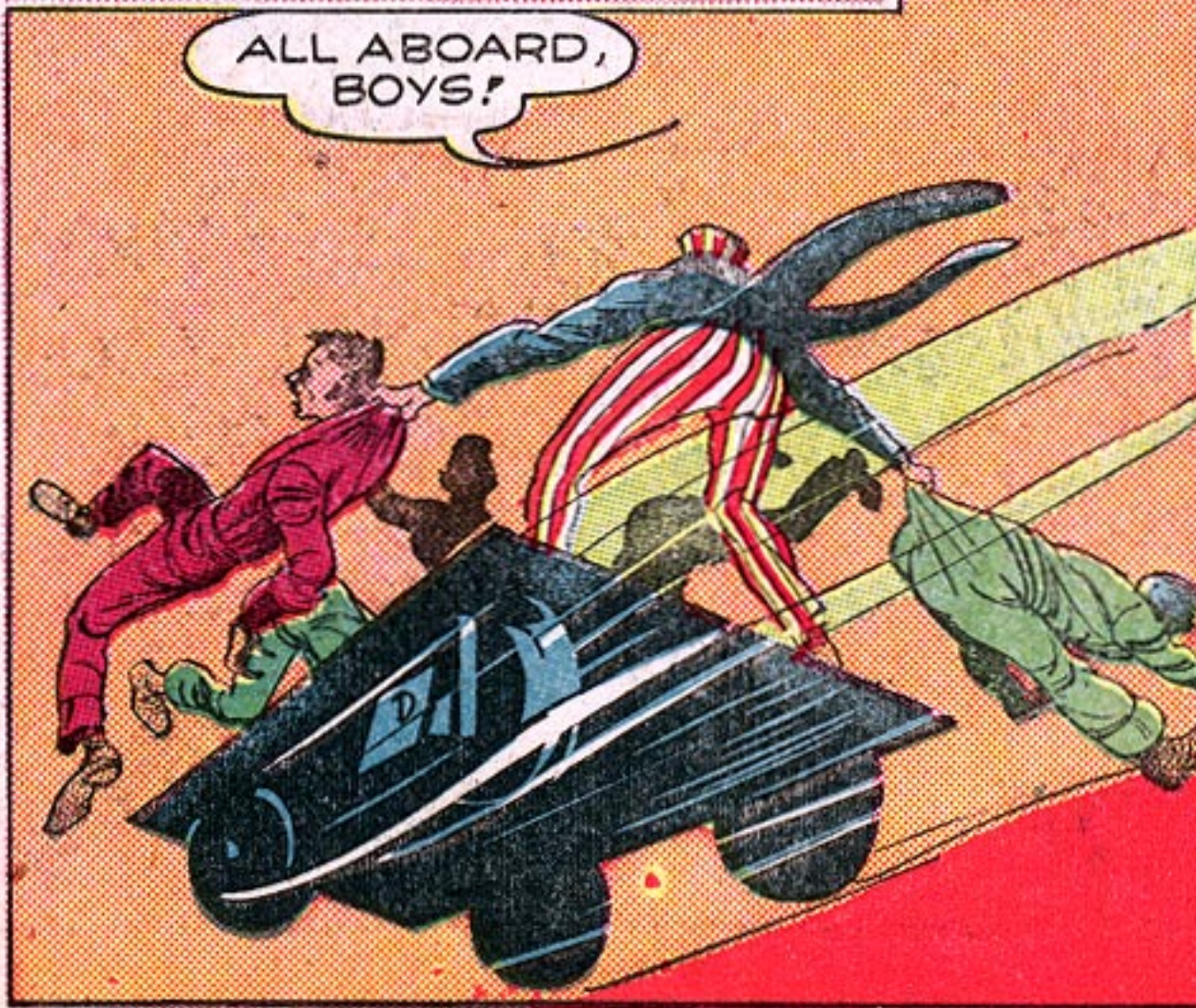
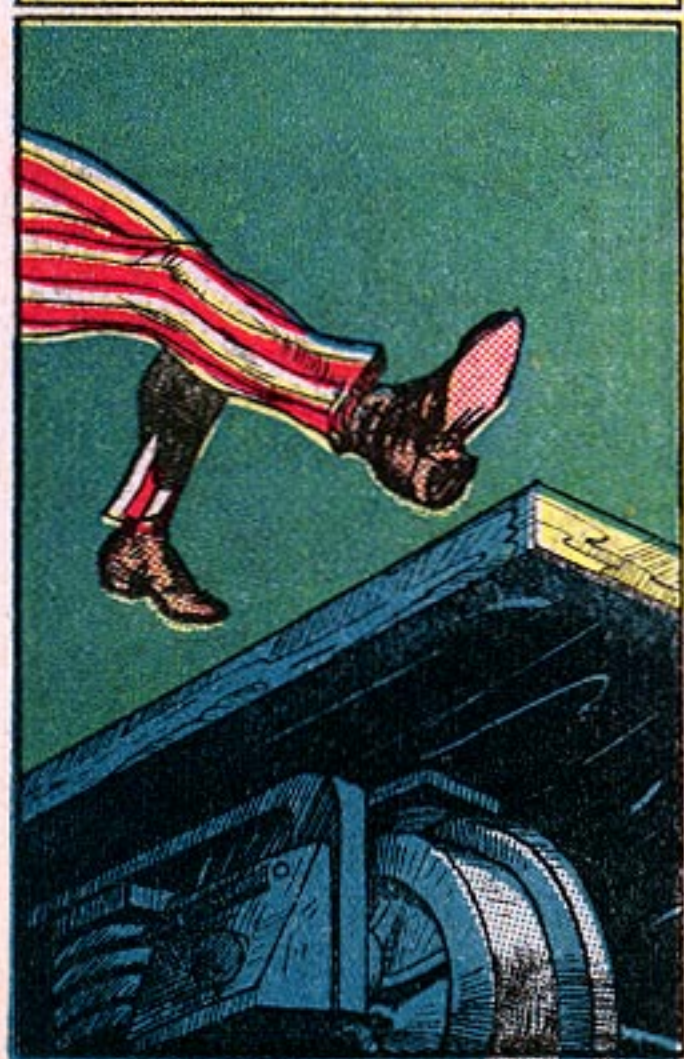
THE MASS OF HOT LIQUID STEEL CHASES SCREAMING WORKERS BEFORE ITS ONRUSHING RELENTLESS FLOOD.



UNCLE SAM LEAPS TO A FLAT CAR.

HE SPEEDS BEFORE THE SPREADING METAL AND COLLECTS THE MEN.

NOW TO GET THOSE SMART ALECS WHO PULLED THAT STUNT?





TWO OF THE THUGS FLEE UP A CATWALK BEFORE UNCLE SAM'S WRATH.



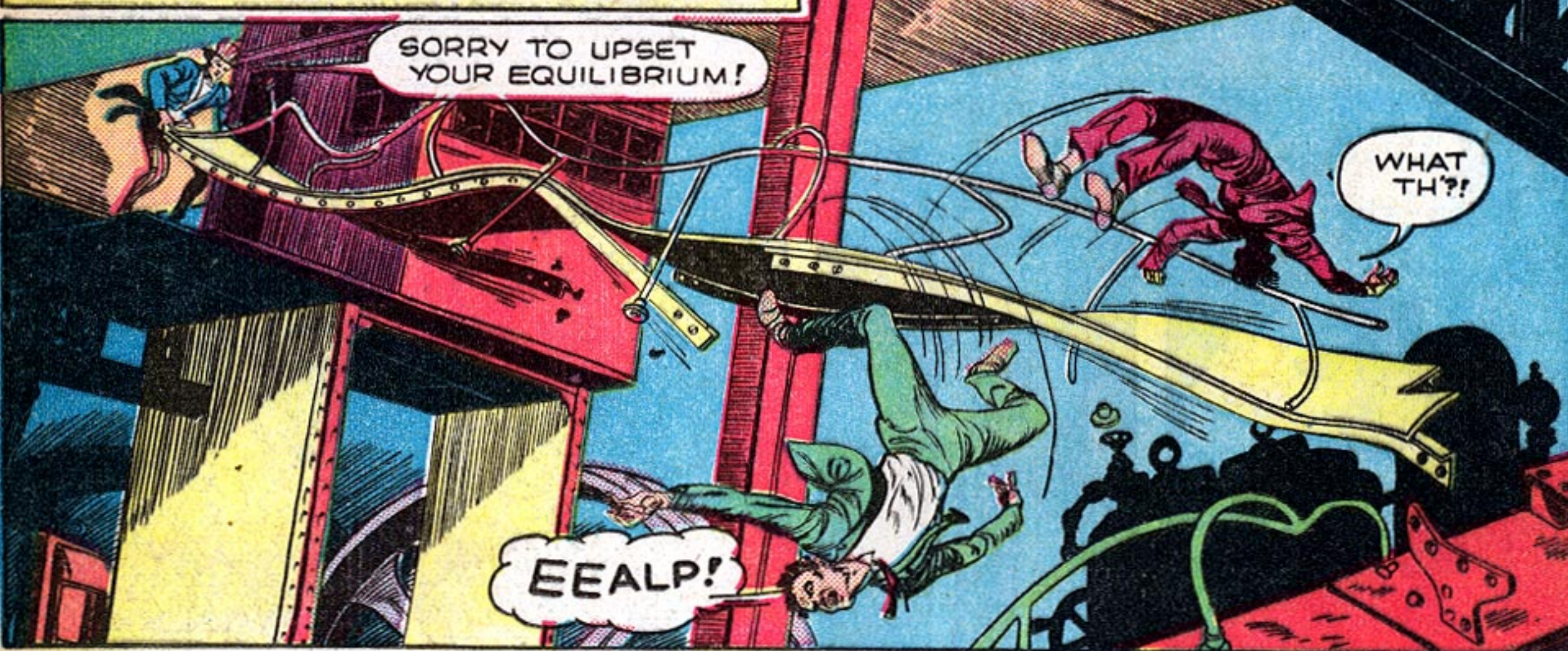
RUNNING AWAY WON'T HELP YOU, BOYS!



GRASPING THE END OF THE STEEL CATWALK, HE RIPS IT UP.



AND SHAKES IT UP AND DOWN LIKE A RUG...

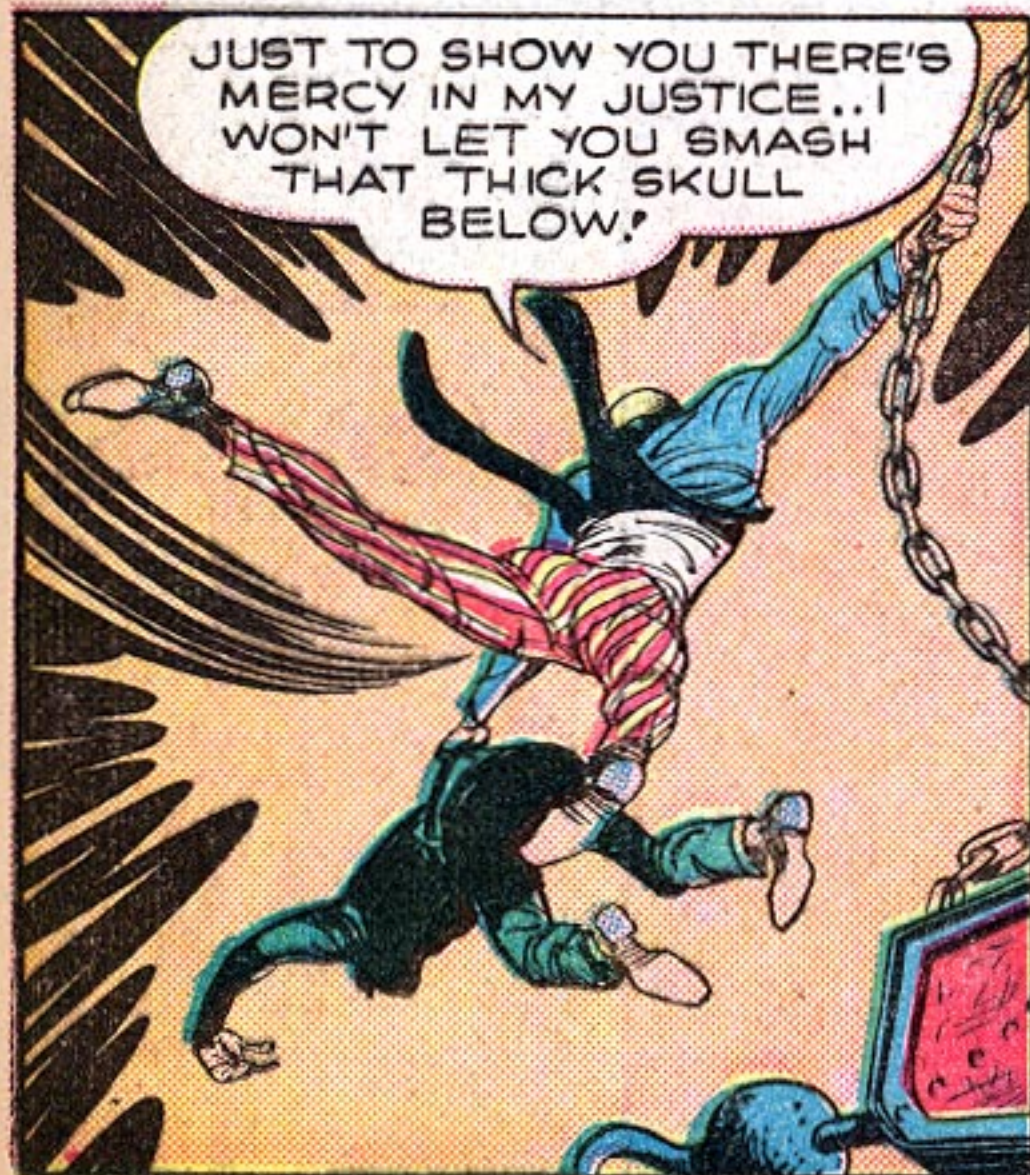


SORRY TO UPSET YOUR EQUILIBRIUM!

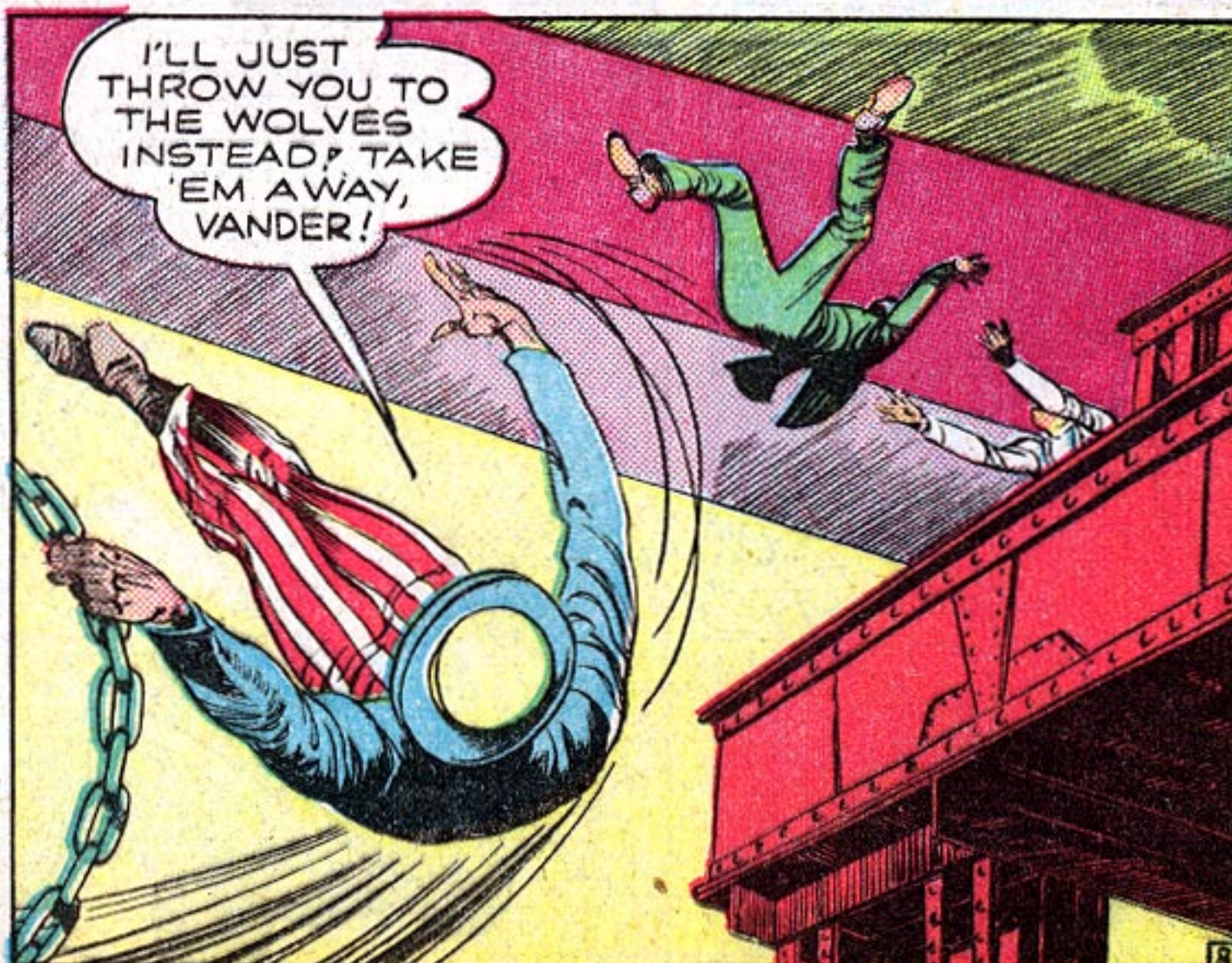
WHAT TH'?!

EEALP!

JUST TO SHOW YOU THERE'S MERCY IN MY JUSTICE... I WON'T LET YOU SMASH THAT THICK SKULL BELOW!



I'LL JUST THROW YOU TO THE WOLVES INSTEAD! TAKE 'EM AWAY, VANDER!



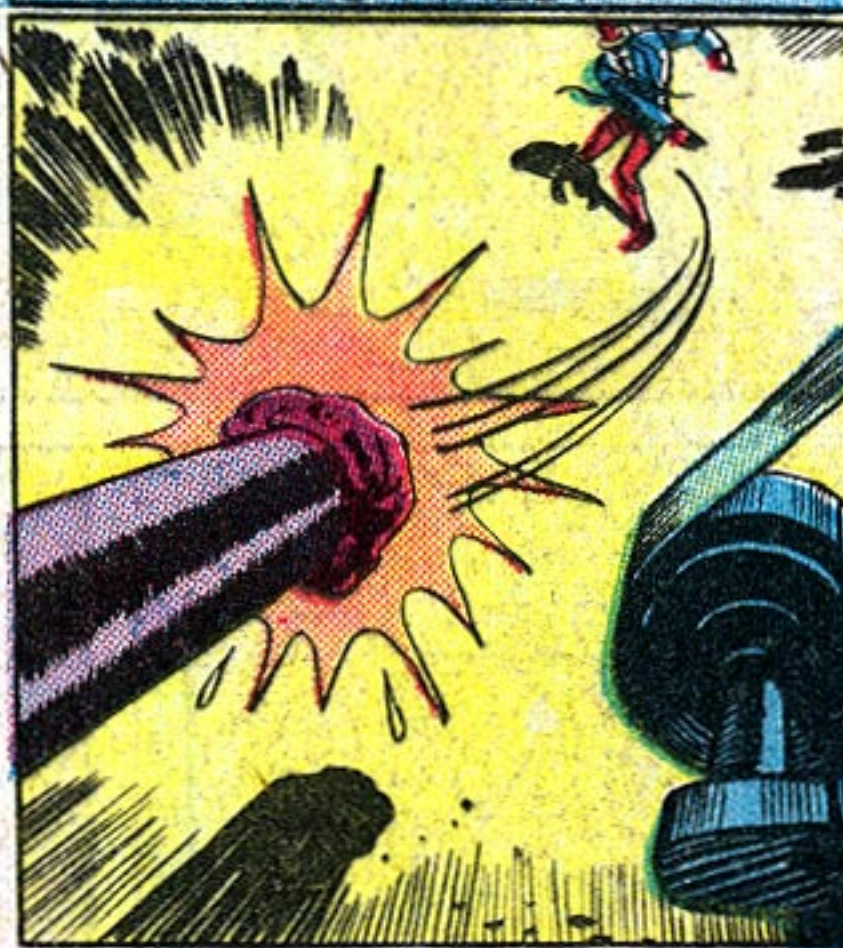




UNCLE SAM PICKS UP A PIECE OF SCRAP IRON.



AND HURLS IT WITH SUCH FORCE THAT IT CAPS THE MOUTH OF THE CANNON, JUST AS IT IS FIRED.



WITH EARTH-SHAKING VIOLENCE THE BIG GUN EXPLODES, AND WHEN THE SMOKE DIES, THE CROOKS' SCHEMES HAVE VANISHED WITH IT.



LATER.

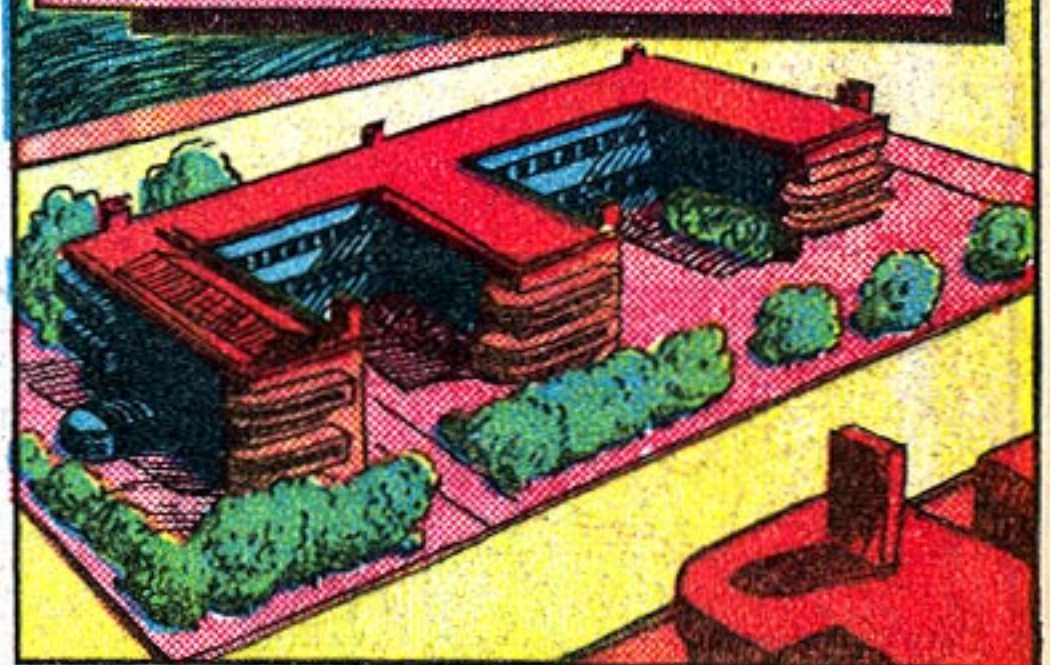


GREAT..AND I'M MAKING A DATE WITH YOU RIGHT NOW TO DISCUSS SOME PRIVATE PLANS OF OUR OWN!



YOU'VE OPENED MY EYES, SAM! I PROMISE THAT THERE'LL BE A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER FOR MY WORKERS.. YOU'RE RIGHT! DEFENSE MUST BEGIN AT HOME!

A NEW DAY DAWNS FOR STEEL VILLE, AS YOUNG JIM'S WELL-PLANNED TOWN RISES ON A SMOKE-FREE HILL, AND THE WORKERS MOVE ON TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.



UNCLE SAM RETURNS TO GUARD THE RIGHTS OF MAN, IN ANOTHER STIRRING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.

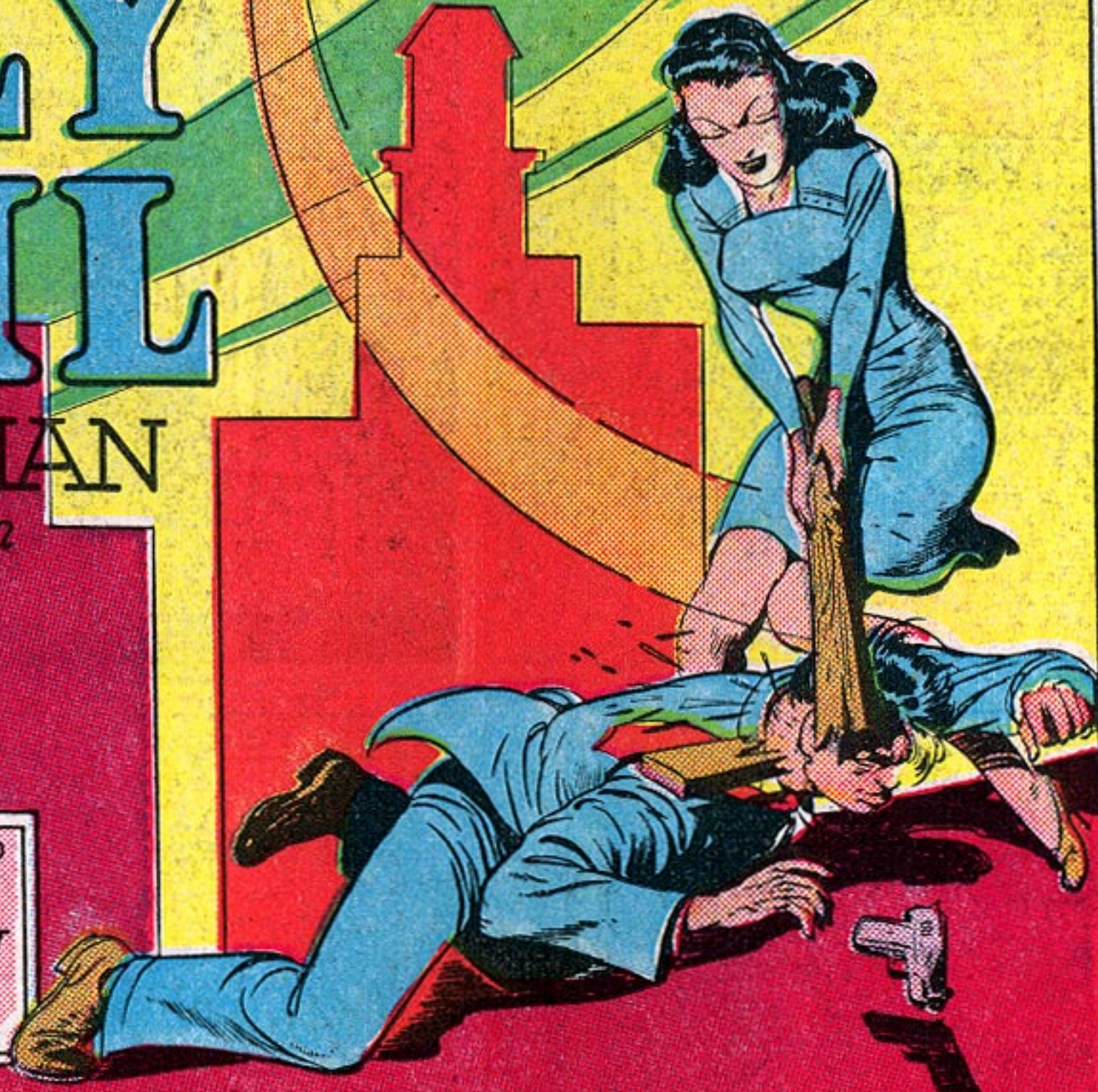


# SALLY O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

By Frank Kearn

SOMETIMES A FELLOW WANTS TO GO STRAIGHT AND LIVE RIGHT... WITHIN THE LAW... BUT OTHER PEOPLE HAVE OTHER IDEAS ABOUT HIM AND THERE'S TROUBLE... SALLY FINDS THAT PREVENTING CRIME IS AS HARD AS CURING IT.

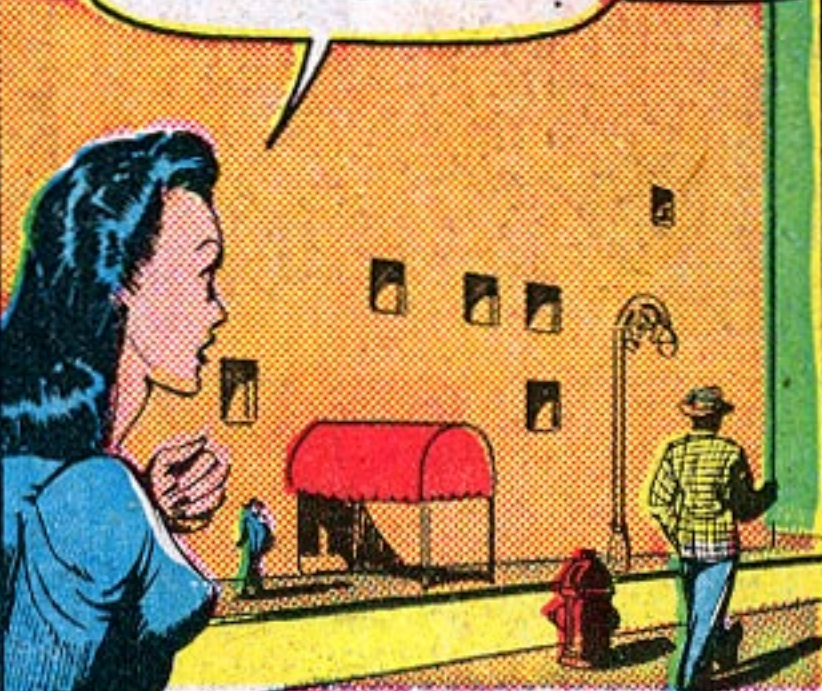


SALLY WALKS THE BEAT WITH BROTHER MIKE...

AND MA SAYS, DON'T BE LATE FOR DINNER!



HEY, THAT'S BILLY MORRIS! DIDN'T HE GET THREE YEARS FOR BEING AN ACCOMPLICE TO A HOLDUP?



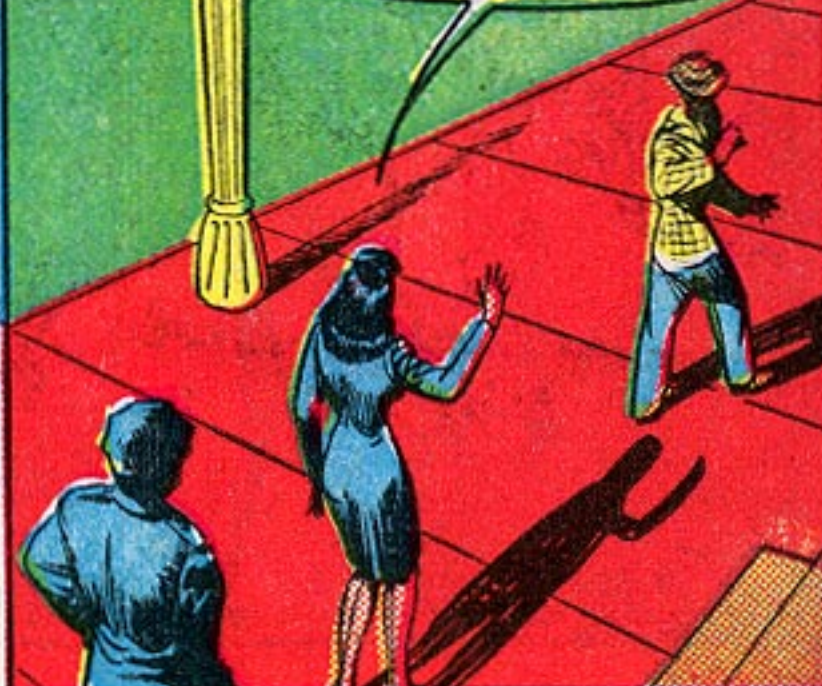
HEY, BILLY? BILLY MORRIS?



HELLO, MISS O'NEIL. I'M OUT ON PAROLE... AND GOING STRAIGHT OR BUST!



I'M SURE YOU WILL... GOOD LUCK TO YOU!



BILLY'S ALL RIGHT... HE JUST GOT INTO BAD COMPANY?

VEAH, YEAH... I HEARD THAT BEFORE HE'LL BE BACK IN THE JUG IN A WEEK!



MAZOUJIAN



BILLY STARTS TO LOOK FOR WORK, CHEERFULLY AND DETERMINEDLY...



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...NO JOB..BILLY IS STILL DETERMINED...



MORE DAYS HAVE PASSED.



BUT AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS OF POUNDING PAVEMENTS, BILLY BEGINS TO LOSE HEART. HIS FUNDS ARE ALL GONE....



ONE DAY...



I'M TALKING TO BILLY, SISTER..AND THE CONVERSATION IS PRIVATE!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO SALLY O'NEIL!



YOU'RE STILL ON PAROLE..BETTER NOT BE SEEN WITH WHITEY AND HIS GANG.









BUT SALLY'S BRAVE ASSAULT FAILS . . .



AT THE HIDE-OUT . . .



O.K., SURE . . . SHE'S BEEN GETTIN' IN MY HAIR.. I KNOW SOME GUYS THAT'LL DO A NEAT JOB FOR ME!



COME ON, KID, GET MOVIN'.. THEY CAN'T HOLD HER THERE LONG!



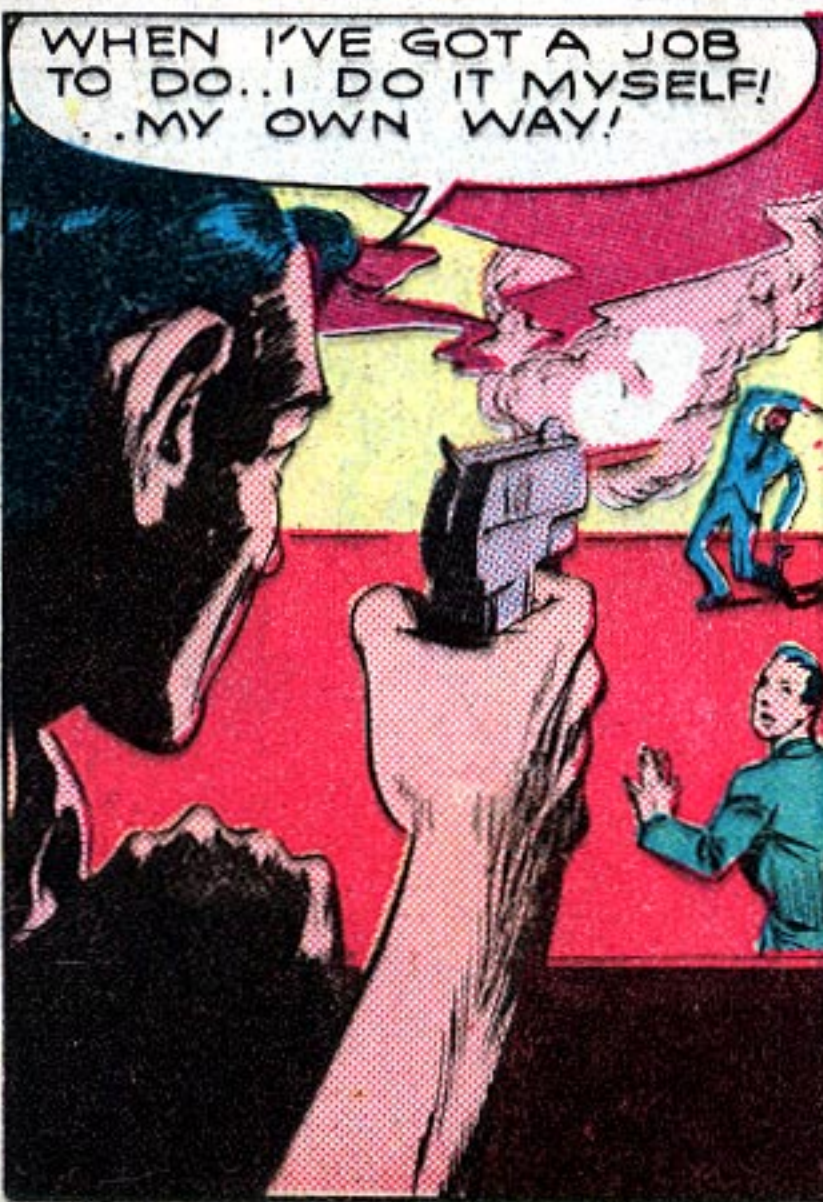
GRABBING THE CROOK'S GUN, BILLY VAULTS THE RAILING . . .



AND LEAPS TO THE TRANSOM OF THE ROOM WHERE SALLY IS BEING HELD . . .



WHEN I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO.. I DO IT MYSELF! .. MY OWN WAY!



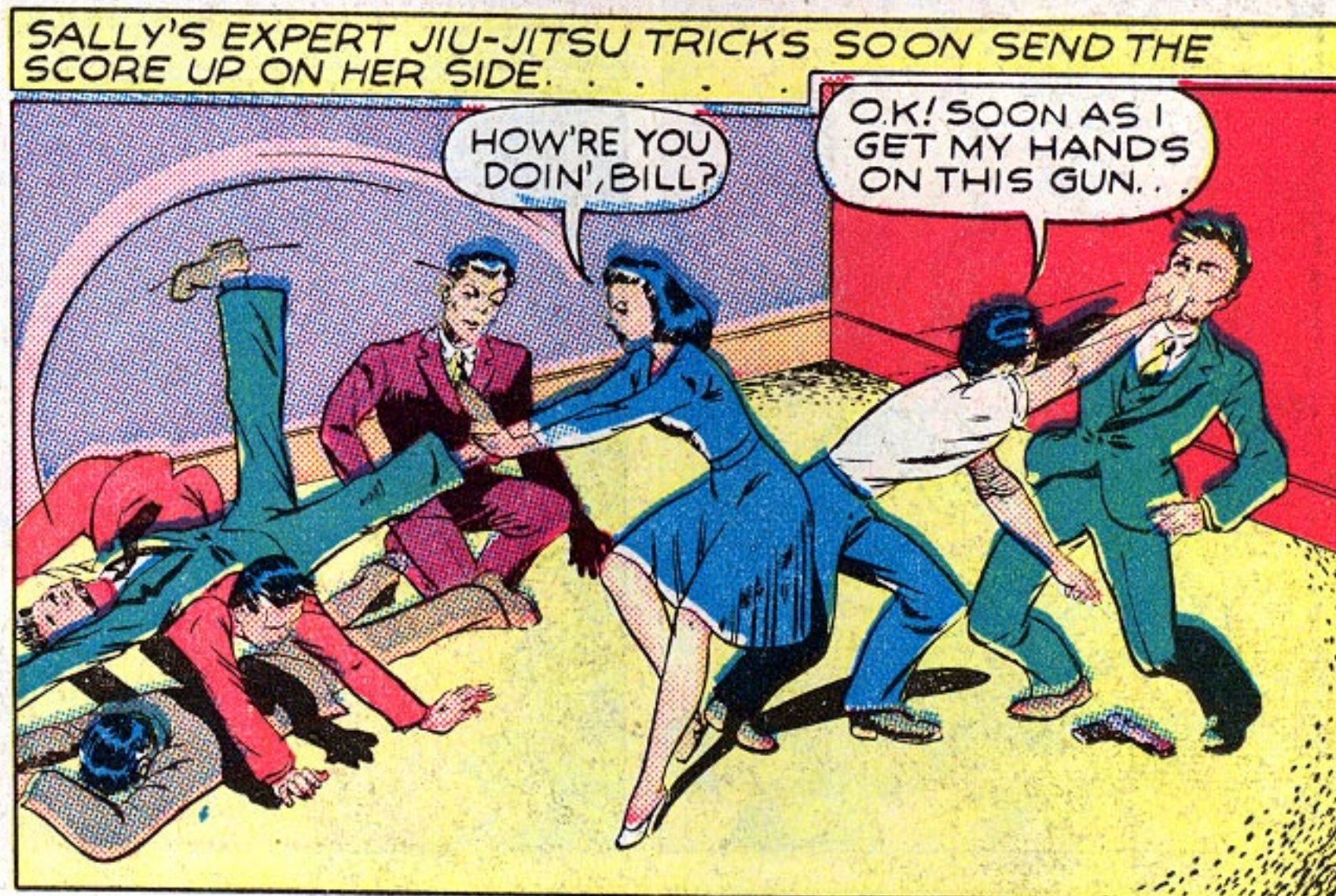
DROP YOUR GUNS AND UNTIE MISS O'NEIL?.. AND HURRY?



COME ON, WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!











COME ON... I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHERE THEY WENT... HAD TO HIDE THERE MYSELF ONCE!



IN THAT CELLAR! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THEY'RE IN THERE OR NOT... ALL I NEED IS A MATCH AND THAT OLD RUBBISH!



WHEW! THIS OUGHT TO SMOKE 'EM OUT... I'LL KEEP FANNIN' IT IN ON 'EM!

BILLOWING CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE POUR INTO THE SMALL CELLAR... THE GANGSTERS CHOKE IN THE HEAVY FUMES...



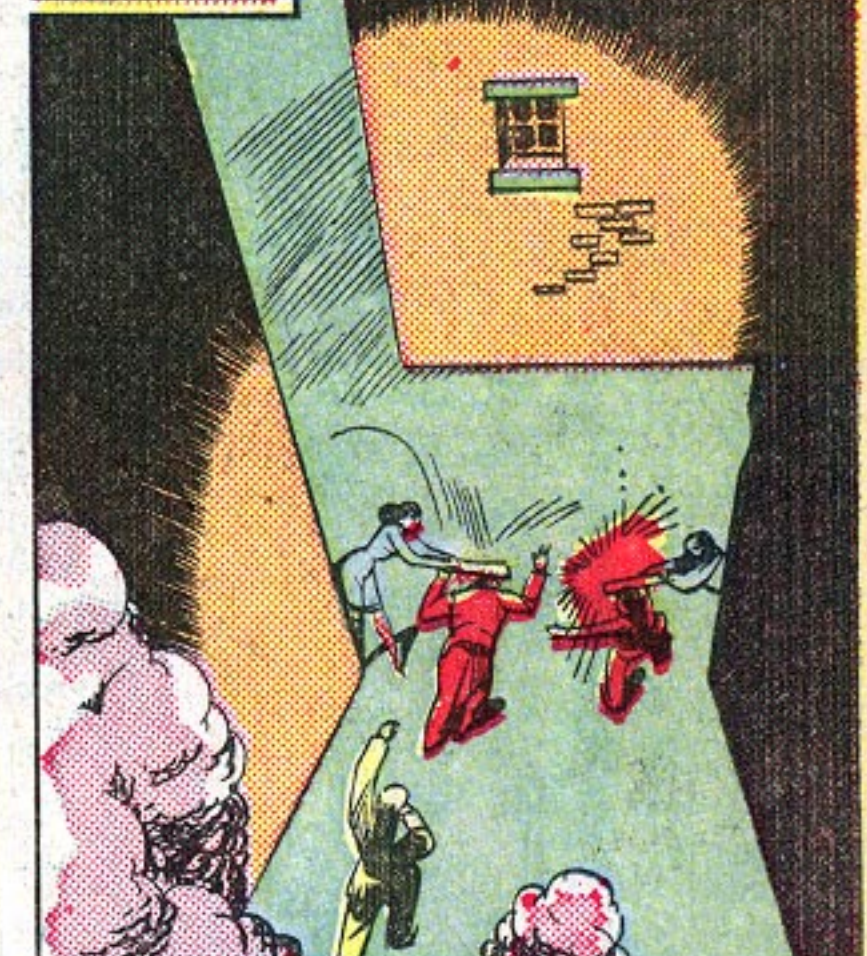
THEY'RE FORCED INTO THE OPEN...



IT'S WORKING, BILLY!

AND HOW! READY?

THE CROOKS MEET THEIR WATERLOO IN THE NARROW ALLEY...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

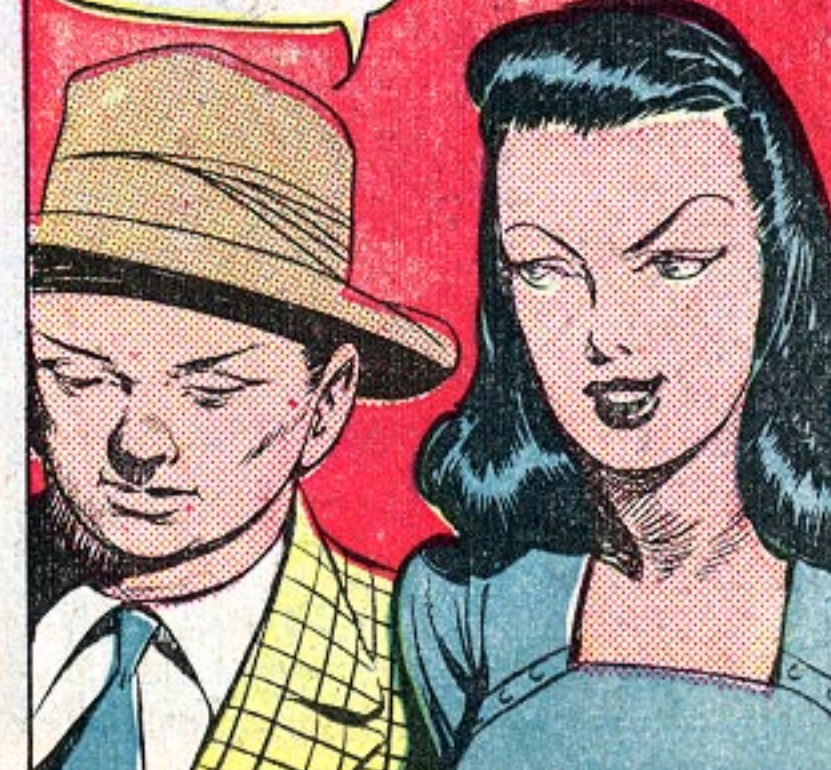


I'D BETTER LEAVE TOWN, SALLY... I'M WASHED UP HERE...

OH, BUT BILLY... THERE MUST BE SOME WAY...!

I WISH THERE WERE! I WISH I COULD STAY AND CLEAN UP THIS TOWN... BOY, WOULD I KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE RATS!

THAT'S IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? COME WITH ME, SON!



WELL, MIKE? DO YOU THINK BILL WILL MAKE A GOOD POLICEMAN?

YOU WIN, SALLY... HE'S ONE OF THE BEST!

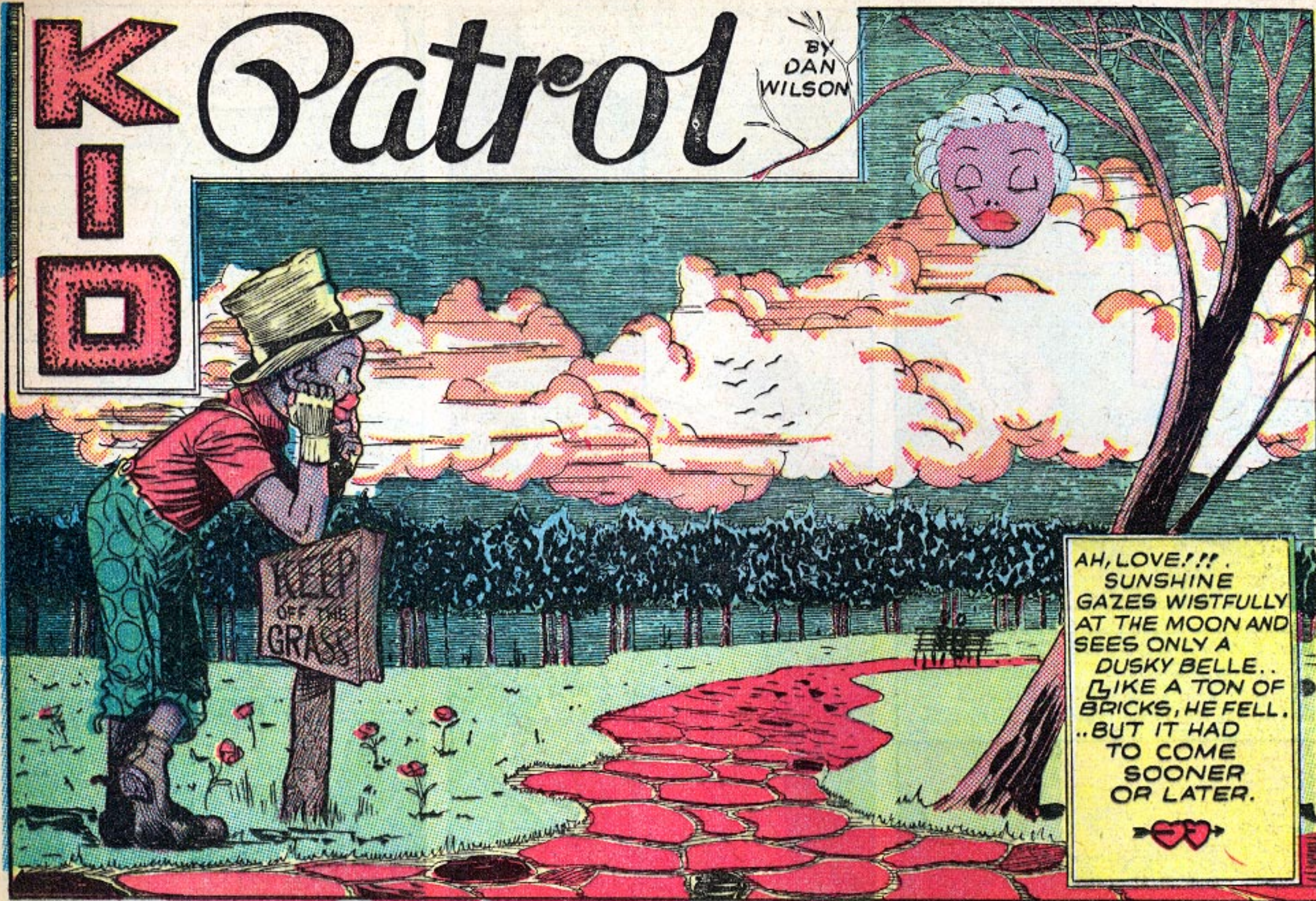




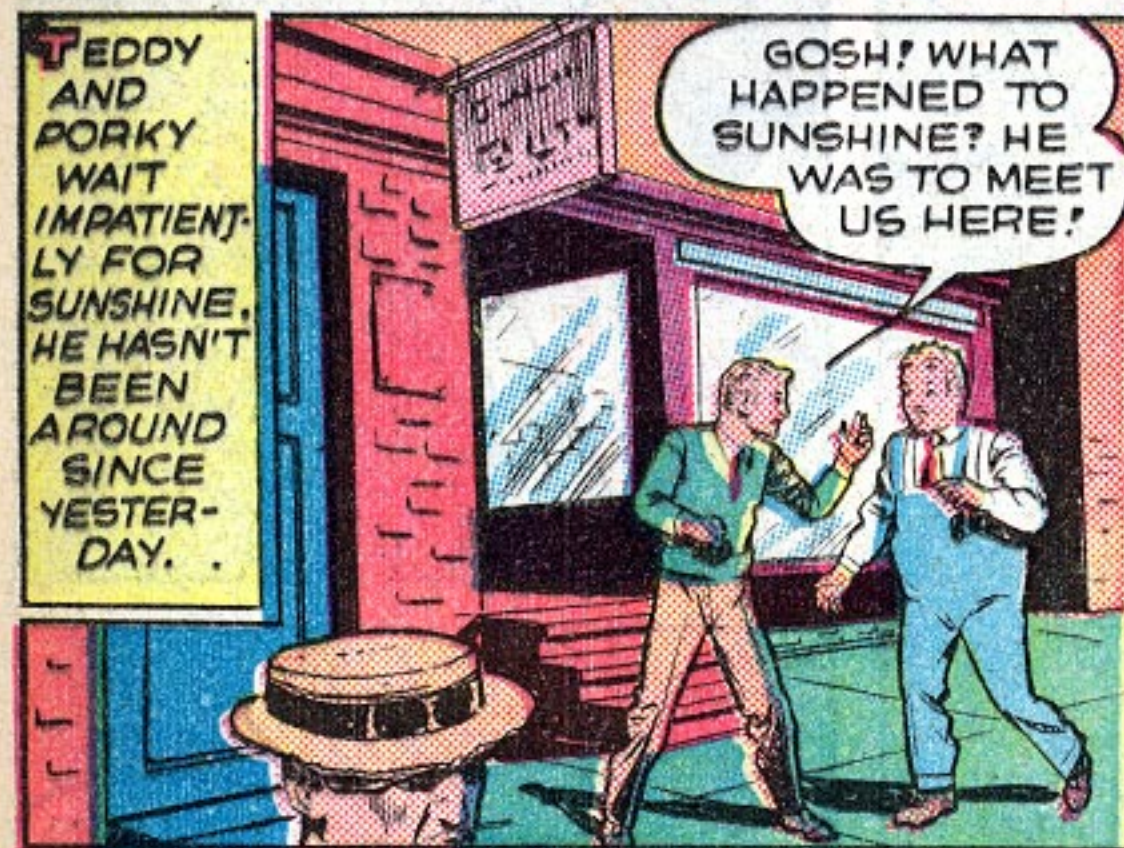
# KID

# Patrol

BY  
DAN  
WILSON

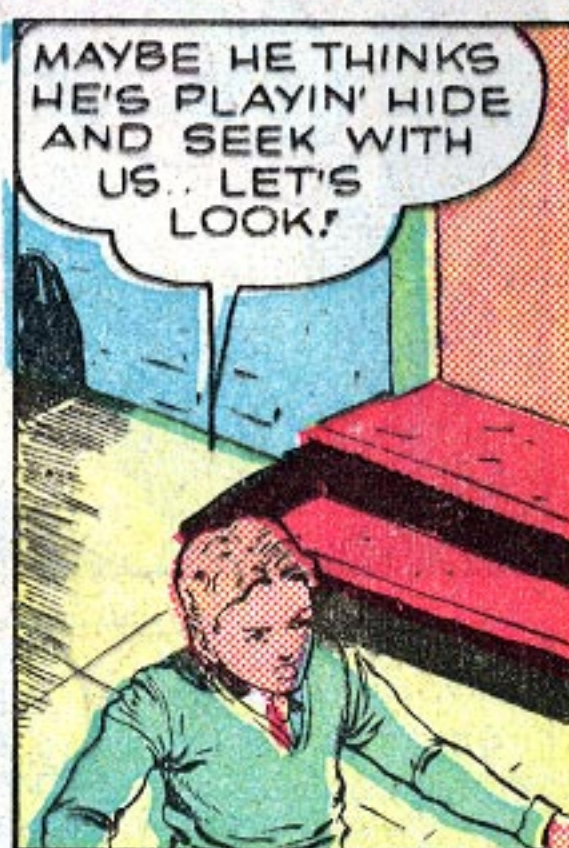


AH, LOVE!!!  
SUNSHINE  
GAZES WISTFULLY  
AT THE MOON AND  
SEES ONLY A  
DUSKY BELLE..  
LIKE A TON OF  
BRICKS, HE FELL..  
..BUT IT HAD  
TO COME  
SOONER  
OR LATER.



TEDDY  
AND  
PORKY  
WAIT  
IMPATIENT-  
LY FOR  
SUNSHINE.  
HE HASN'T  
BEEN  
AROUND  
SINCE  
YESTER-  
DAY.

GOSH! WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
SUNSHINE? HE  
WAS TO MEET  
US HERE!



MAYBE HE THINKS  
HE'S PLAYIN' HIDE  
AND SEEK WITH  
US.. LET'S  
LOOK!



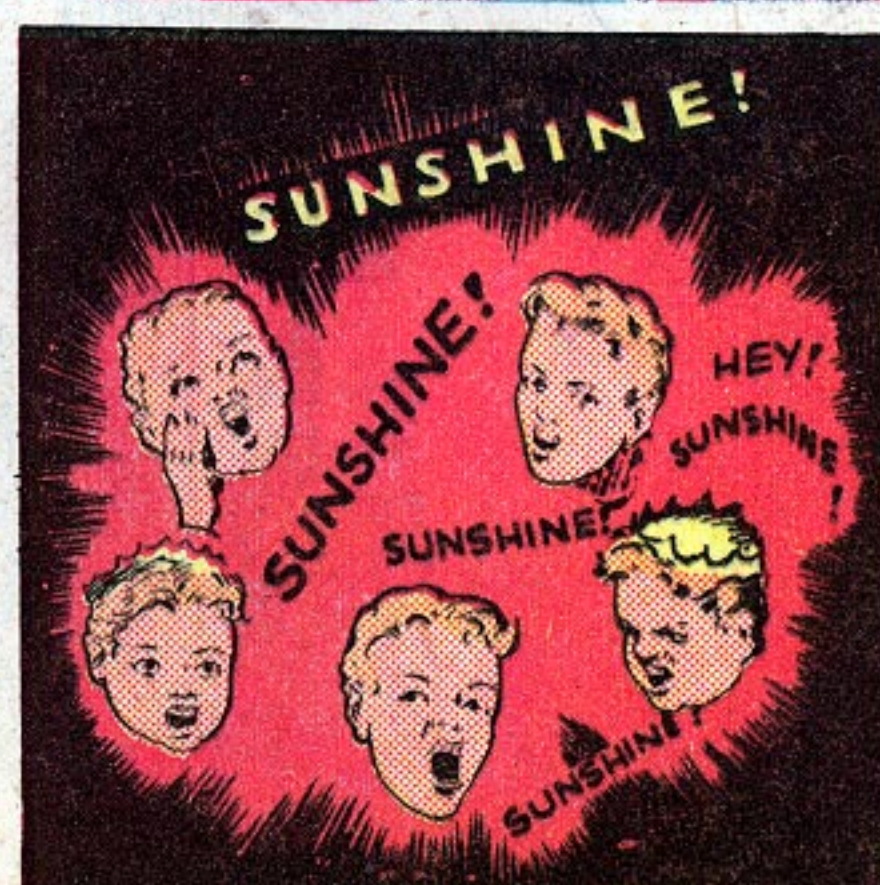
YOU START ON FIRST STREET,  
PORKY, AND I'LL  
COVER THIS  
SECTION!



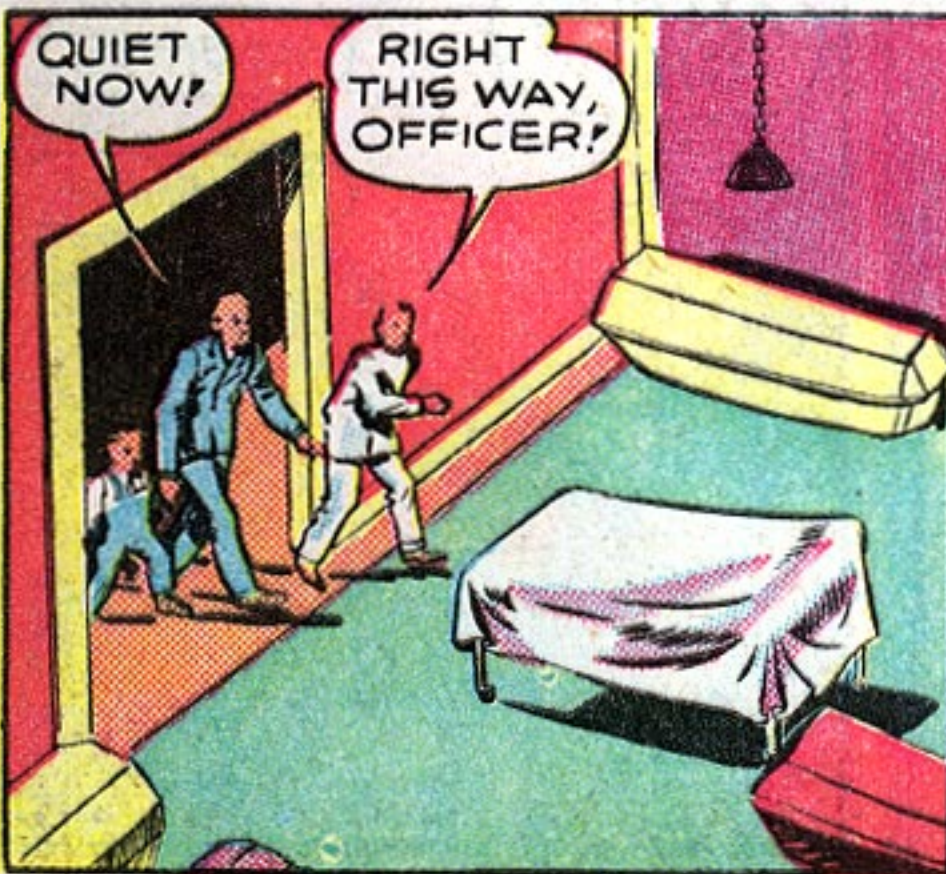
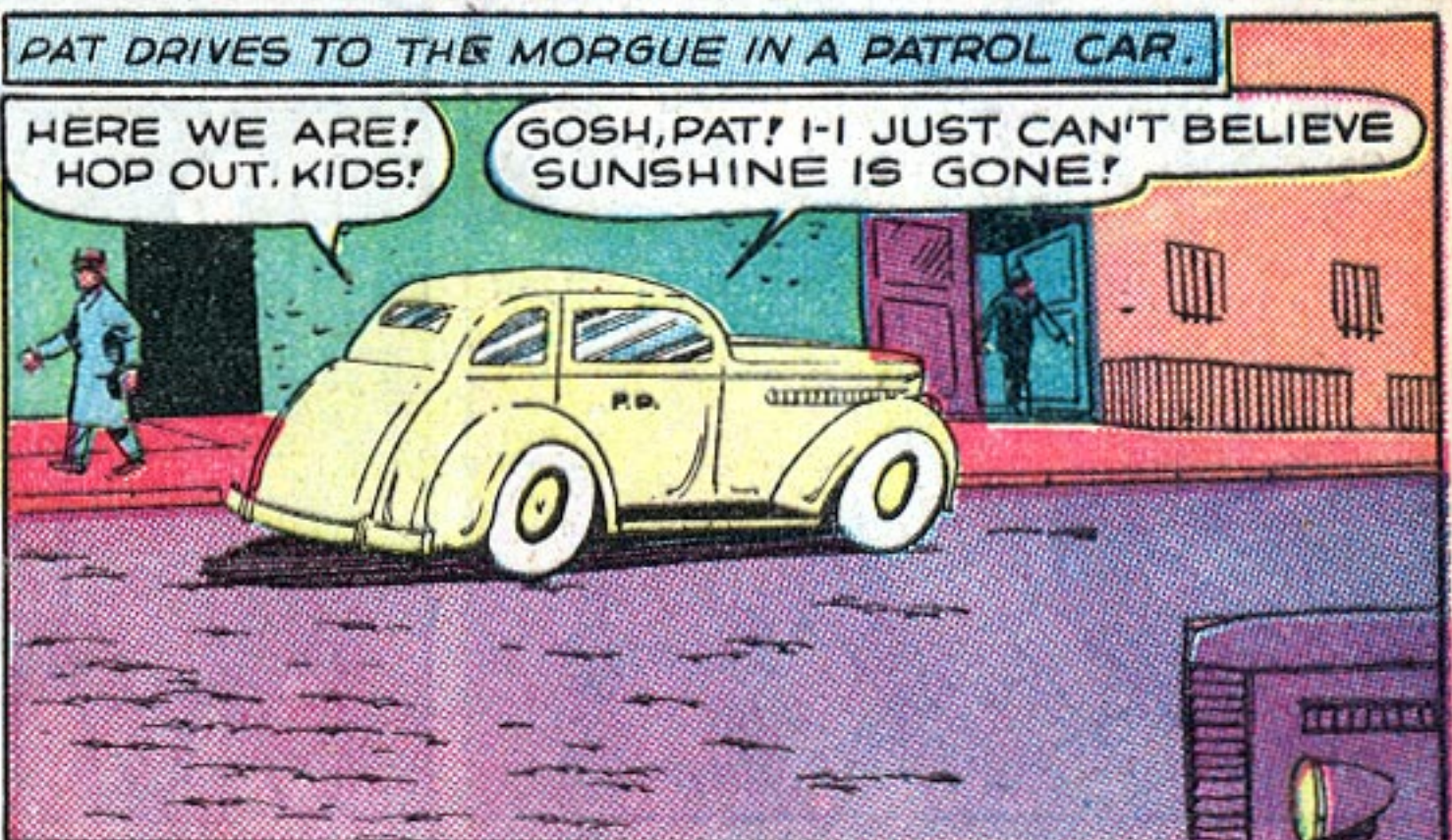
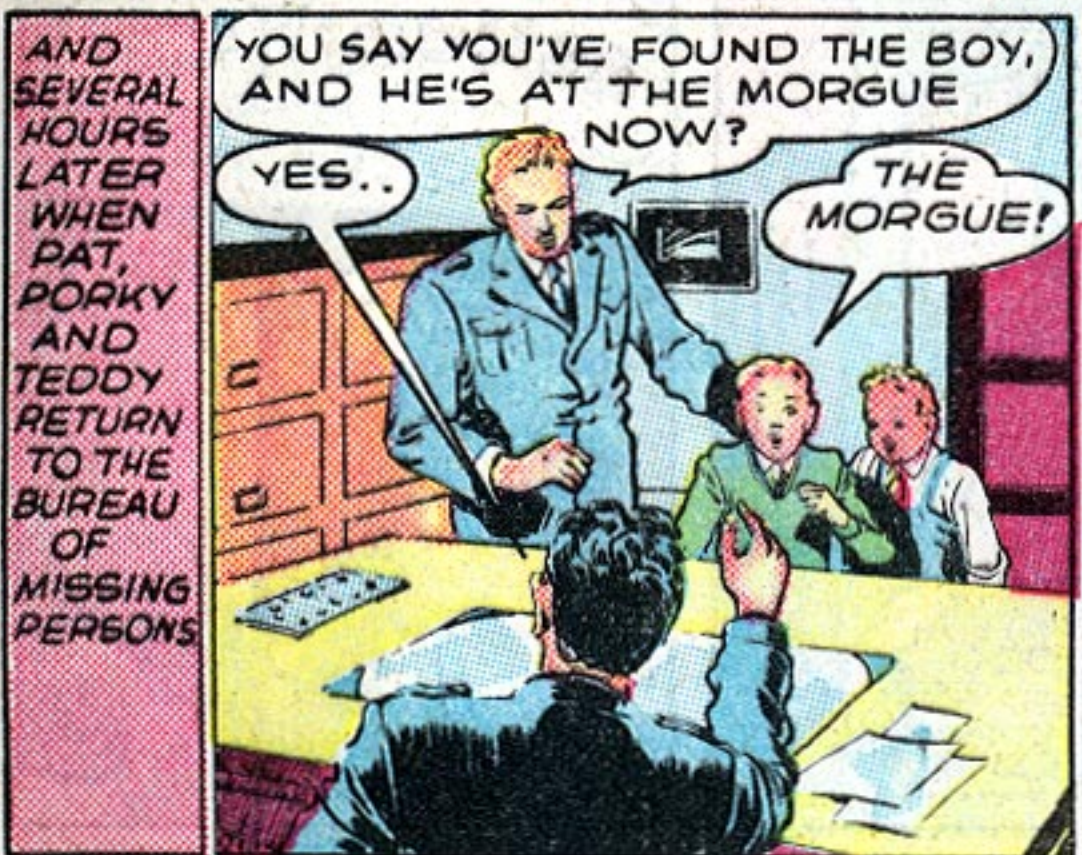
SUNSHINE!  
SUNSHINE!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?



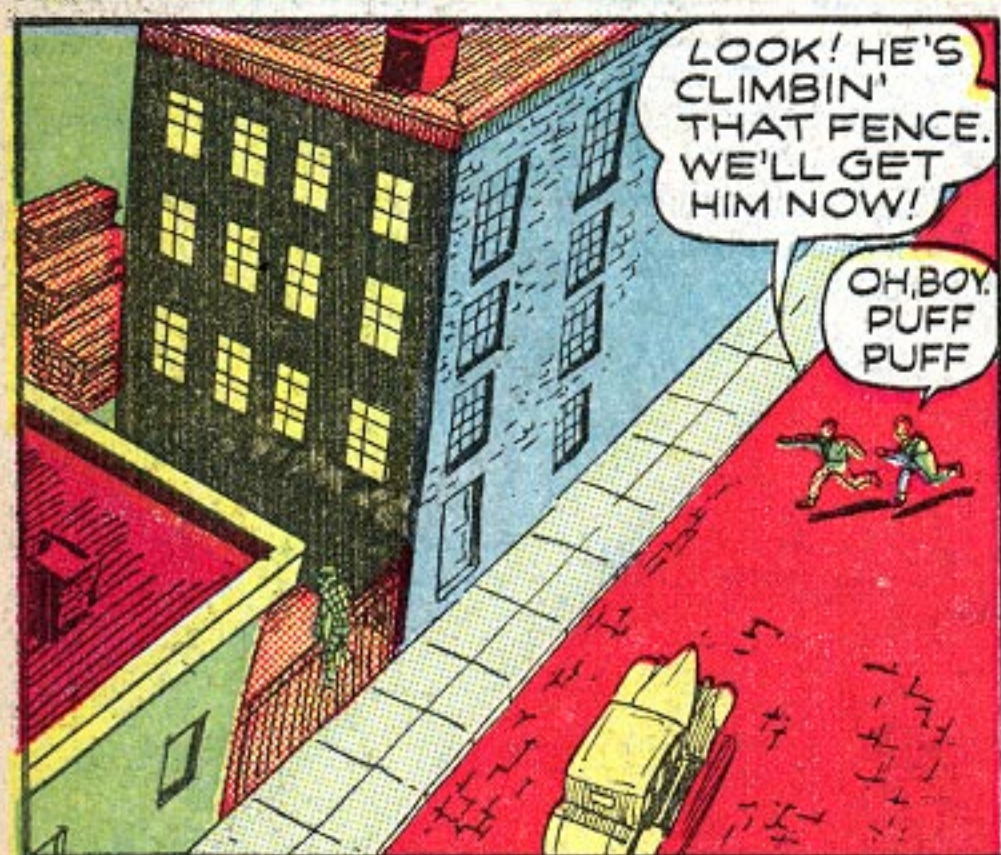
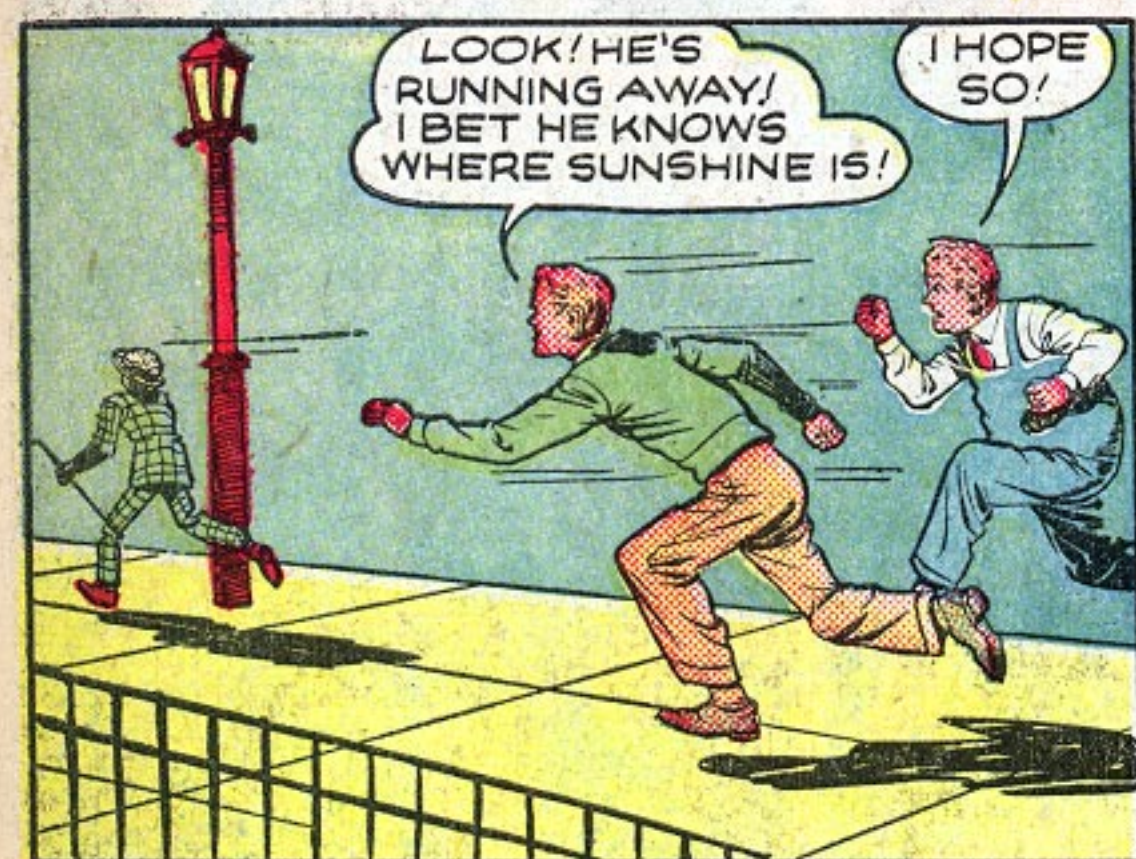
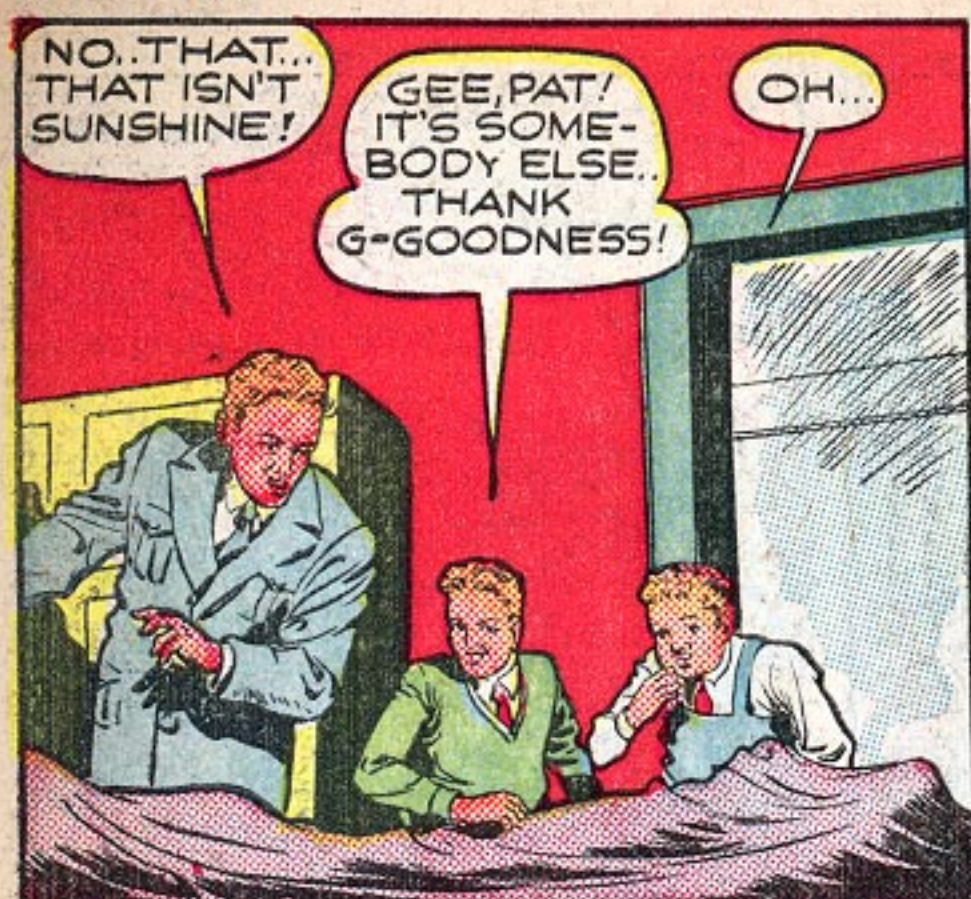
HEY, SUNSHINE!  
IF YOU'RE DOWN  
THERE COME  
ON UP!



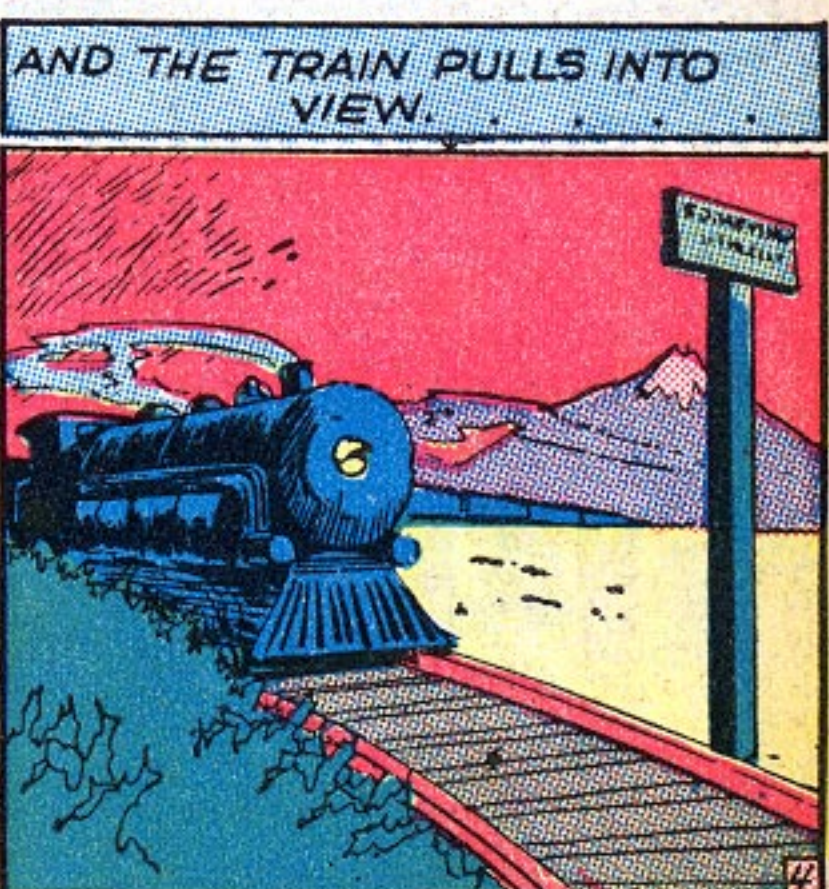
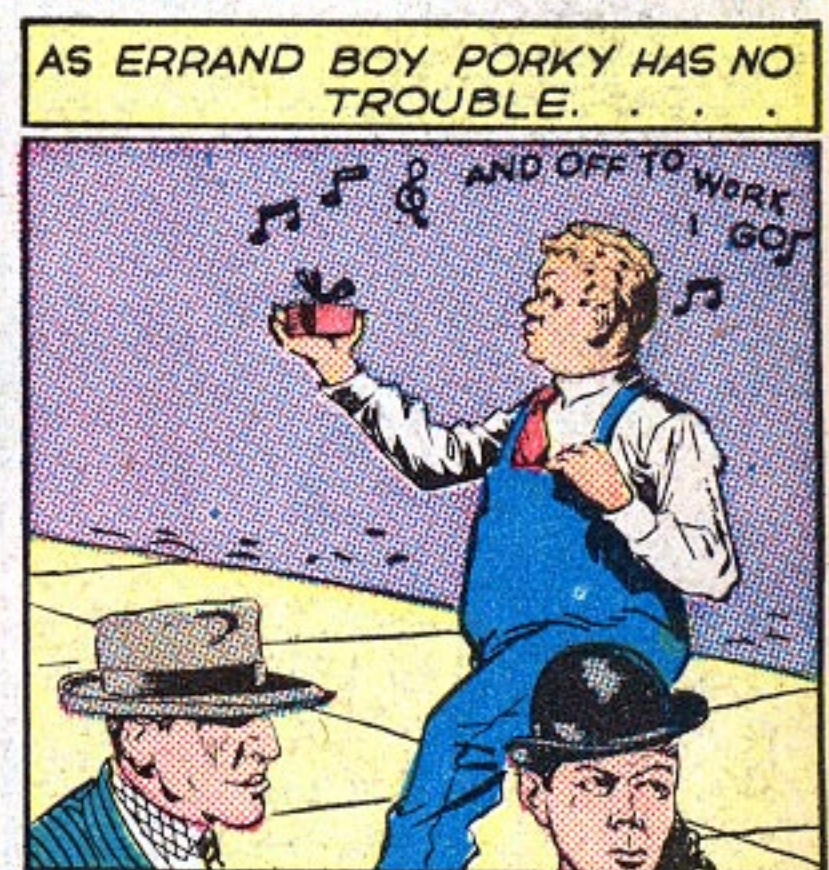
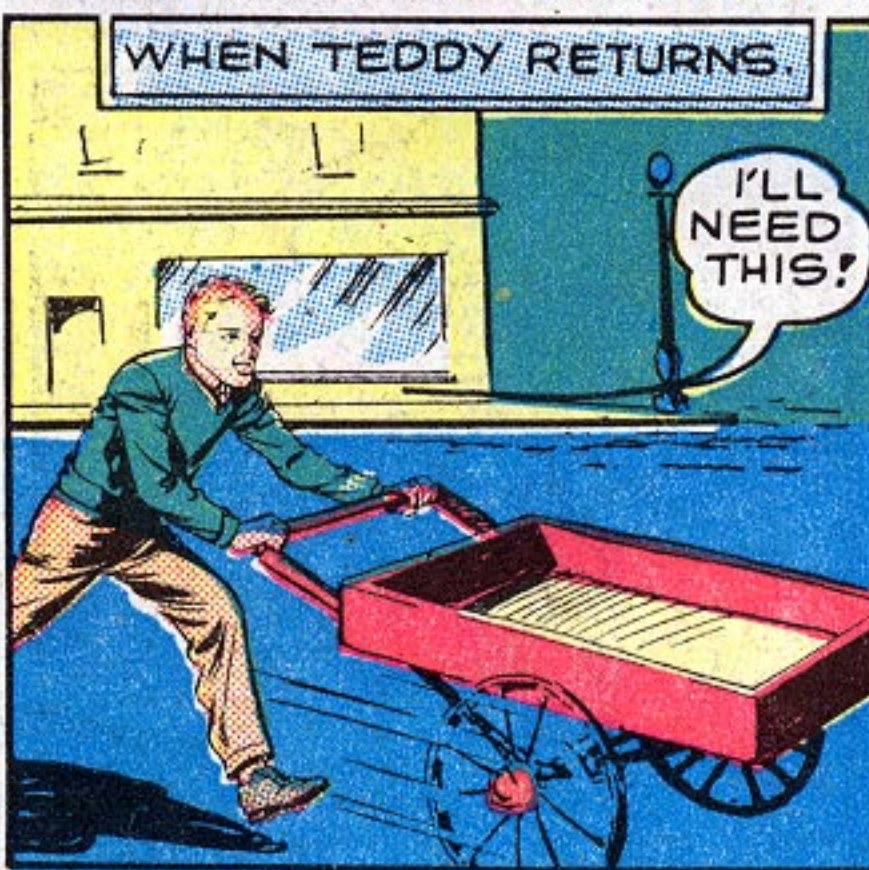
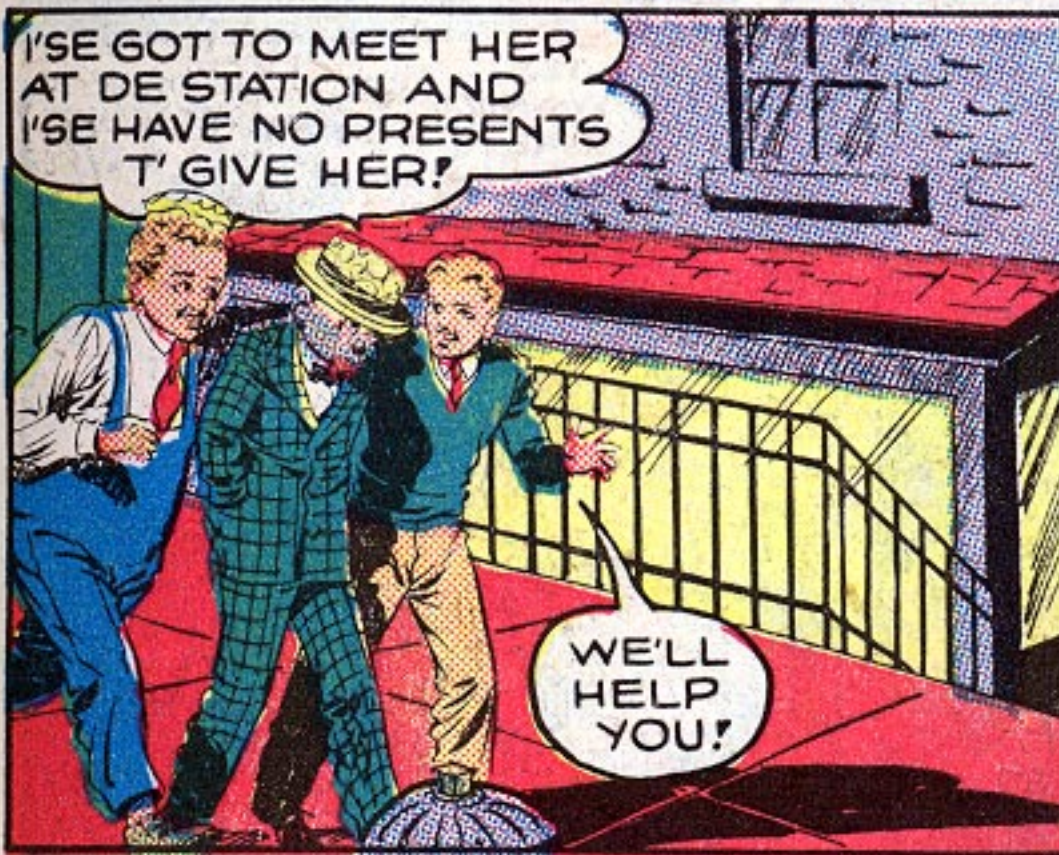
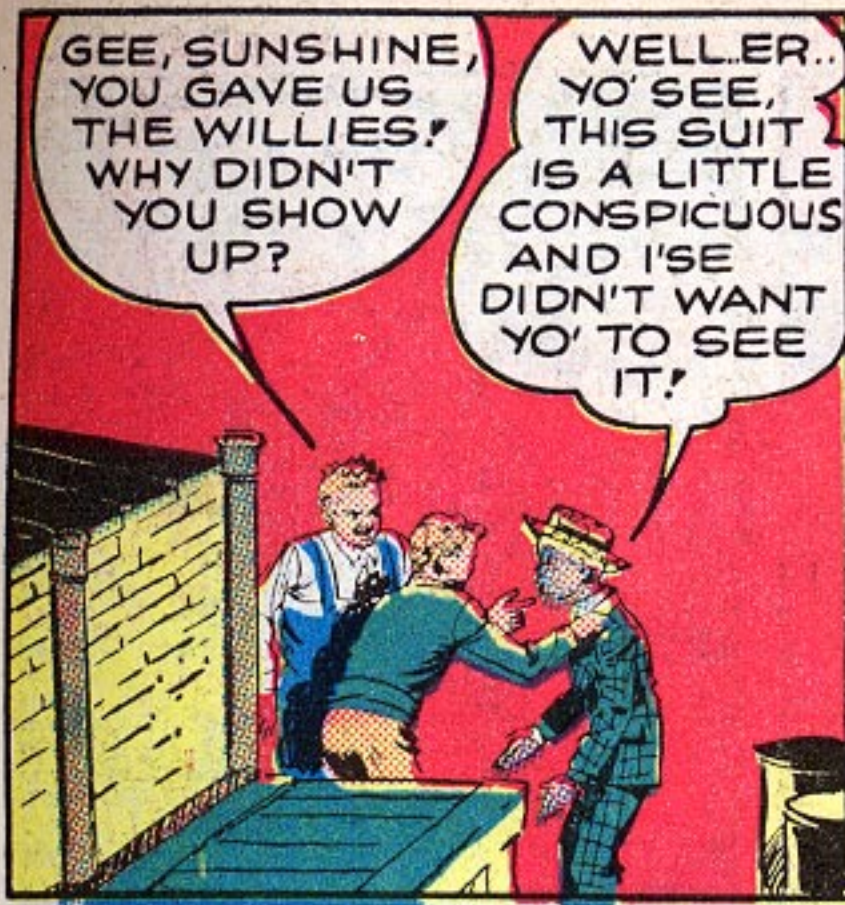








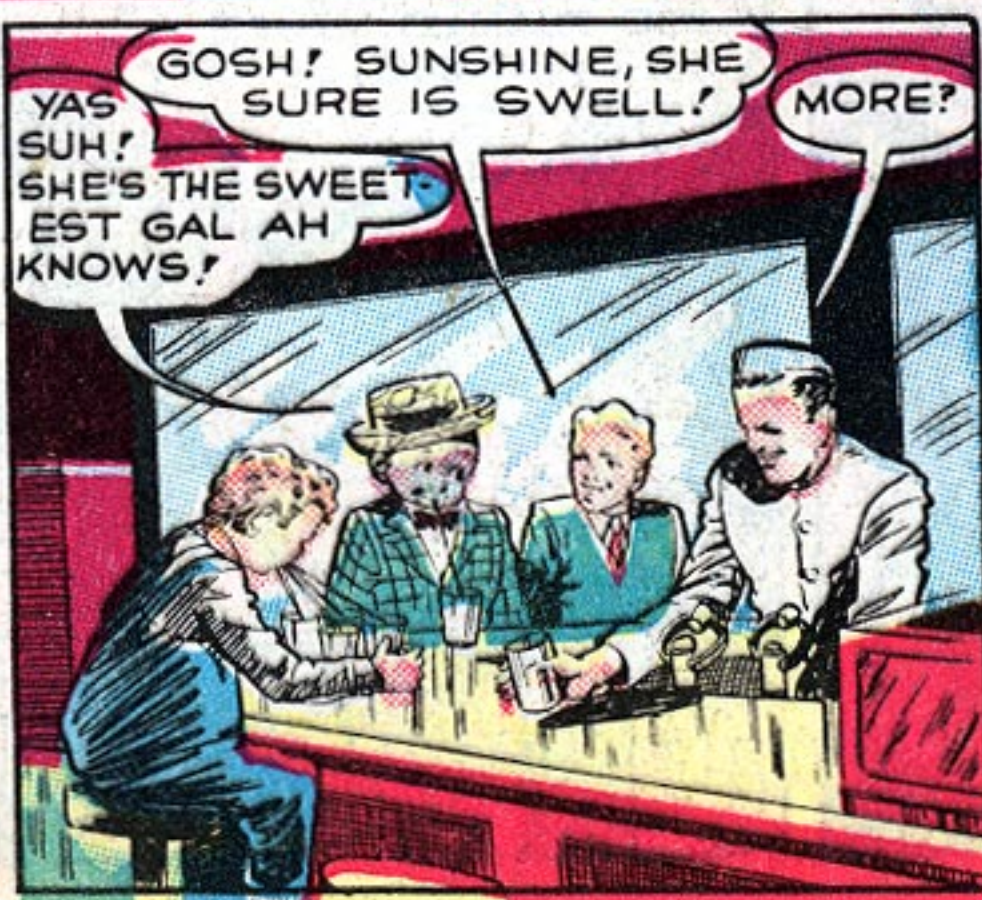
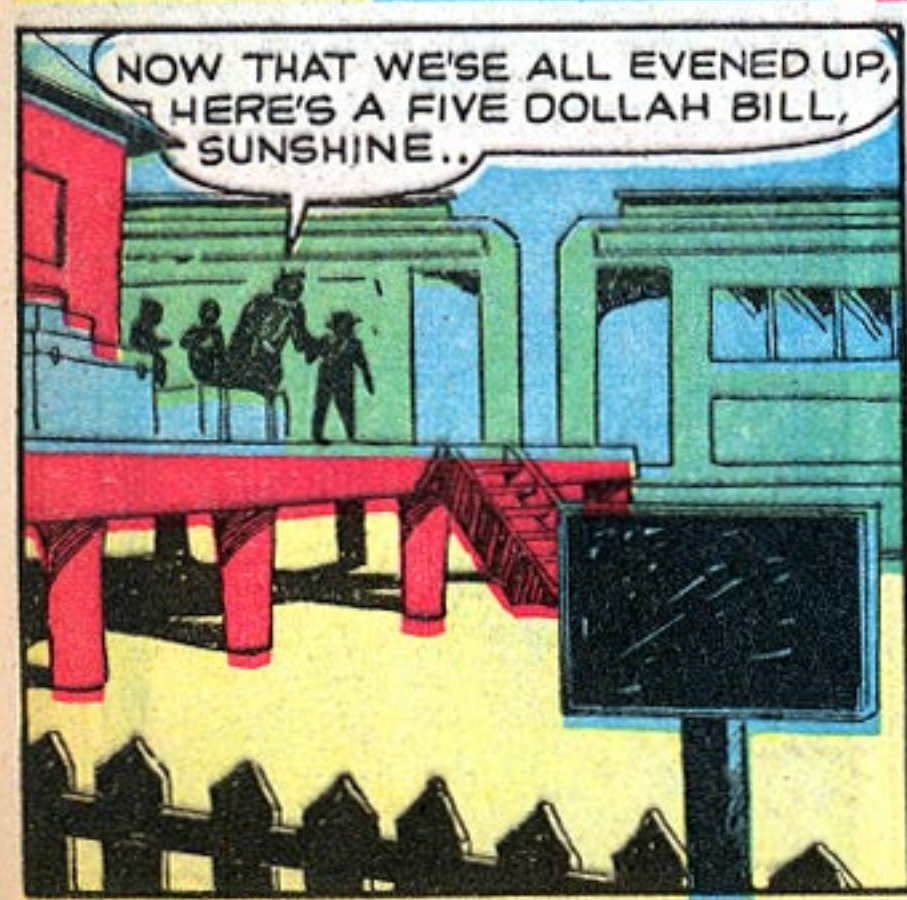








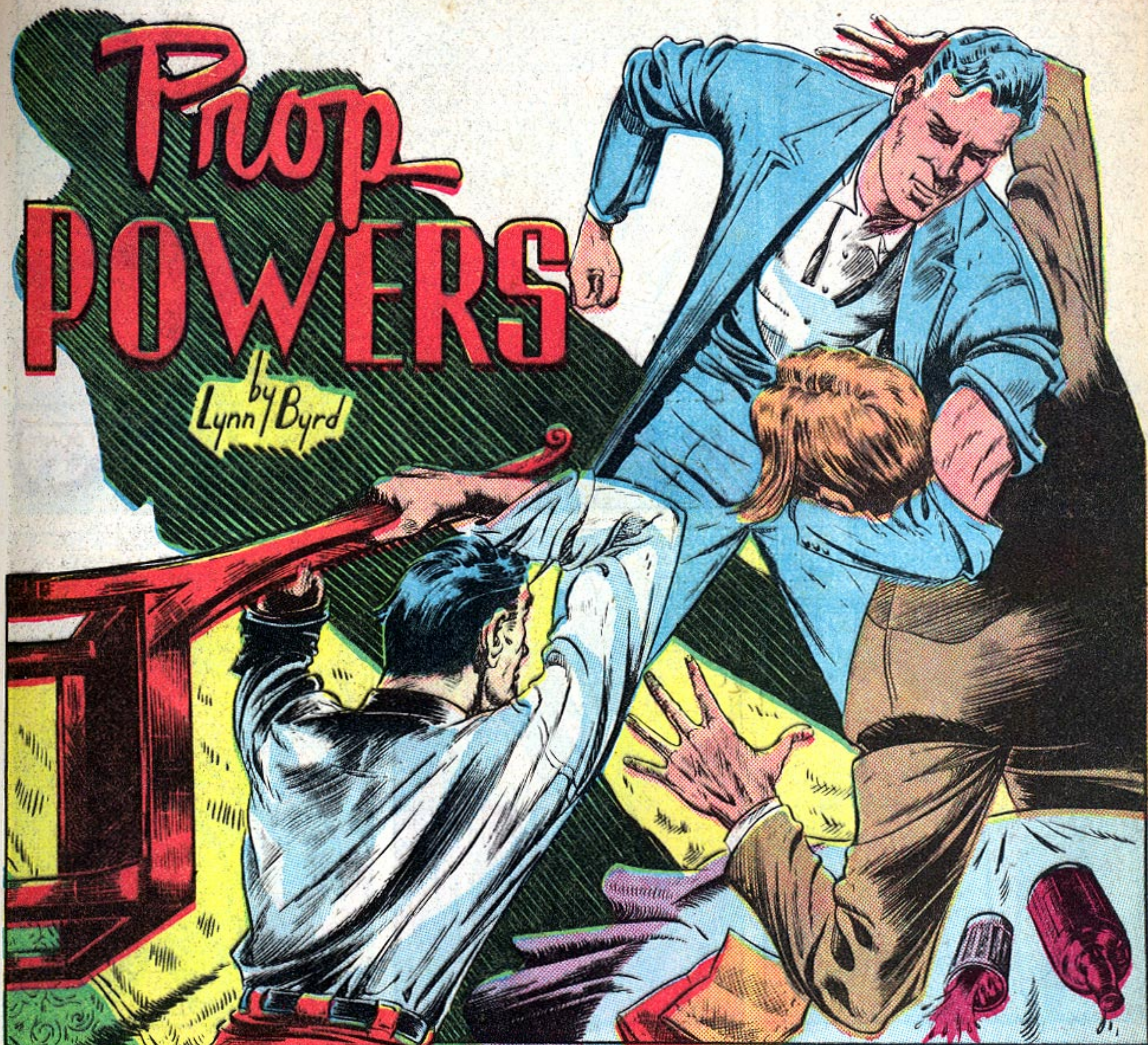
TEDDY EXPLAINS EVERYTHING TO SUNSHINE'S AUNT, WHO IS A LOVING AND FORGIVING PERSON.





# PROP POWERS

by  
Lynn Byrd

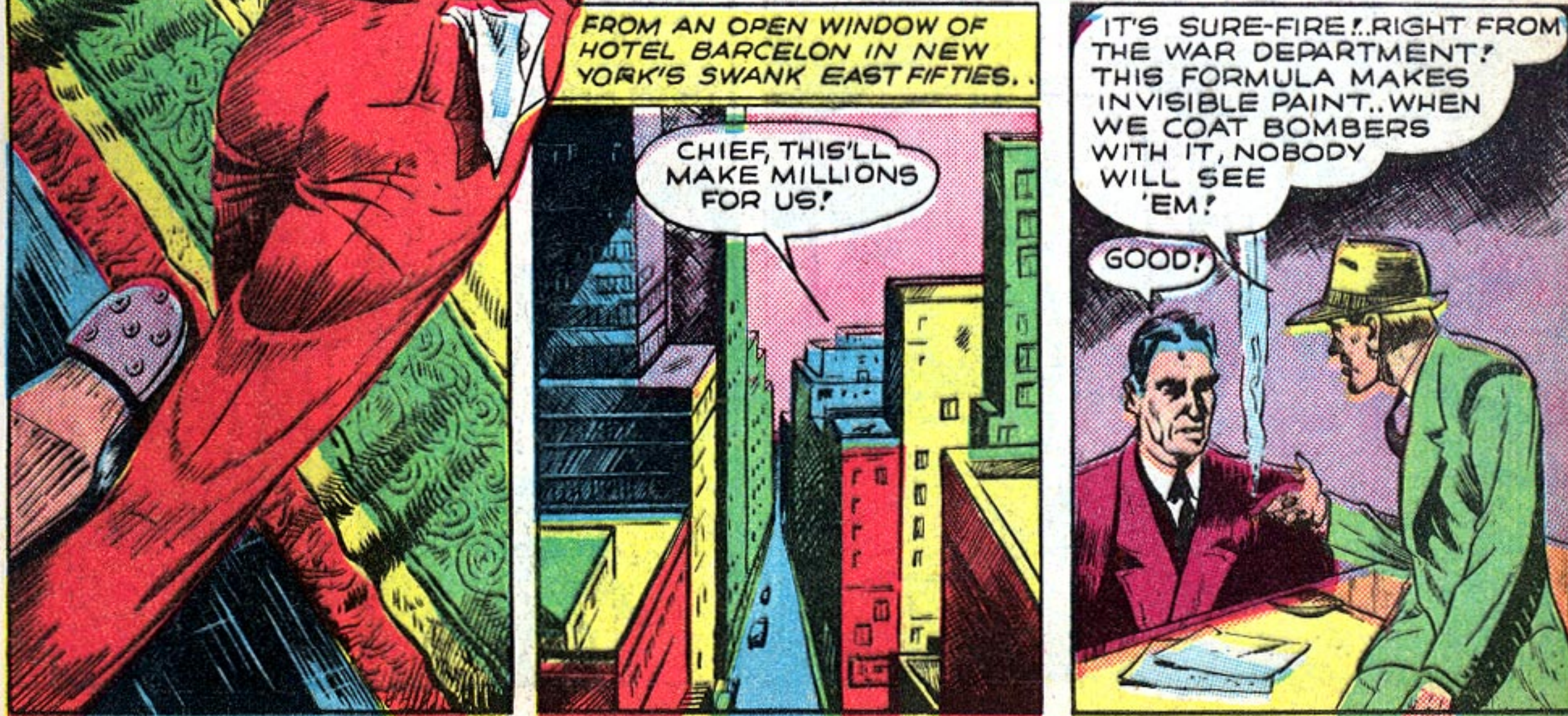


FROM AN OPEN WINDOW OF  
HOTEL BARCELON IN NEW  
YORK'S SWANK EAST FIFTIES.

CHIEF, THIS'LL  
MAKE MILLIONS  
FOR US!

IT'S SURE-FIRE!..RIGHT FROM  
THE WAR DEPARTMENT!  
THIS FORMULA MAKES  
INVISIBLE PAINT..WHEN  
WE COAT BOMBERS  
WITH IT, NOBODY  
WILL SEE  
'EM!

GOOD!





FLICK, PHONE ALL TOTALITARIAN AGENTS TO COME TO A BANQUET TONIGHT... WE'LL AUCTION OFF MILITARY SECRETS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

RIGHT!

QUICKLY THE LONG WIRES OF TELEPHONE LINK UP THE PARTIES TO THIS SHADY DEAL..

SURE.. I'LL COME. WHAT TIME?

ACH! GUT! I BE DERE!

THAT NIGHT THE HOTEL BARCELON IS THE RENDEZVOUS FOR TWO PARTIES... THE SPIES AND PROP POWERS, WHO HAS HIS GIRL OUT FOR DINNER...

SO LONG, LANK!

SEE YO'ALL LATER, PROP!

TOO BAD LANK CAN'T COME WITH US, ELLEN.. HEY!! HEARD A SHOT! STAY HERE!

SO DID I!

DASHING THROUGH THE LOBBY PROP HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE BANQUET HALL DOOR..

THE NOISE COMES FROM HERE!

WELL, WELL! FREE-FOR-ALL.. AND HALF THESE GUYS ARE ESPIONAGE AGENTS!

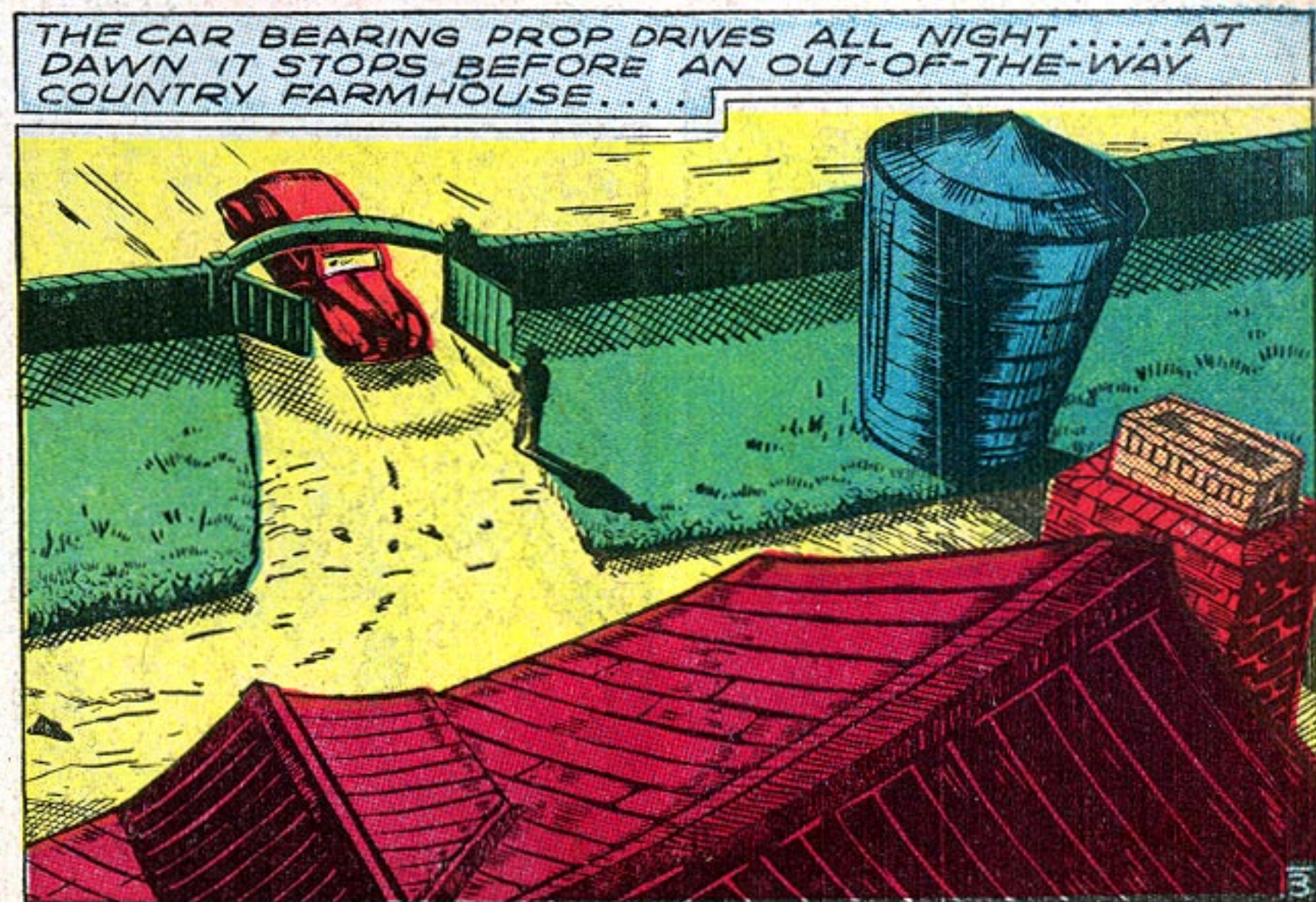
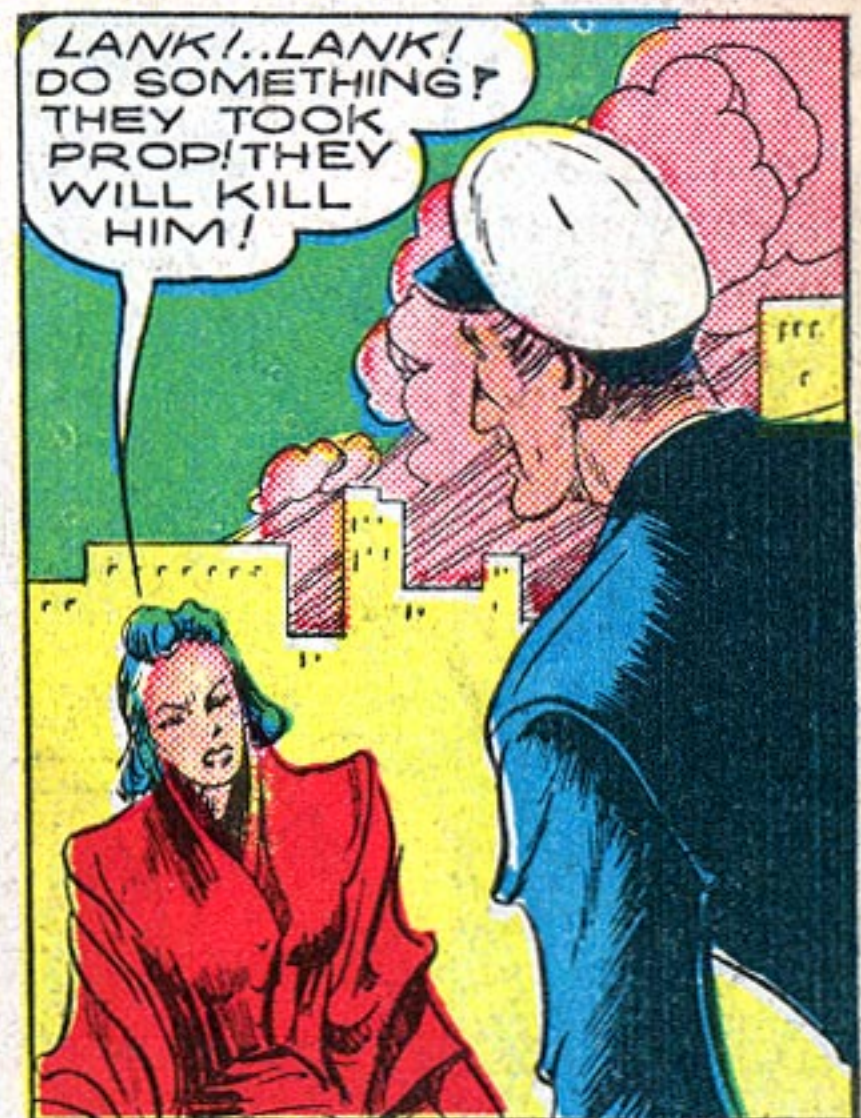
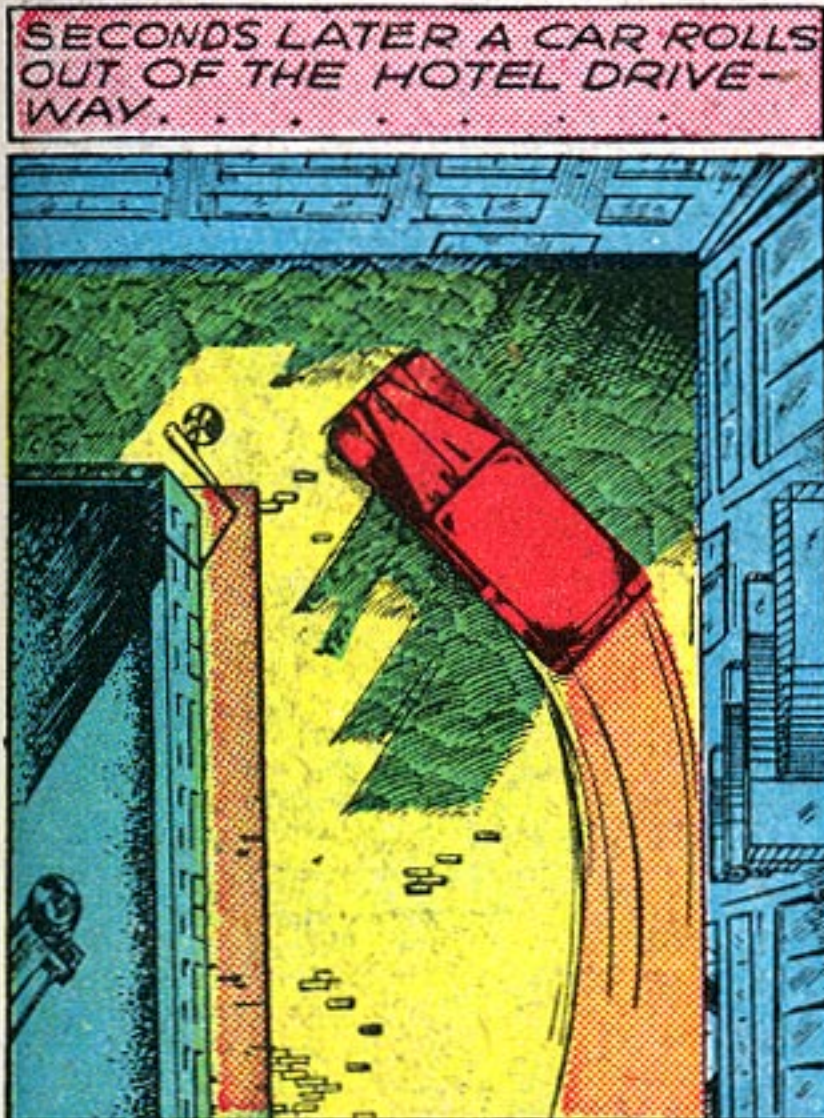
A SECOND LATER ONE BELLIGERENT LUNGES AT PROP. HE IS IN THE CENTER..

PROP SWINGS...

I THINK FISTS ARE BETTER THAN KNIVES.. ER.. DON'T YOU?

IN THE MELEE A SLIP OF PAPER FLUTTERS FROM THE SPY'S HAND.







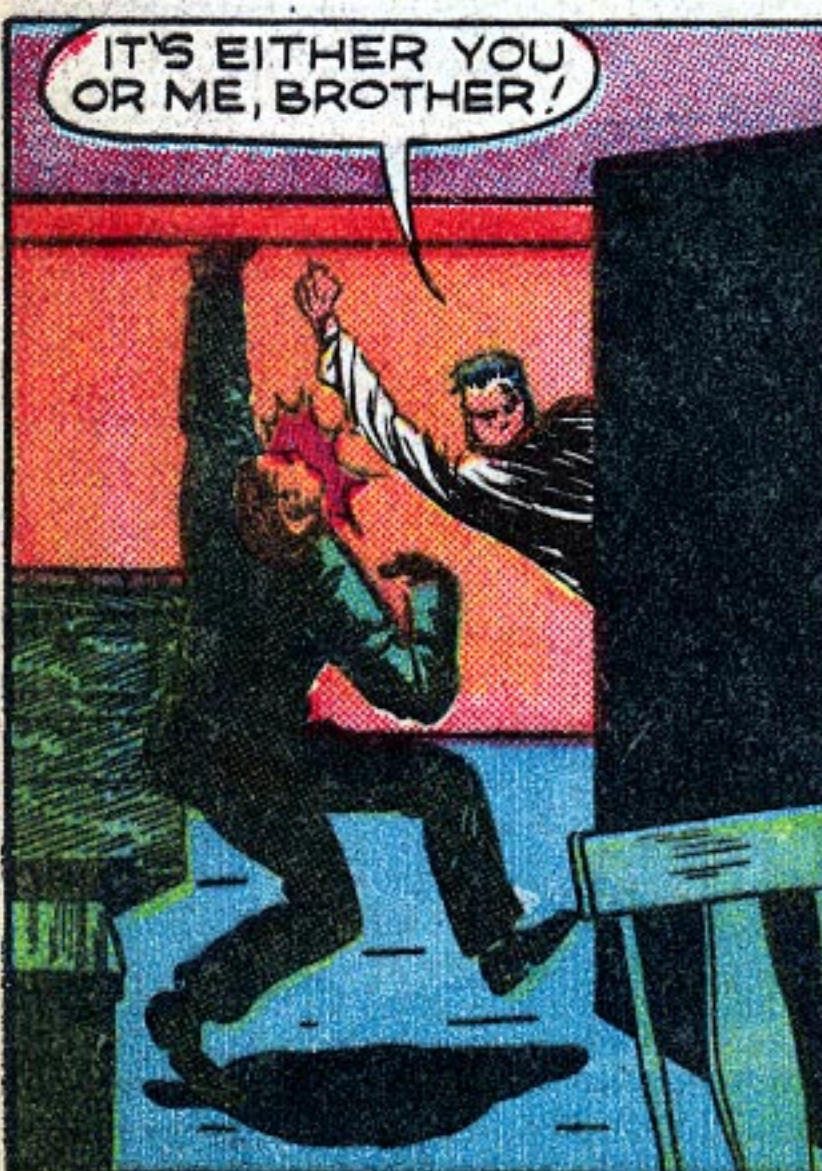
PROP IS A PRISONER AT THE MERCY OF HIS SPY CAPTORS.



YOU'RE TOO DANGEROUS ALIVE! READY? ONE...TWO...



BUT PROP DASHES BEFORE THE NOSES OF THE GUNS...



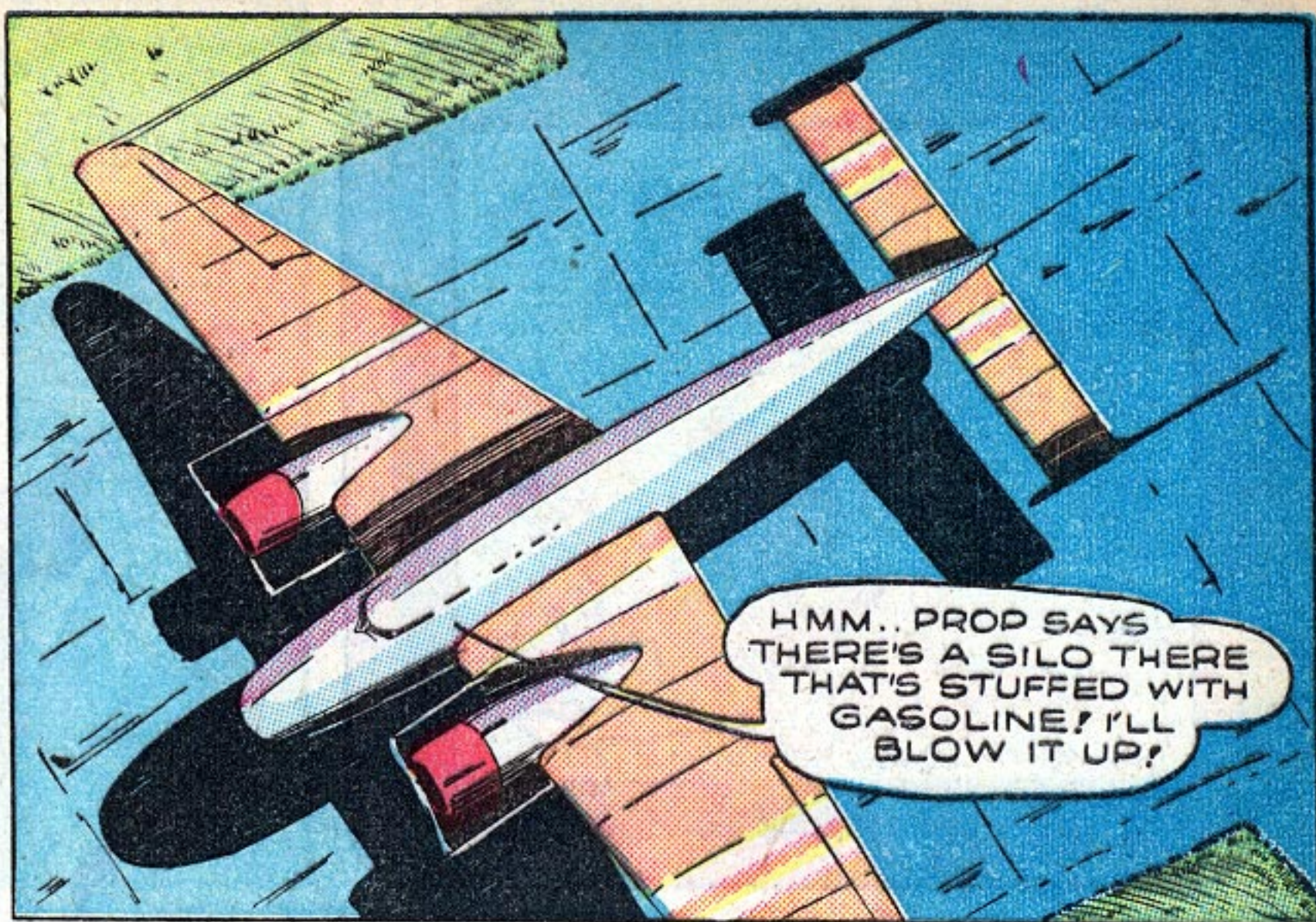


LANK, AT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS, RECEIVES THE CALL . . .

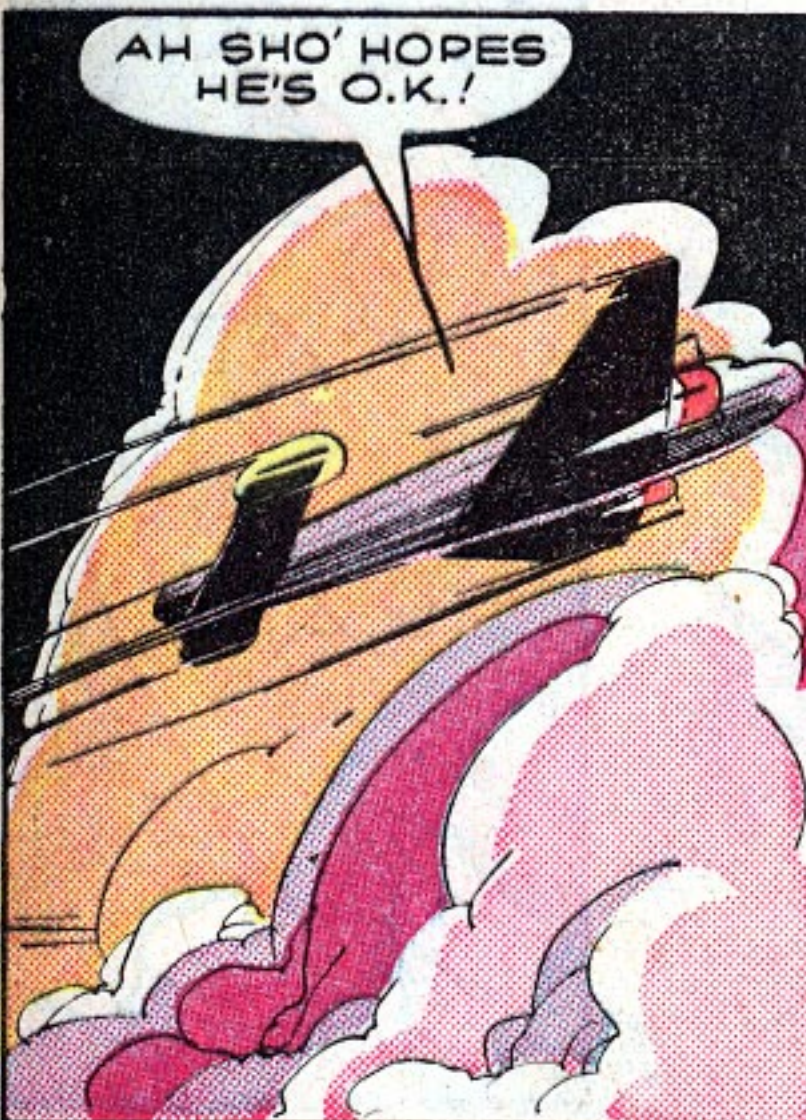
LANK, COME QUICKLY! FOLLOW THE RIVER TO TREMONT.. THEN HEAD EAST!



ROLL OUT MAH PLANE! AH'M MOVIN'!

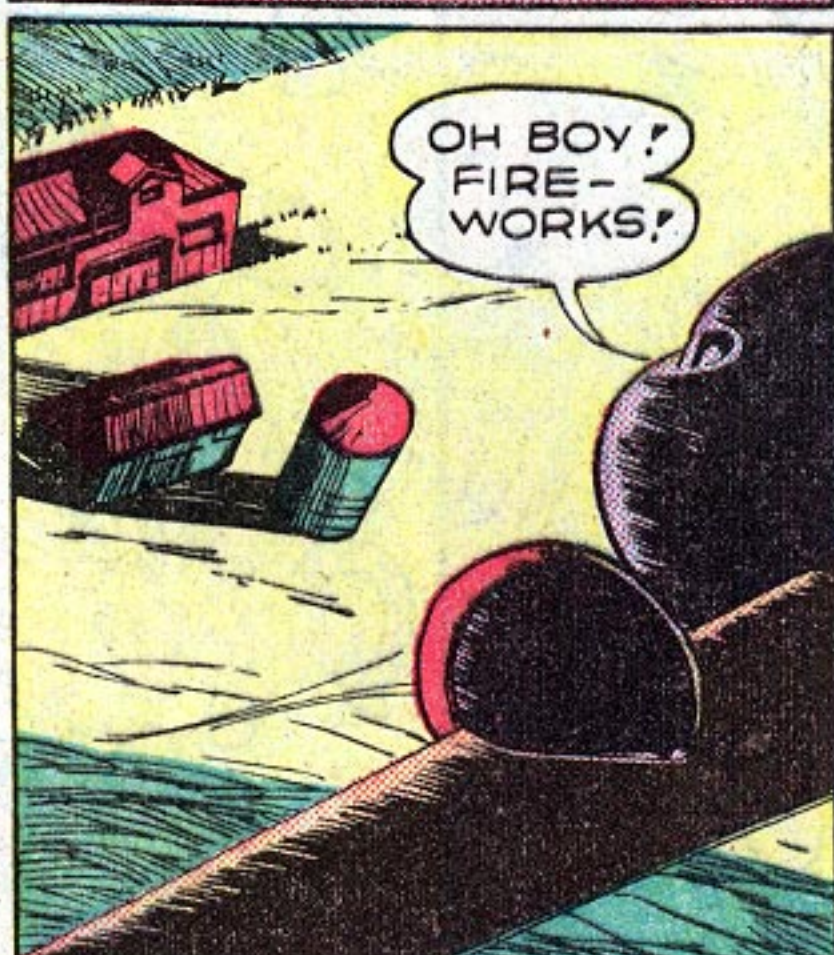


HMM.. PROP SAYS THERE'S A SILO THERE THAT'S STUFFED WITH GASOLINE! I'LL BLOW IT UP!



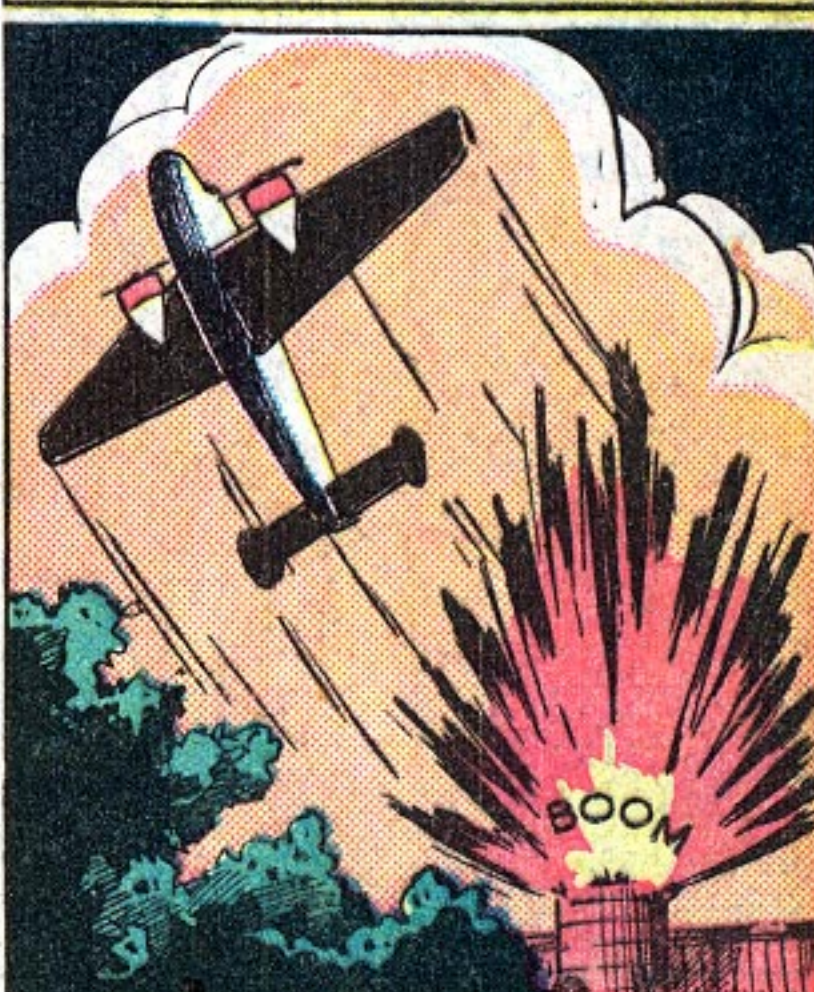
AH SHO' HOPES HE'S O.K.!

VERY SOON, LANK FLIES OVER THE HOUSE.. HE POINTS HIS MACHINE GUN AT THE SILO.



OH BOY! FIRE-WORKS!

WITH A BLINDING FLASH THE SILO BURSTS INTO FLAMES.



NOW I'LL JES' KEEP THOSE SPIES FROM DOIN' ANY DAMAGE TO PROP!

BUT PROP SEEMS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF CARING FOR HIMSELF AND THE SPIES...

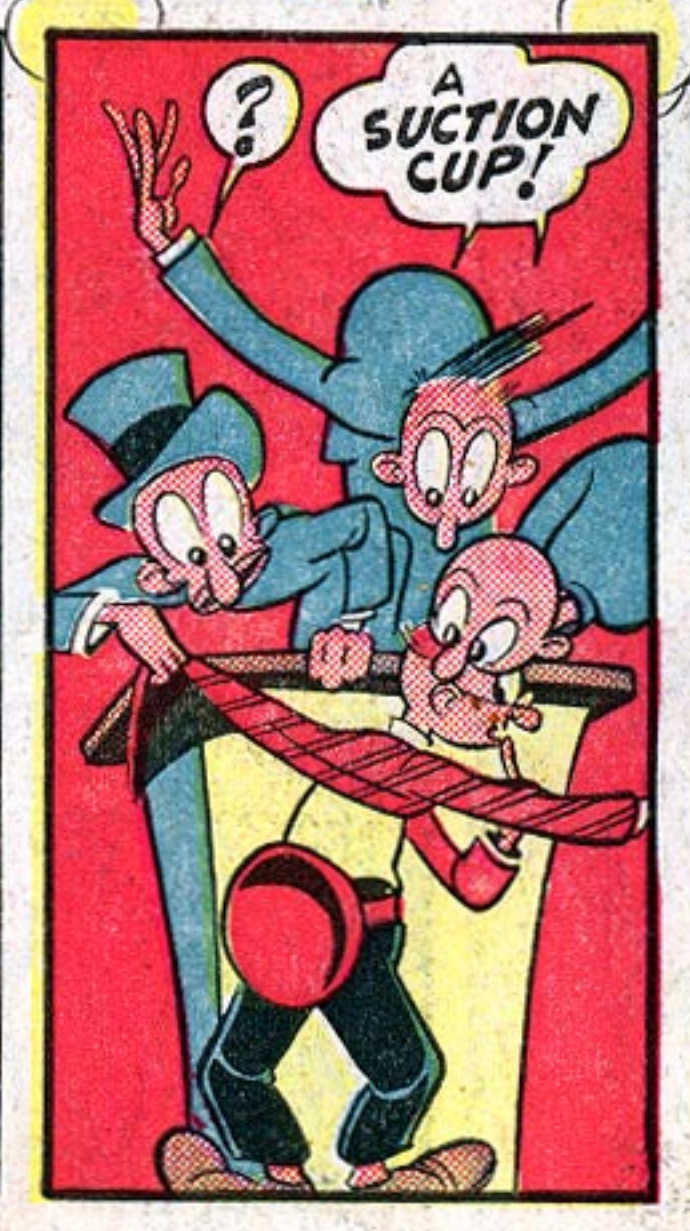
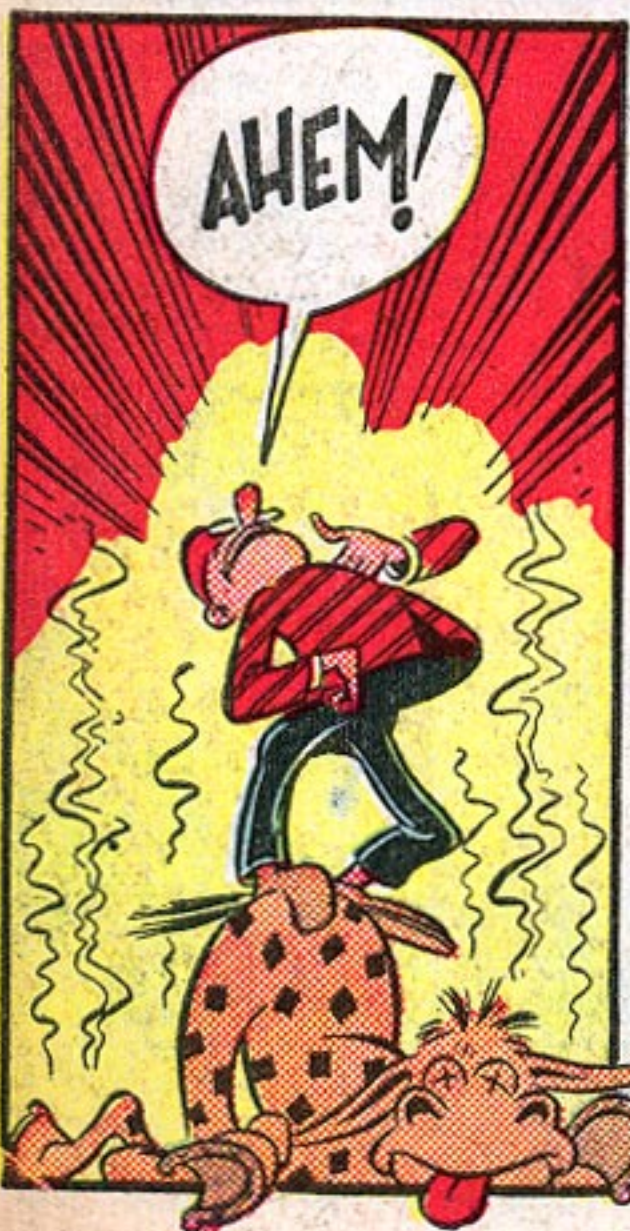
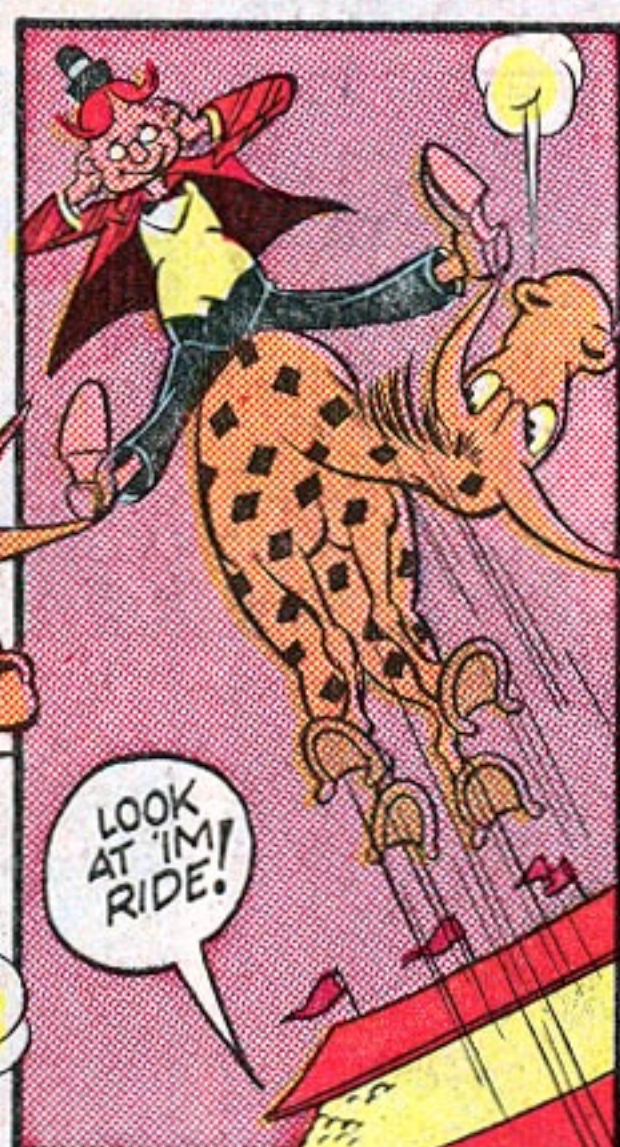
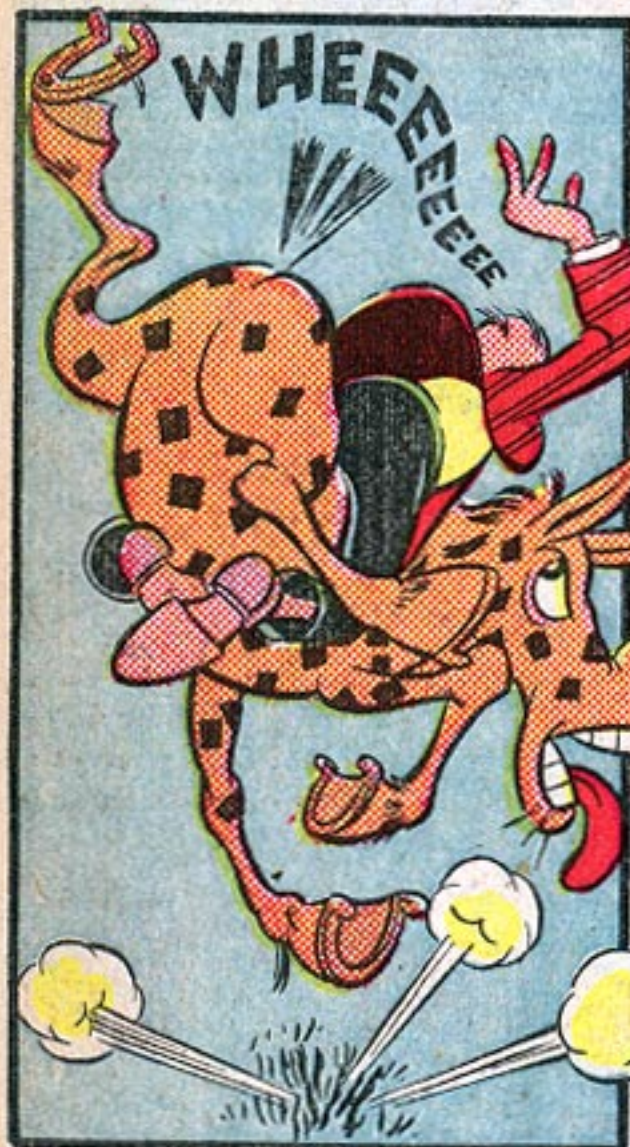
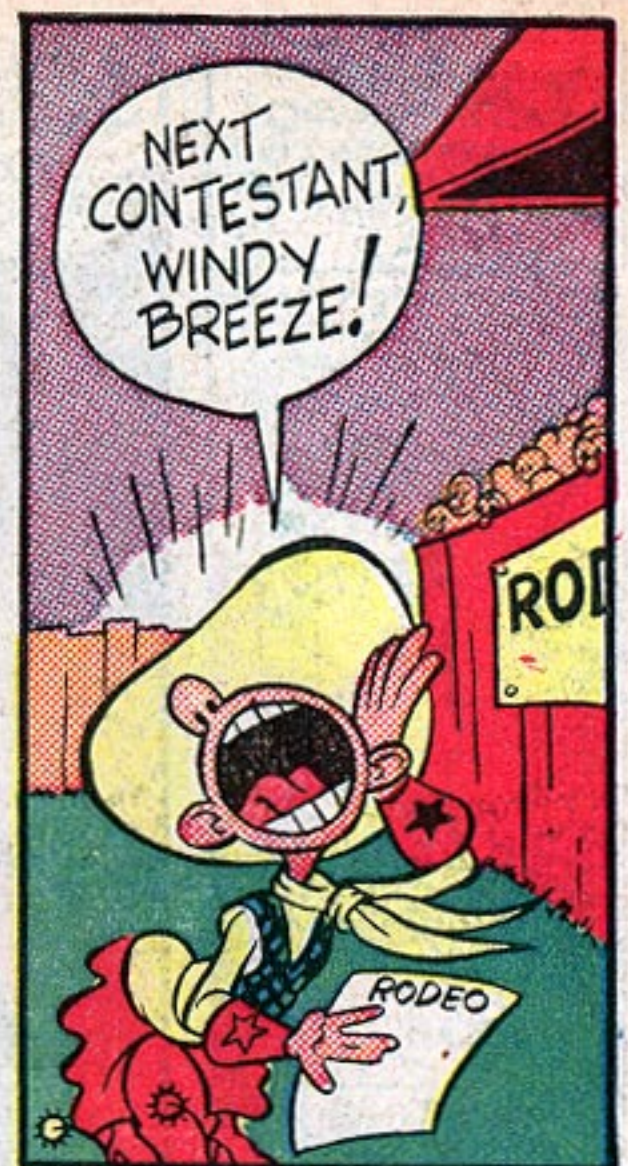
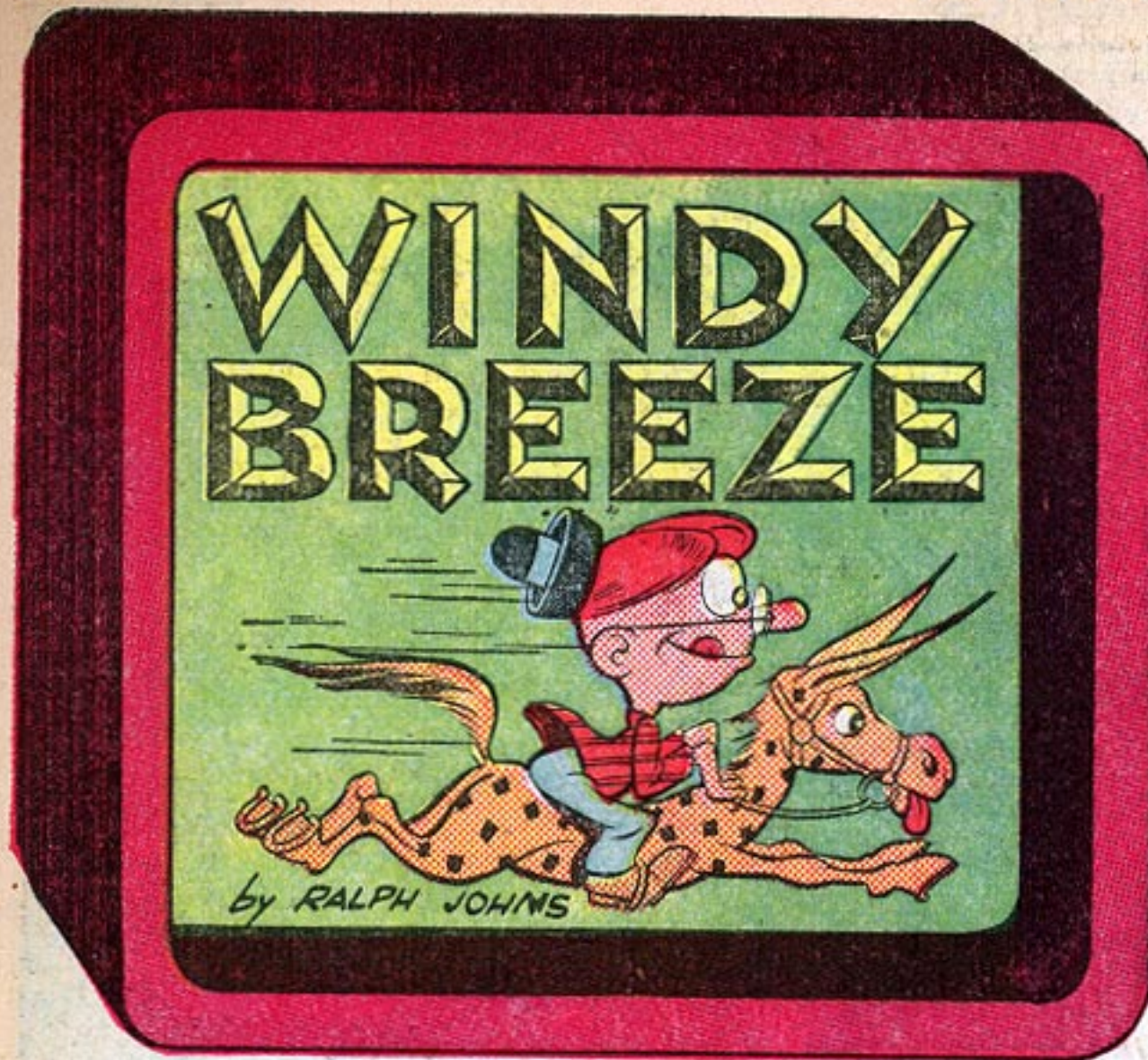


WAL, PROP, ANOTHER JOB FINISHED? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I STILL HAVE TO FINISH MY SOUP COURSE WITH ELLEN!



ANOTHER PROP POWERS ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.







# Kid DIXON

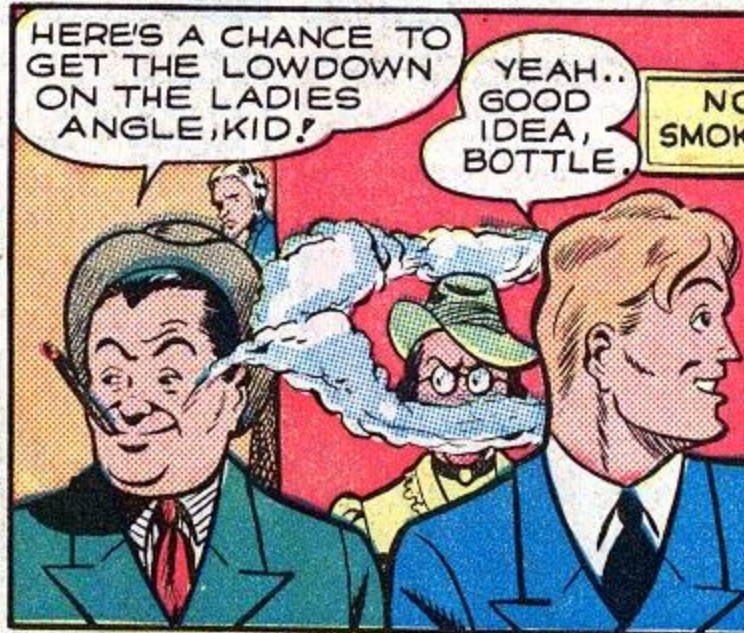
By Bob Reynolds



PAY DIRT CITY Sports Arena  
 Champion  
**KID DIXON**  
 VS.  
 our own  
**SAMSON YOUNG**  
 15 ROUNDS  
 3rd Match on Kid Dixon's Barnstorm tour of the Nation.



YES, MR. TOPPS, THE WOMEN'S CIVIC CLUB OF THIS TOWN IS MEETING TODAY IN THE LECTURE HALL..THE TOPIC IS BOXING?



HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET THE LOWDOWN ON THE LADIES ANGLE, KID?

YEAH.. GOOD IDEA, BOTTLE.

NO SMOK



PUH-LEASE? CAWN'T YOU READ?



AND GIRLS, WE ALL KNOW OF COURSE THAT PUGILISM AND THE GAMBLING EVIL GO HAND IN HAND!



WE MUST STAMP OUT THESE VICES FROM OUR FAIR CITY..AND ERADICATE THIS BRUTISH EXHIBITIONISM AND ITS EVIL INFLUENCE ON OUR CITIZENRY!



AH, DRY UP! QUIT YER BELLY-ACHIN', YOU FEMALES! HIC!



THAT'S ENOUGH OUTTA YOU! THESE LADIES HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPRESS THEIR OPINIONS!



EEEK!

HELP!

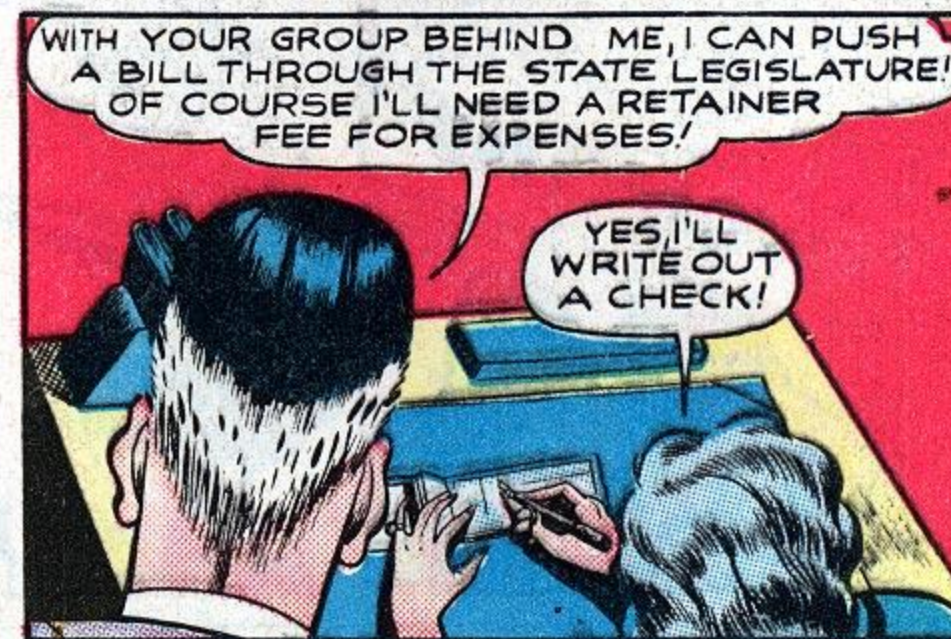
LET ME OUT!



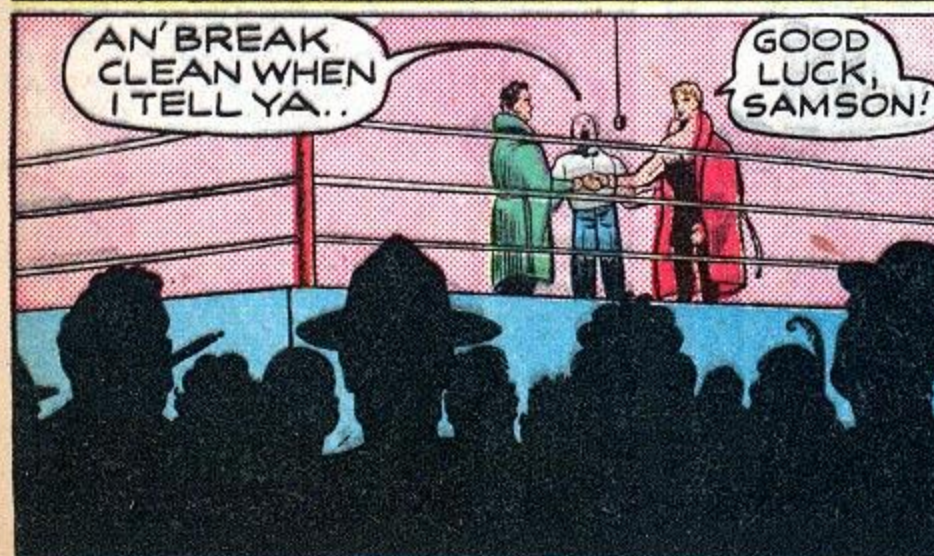
THE LADIES RUN OUT OF THE HOTEL IN AN EXCITED STREAM.



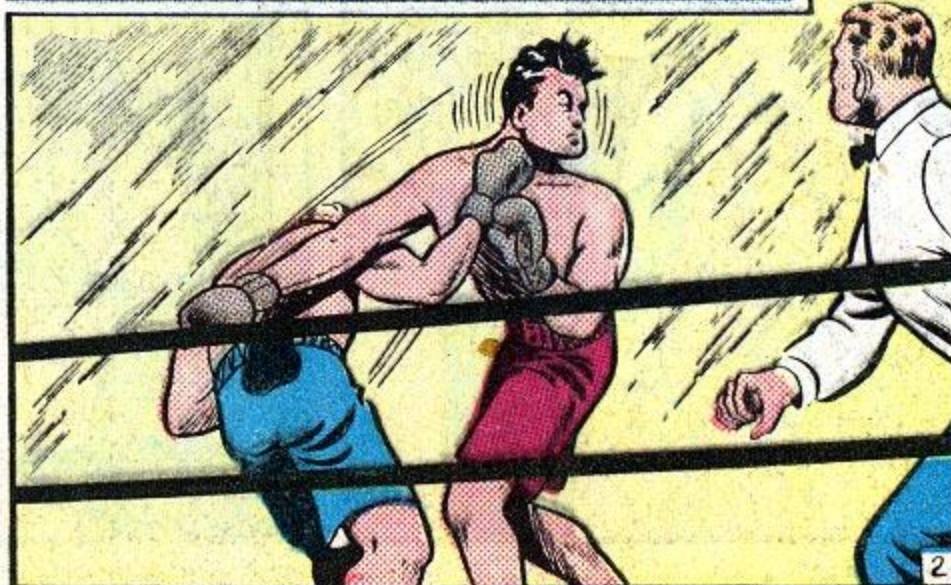
AND IN A HOTEL ROOM, THREE PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS DISCUSS THEIR PLANS.



PAYDIRT CITY'S SPORTS ARENA IS JAMMED TO CAPACITY THE NIGHT OF THE EVENT.

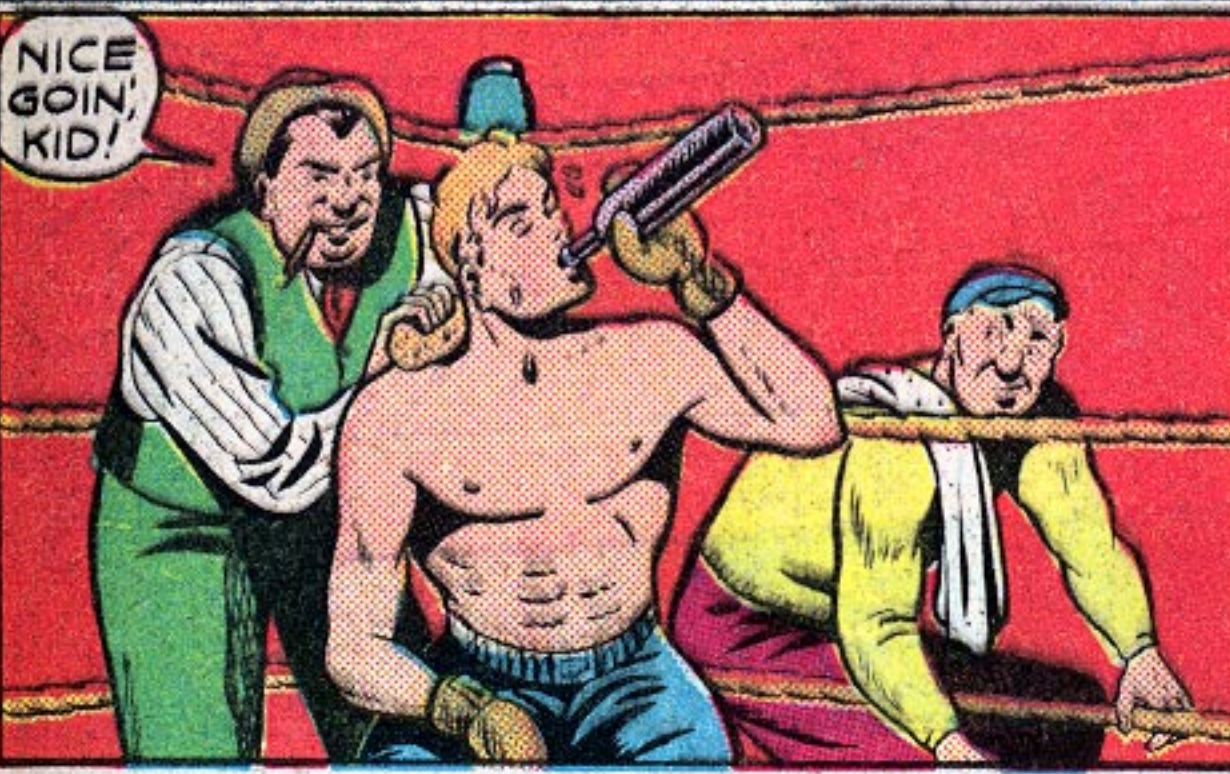


THE FIRST ROUND IS ALL DIXON'S

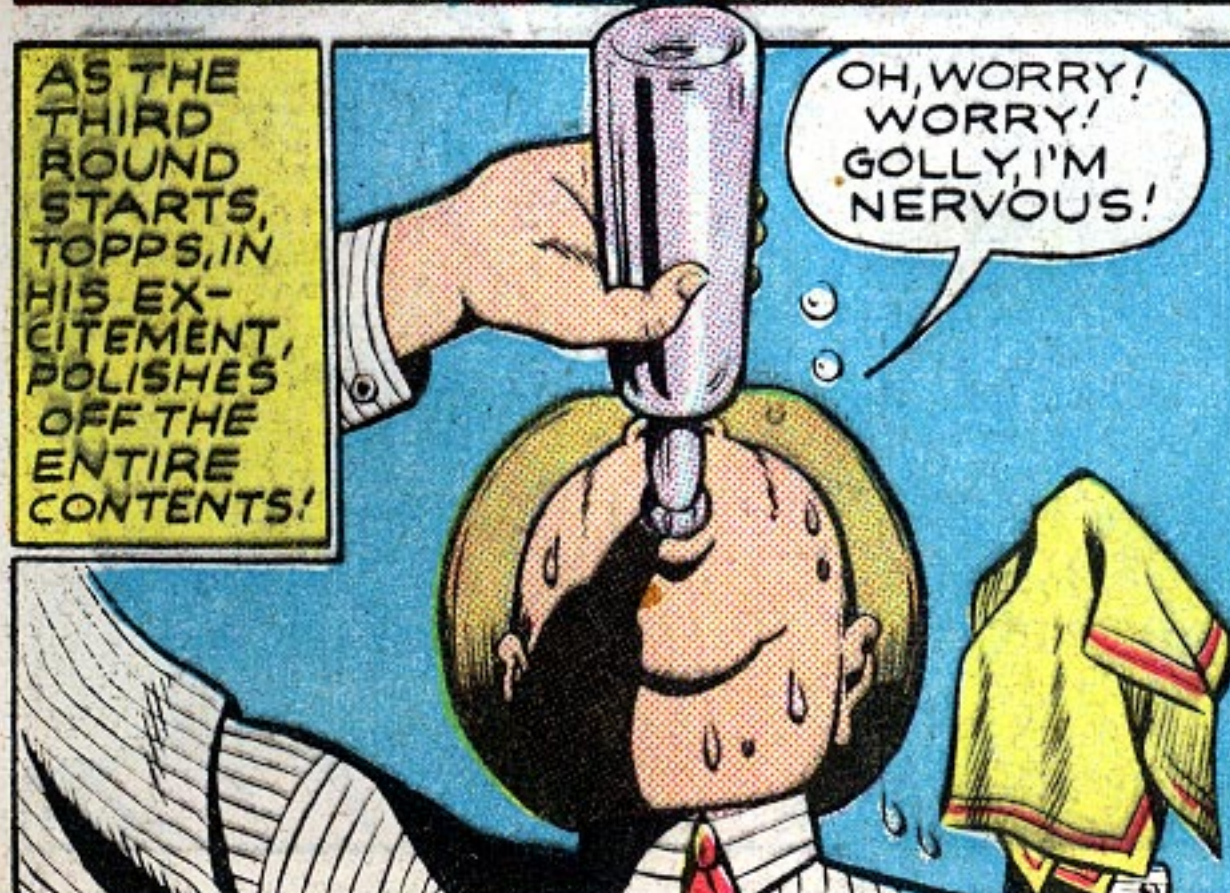
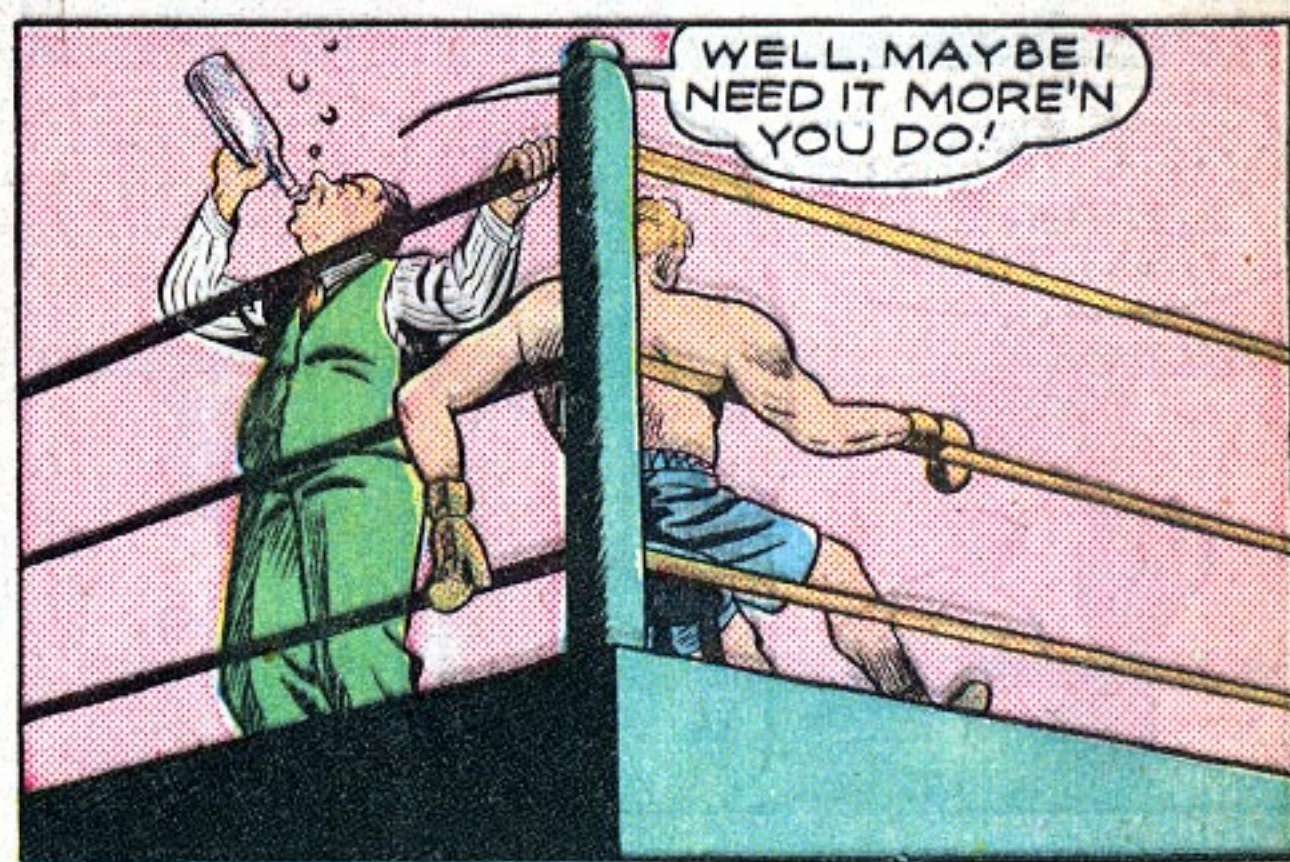
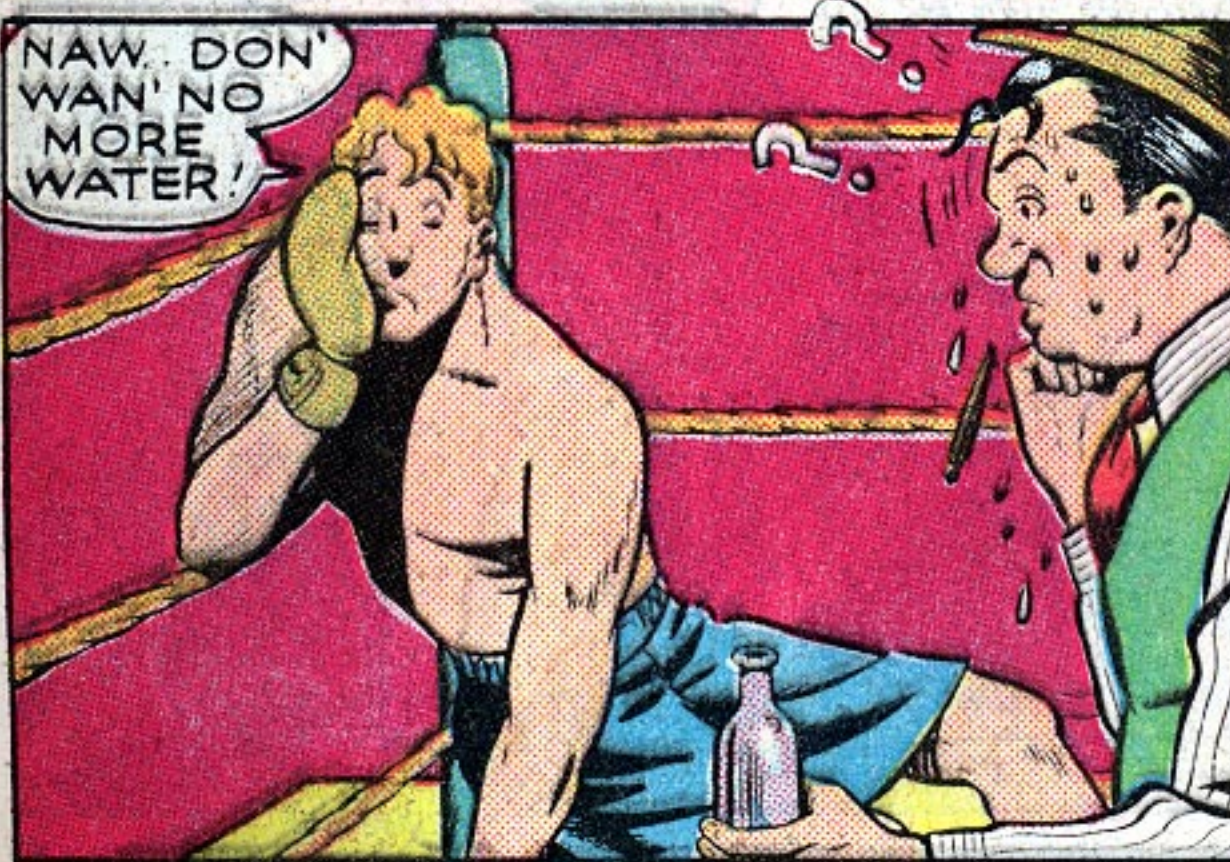
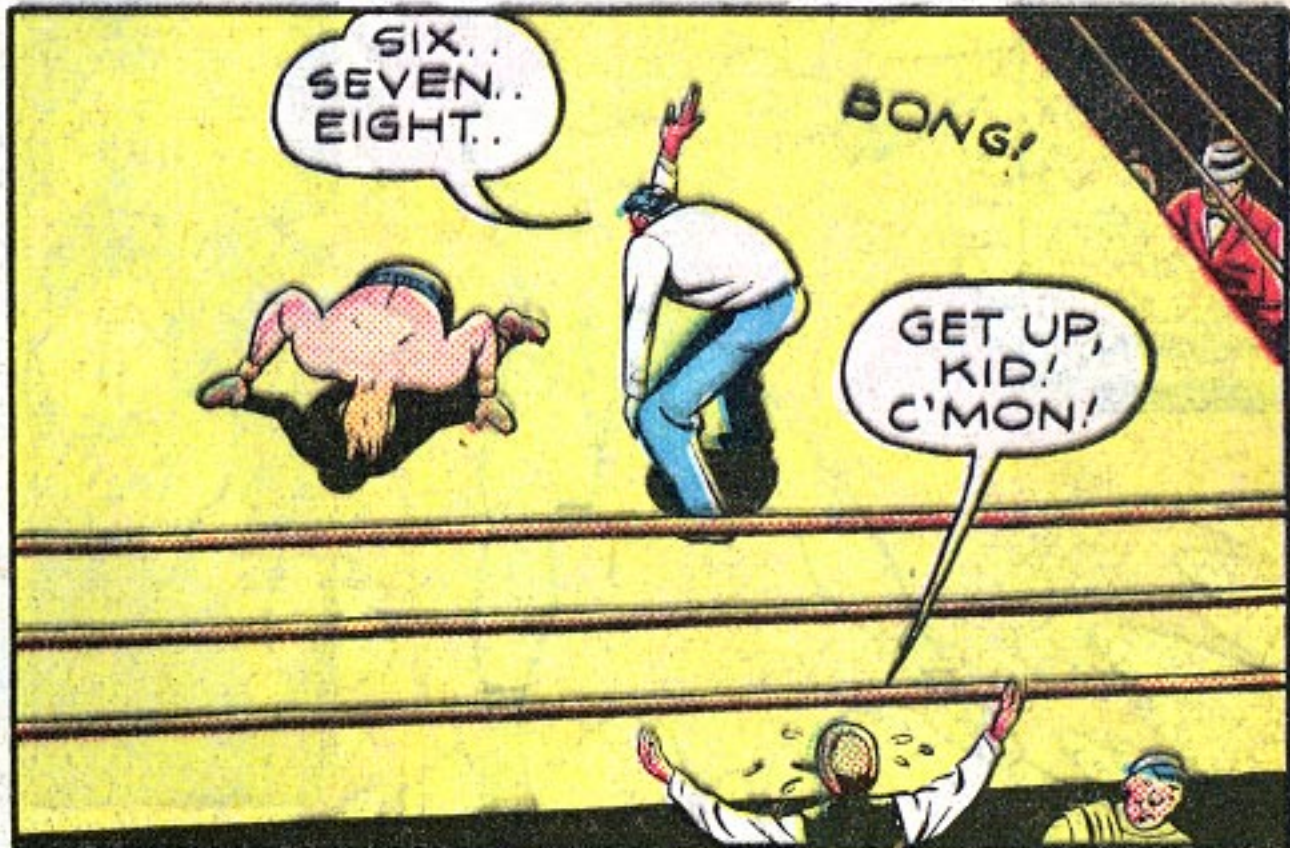
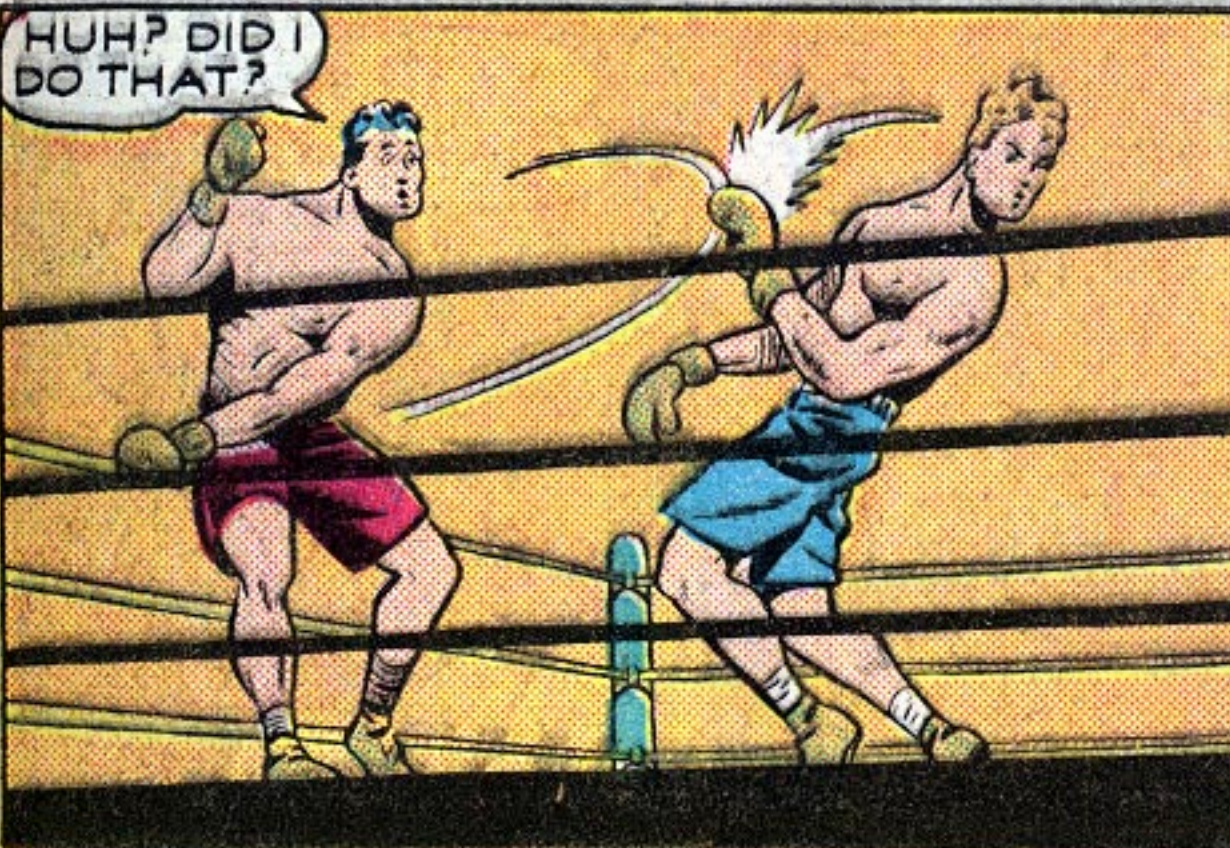
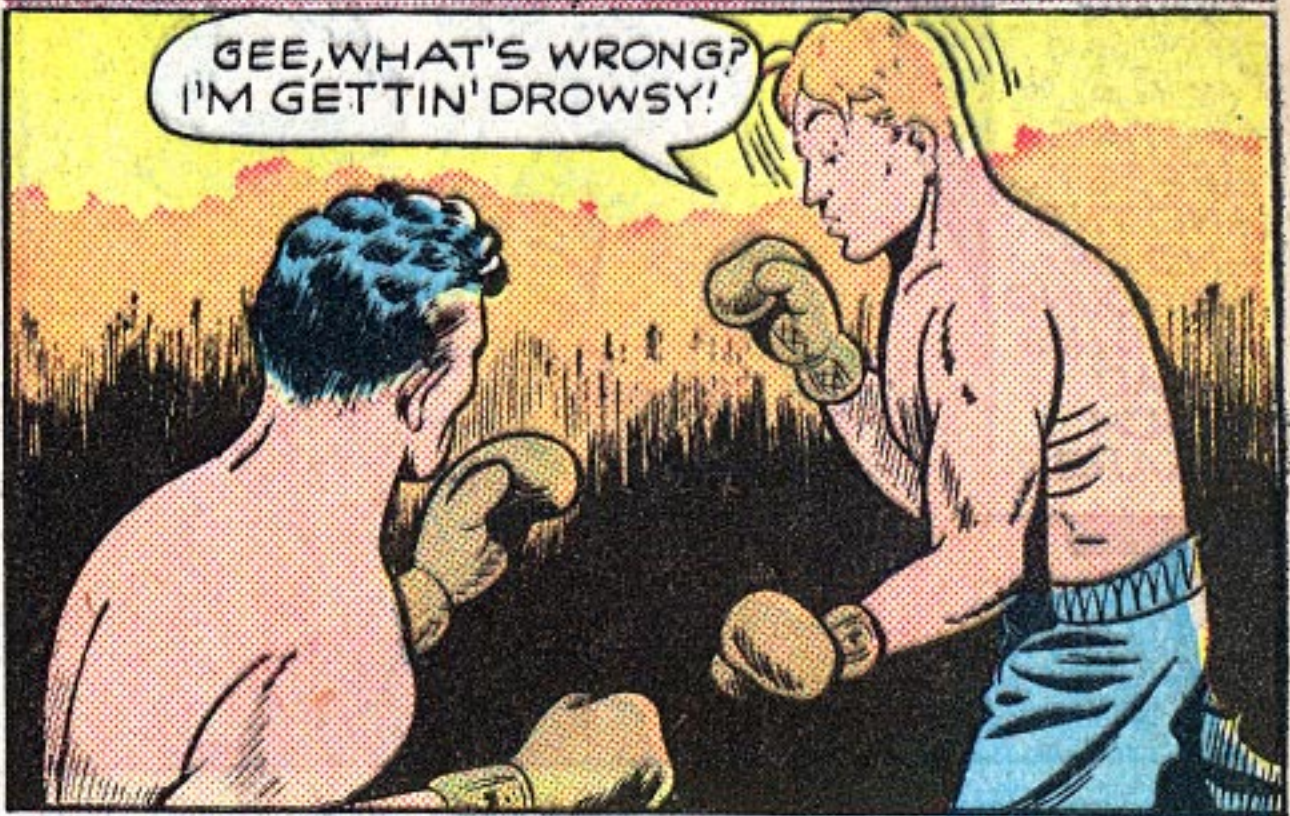




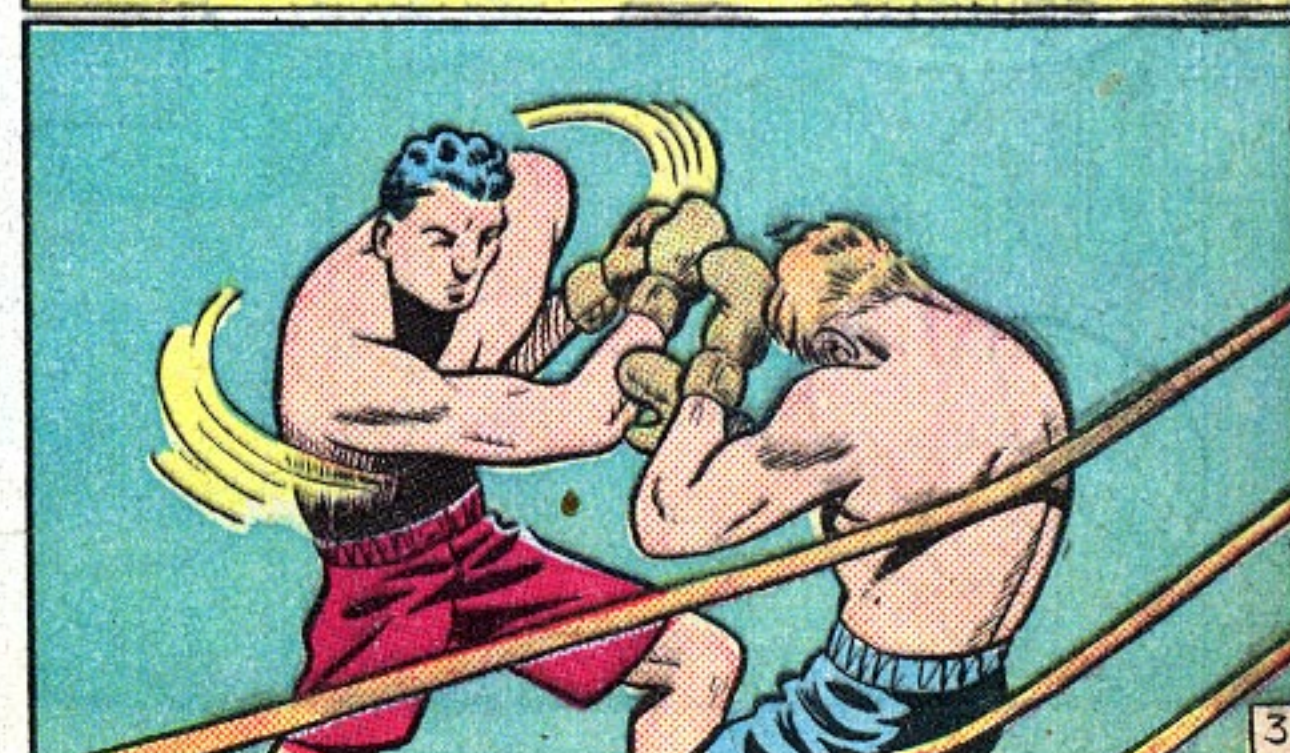
AT THE END OF THE ROUND THE KID UNKNOWN-  
INGLY TAKES A SIP OF THE DOPED WATER...



AS THE NEXT ROUND PROGRESSES...

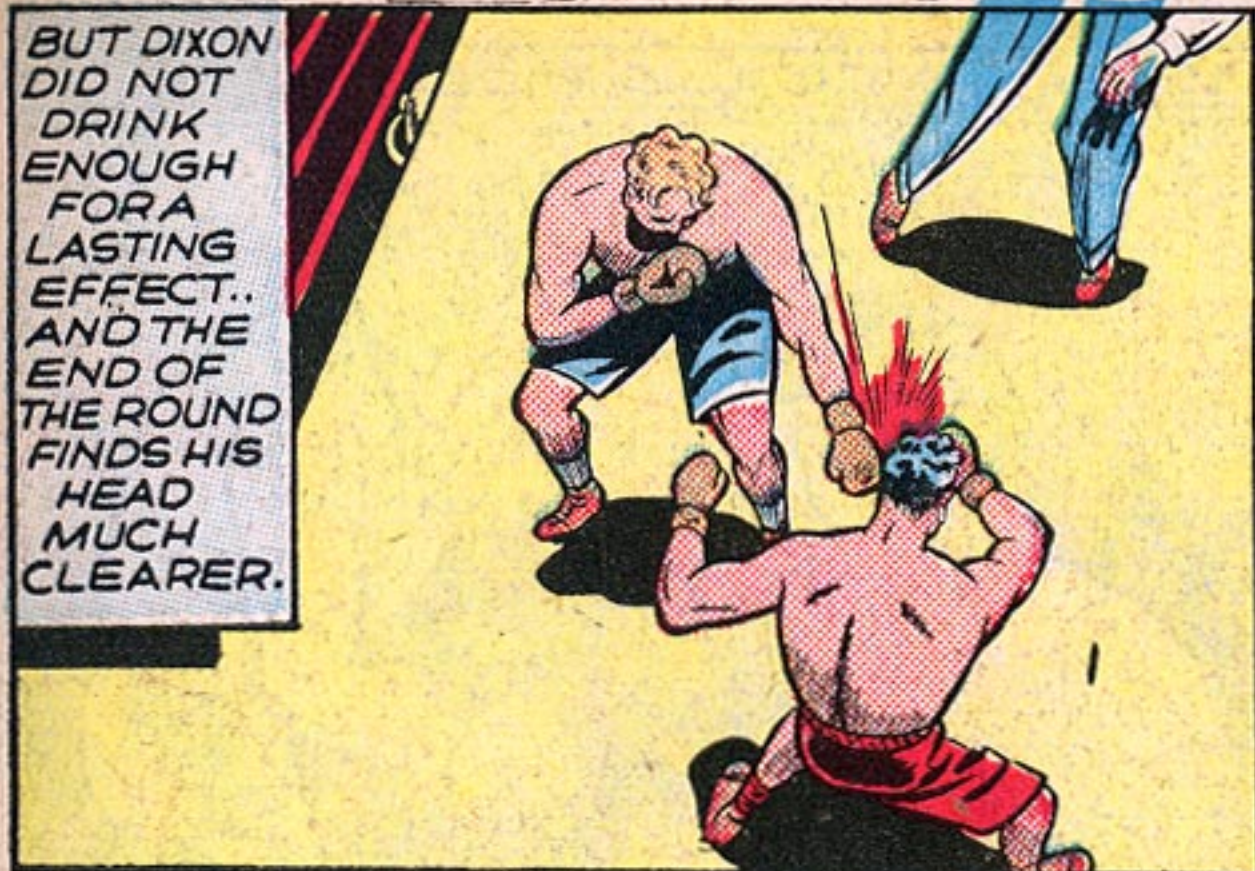


THE GROGGY CHAMPION STANDS LIKE AN  
OAK UNDER THE GRUELLING PUNISHMENT..

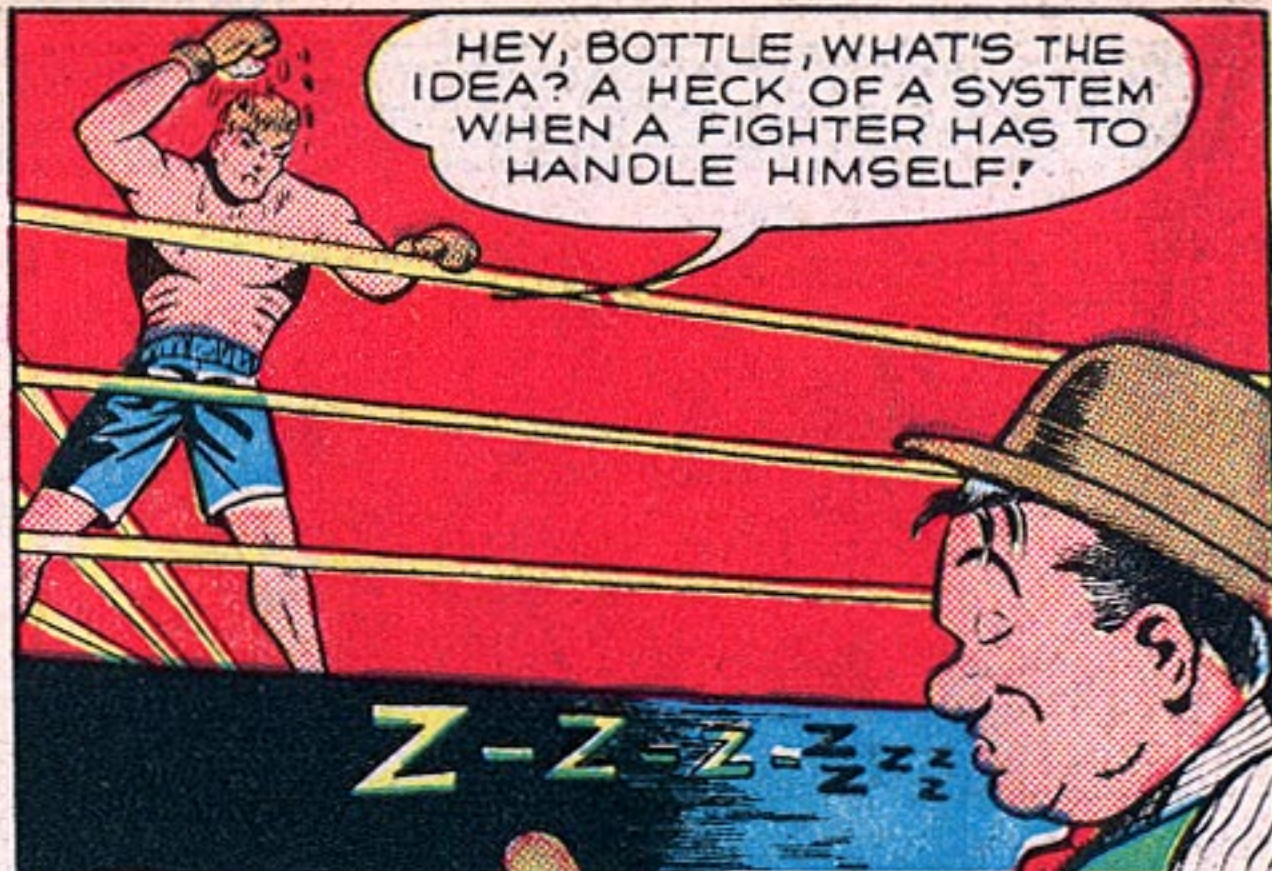




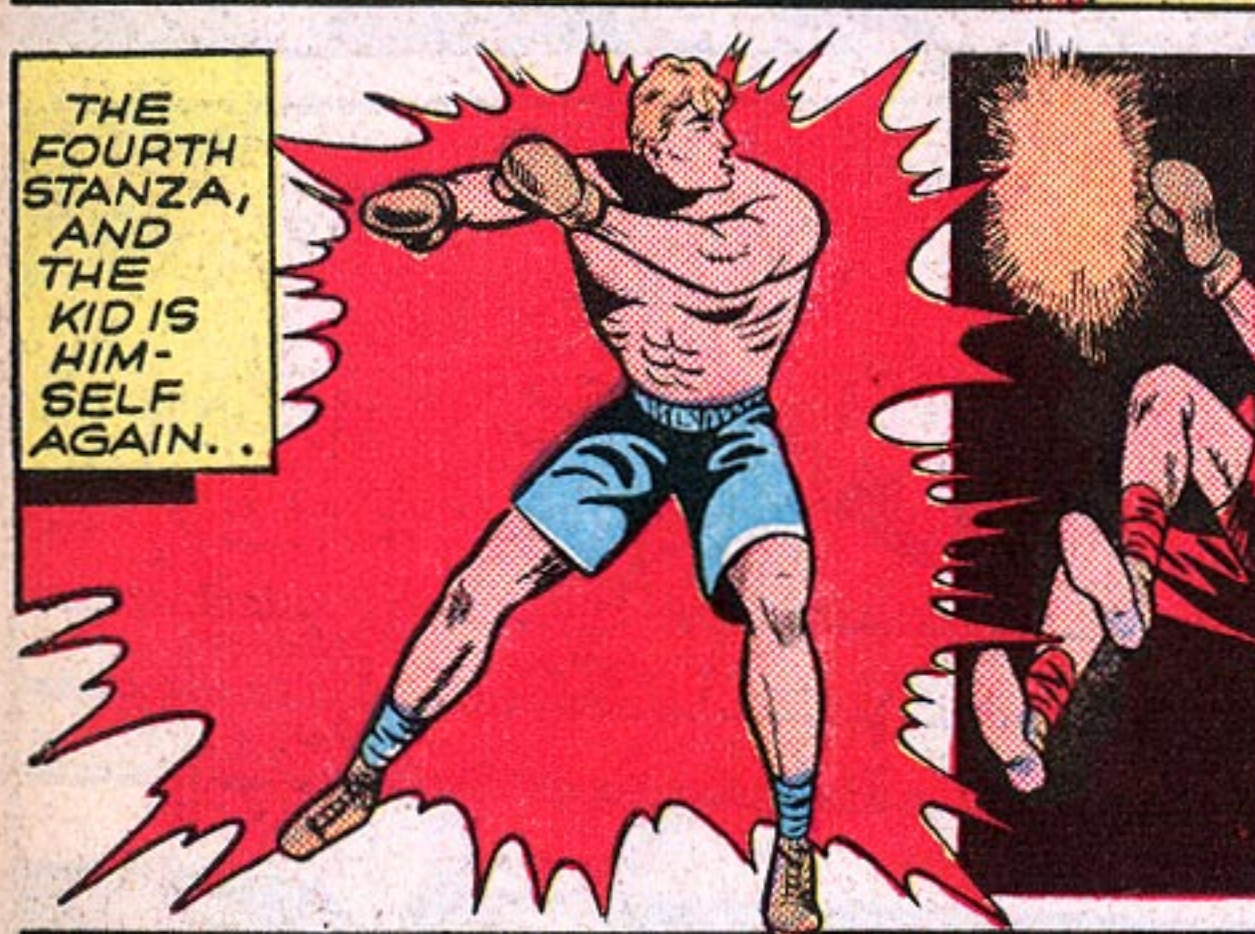
BUT DIXON DID NOT DRINK ENOUGH FOR A LASTING EFFECT.. AND THE END OF THE ROUND FINDS HIS HEAD MUCH CLEARER.



HEY, BOTTLE, WHAT'S THE IDEA? A HECK OF A SYSTEM WHEN A FIGHTER HAS TO HANDLE HIMSELF!



THE FOURTH STANZA, AND THE KID IS HIMSELF AGAIN..

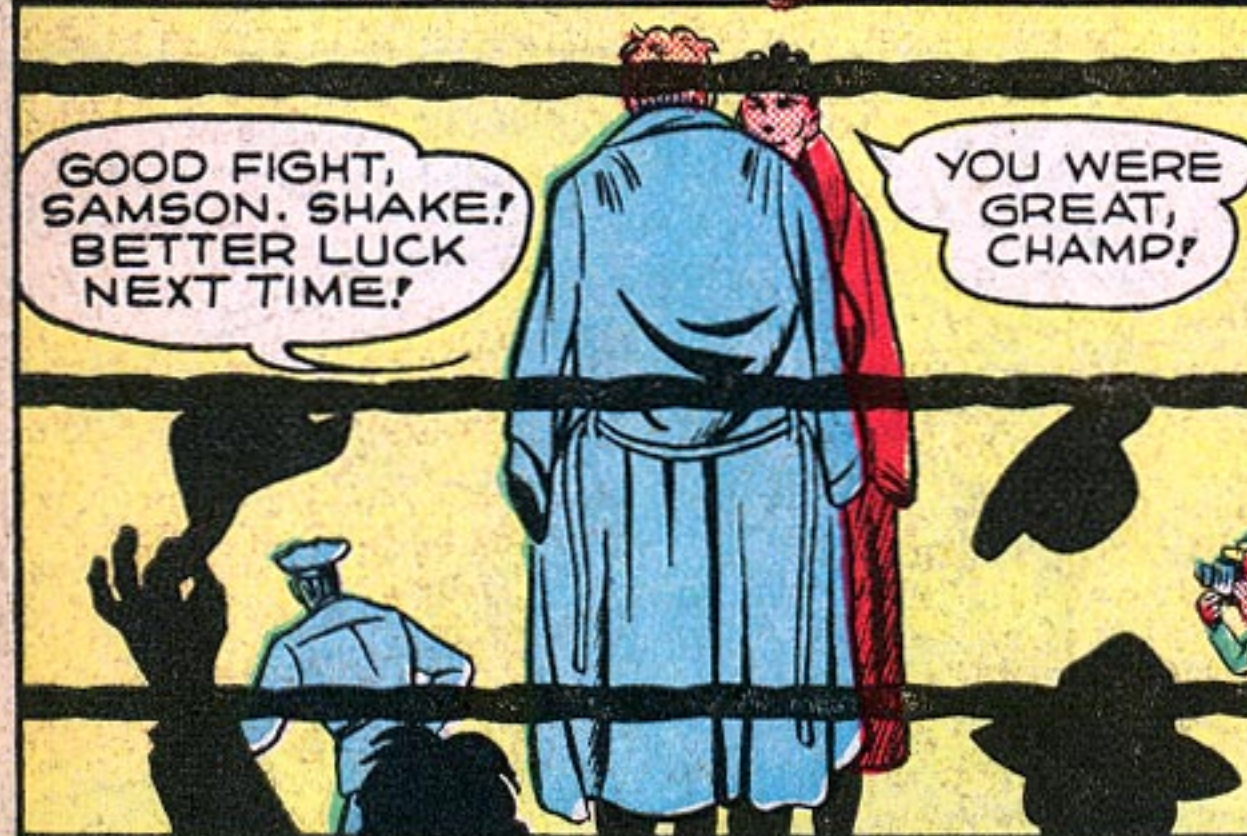


.. AND STILL CHAMPION!

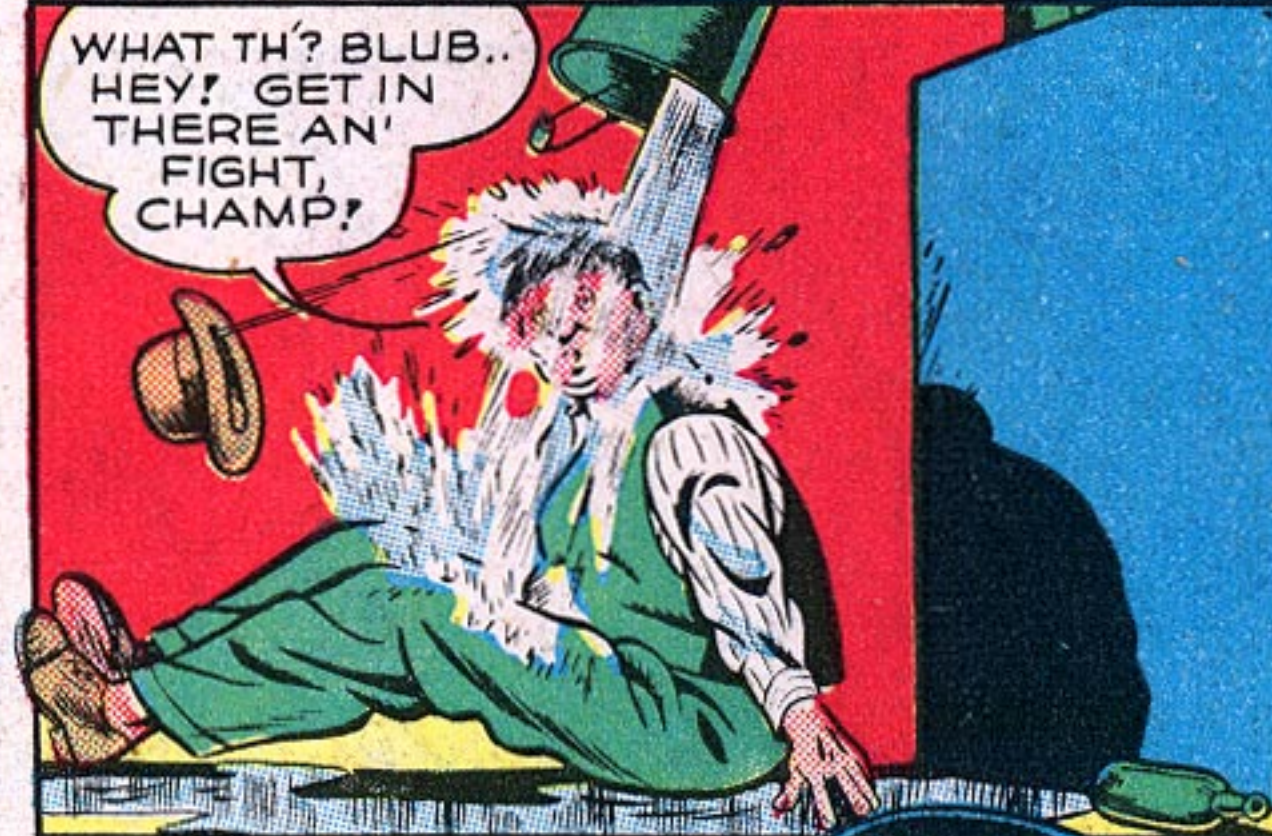


GOOD FIGHT, SAMSON. SHAKE! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

YOU WERE GREAT, CHAMP!

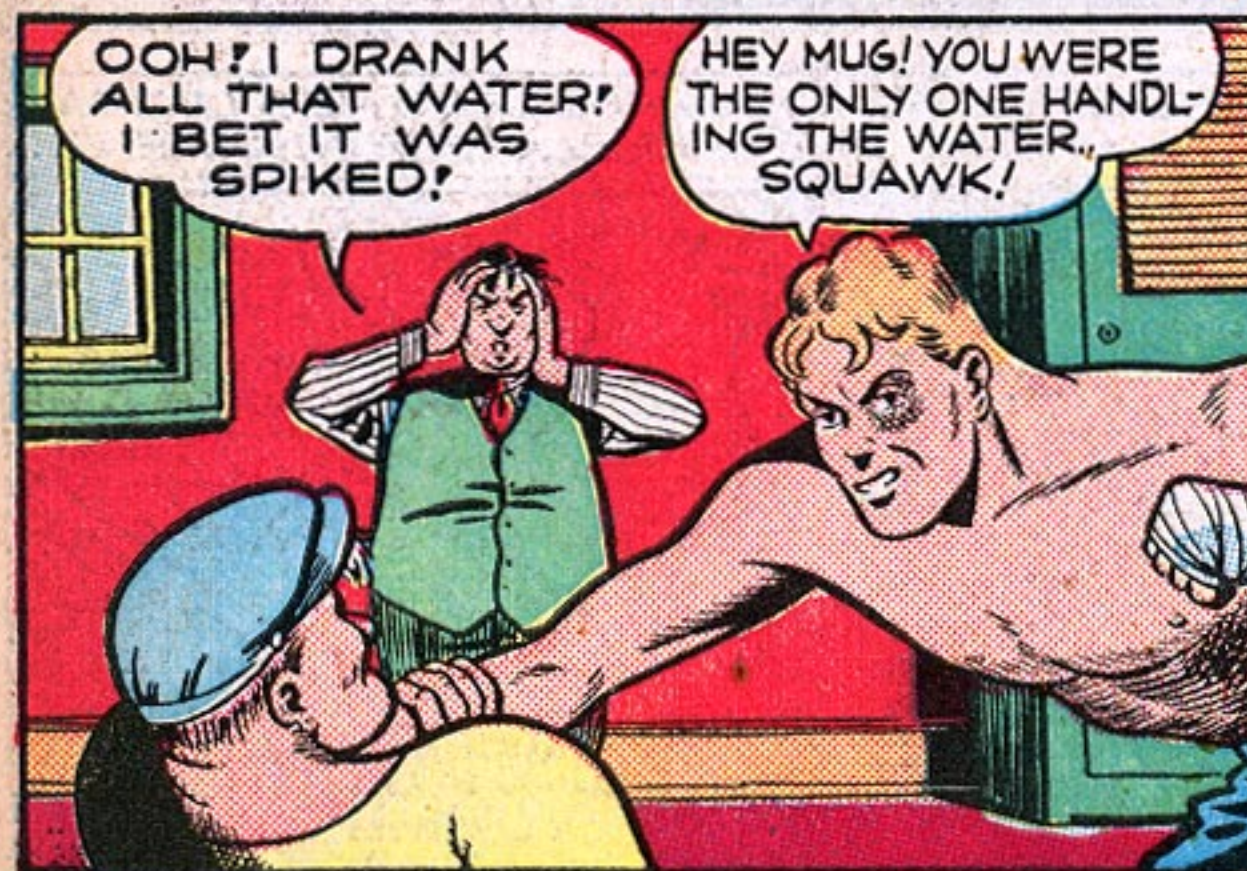


WHAT TH' BLUB.. HEY! GET IN THERE AN' FIGHT, CHAMP!

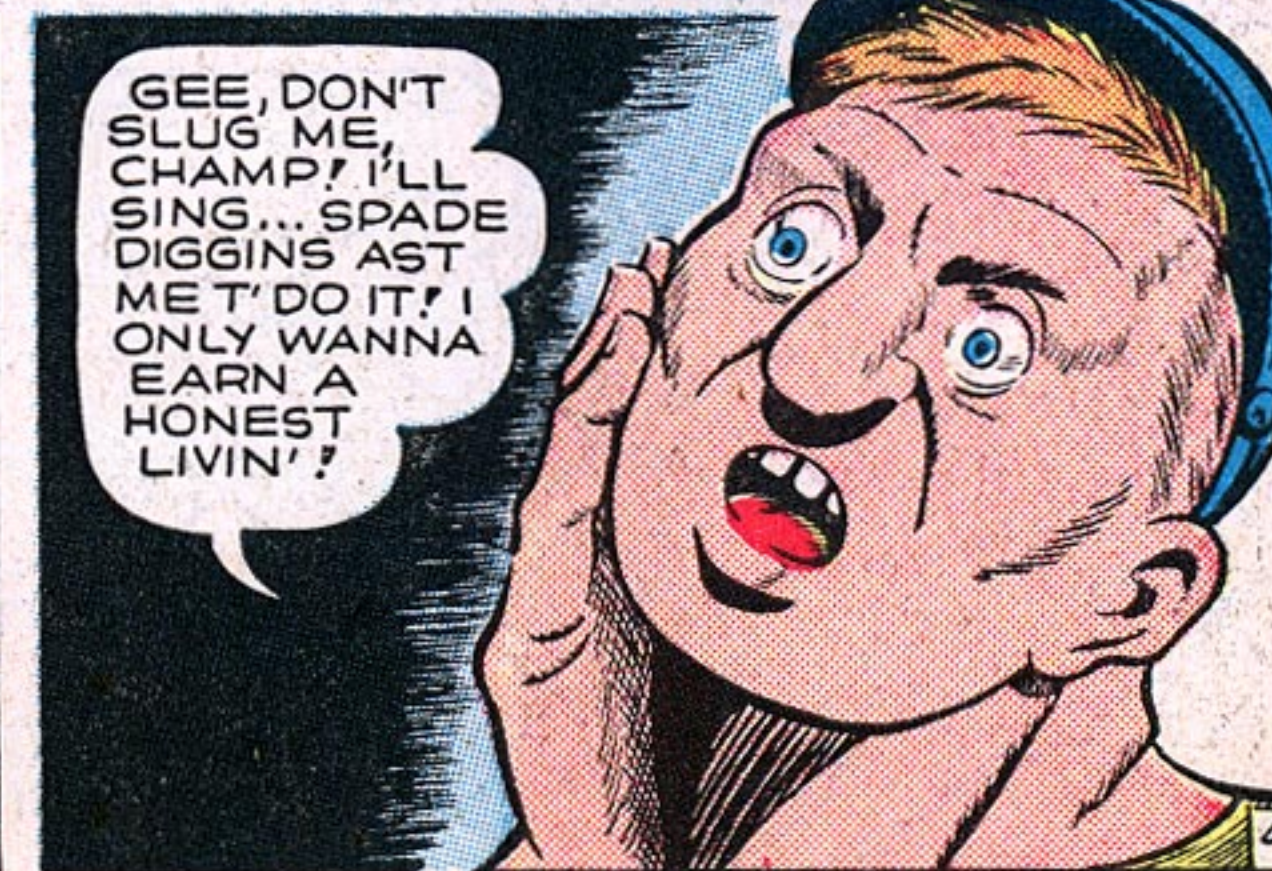


OOH! I DRANK ALL THAT WATER! I BET IT WAS SPIKED!

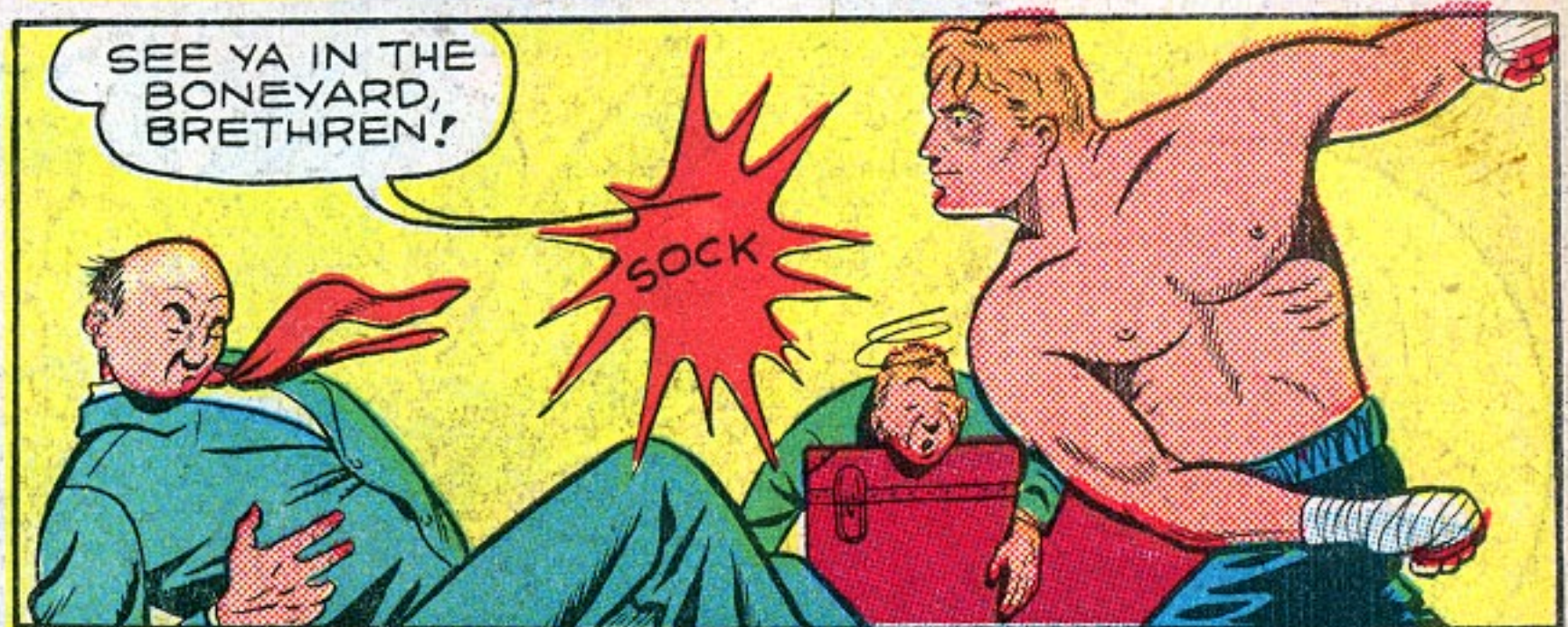
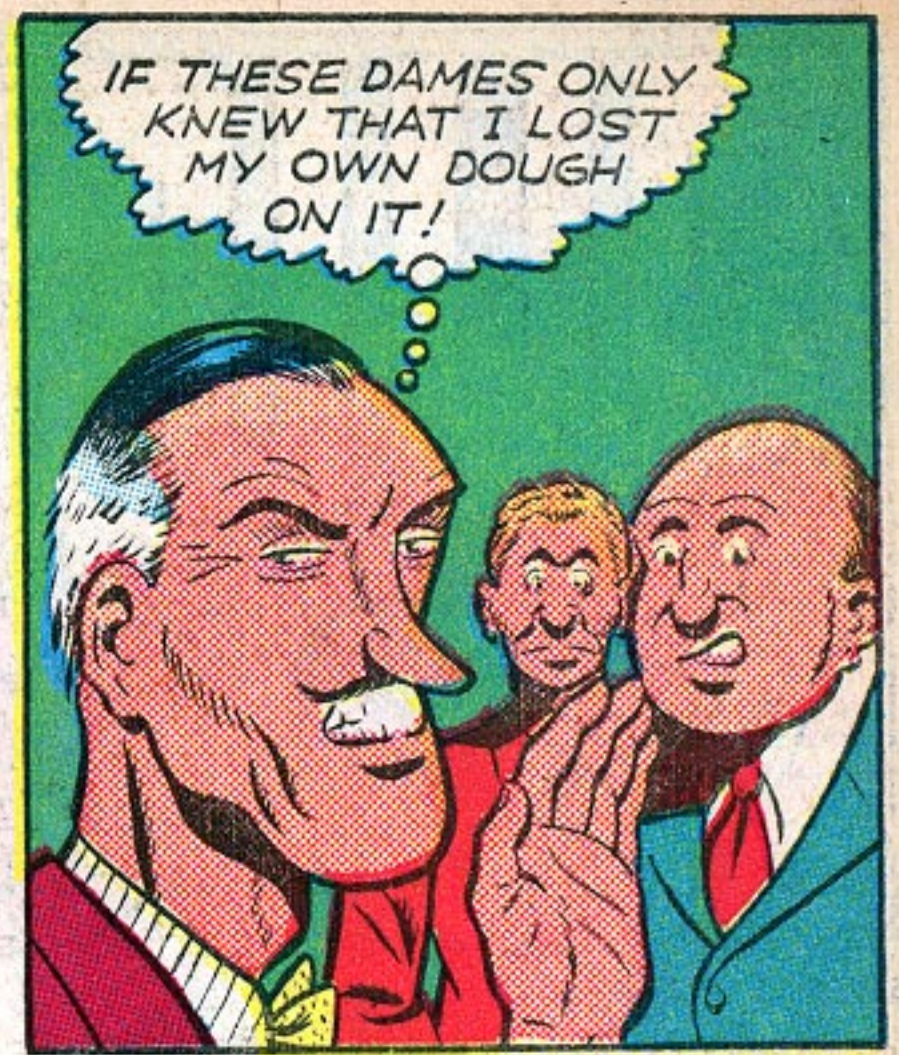
HEY MUG! YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE HANDLING THE WATER.. SQUAWK!



GEE, DON'T SLUG ME, CHAMP! I'LL SING... SPADE DIGGINS AST ME T' DO IT! I ONLY WANNA EARN A HONEST LIVIN'!







THUS, THE CHAMP TAKES LEAVE OF PAYDIRT CITY.. WHAT NEW THRILLS WILL THE DAUNTLESS KID DIXON FIND IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **NATIONAL** COMICS?



# QUICKSILVER

*The Laughing Robin Hood*

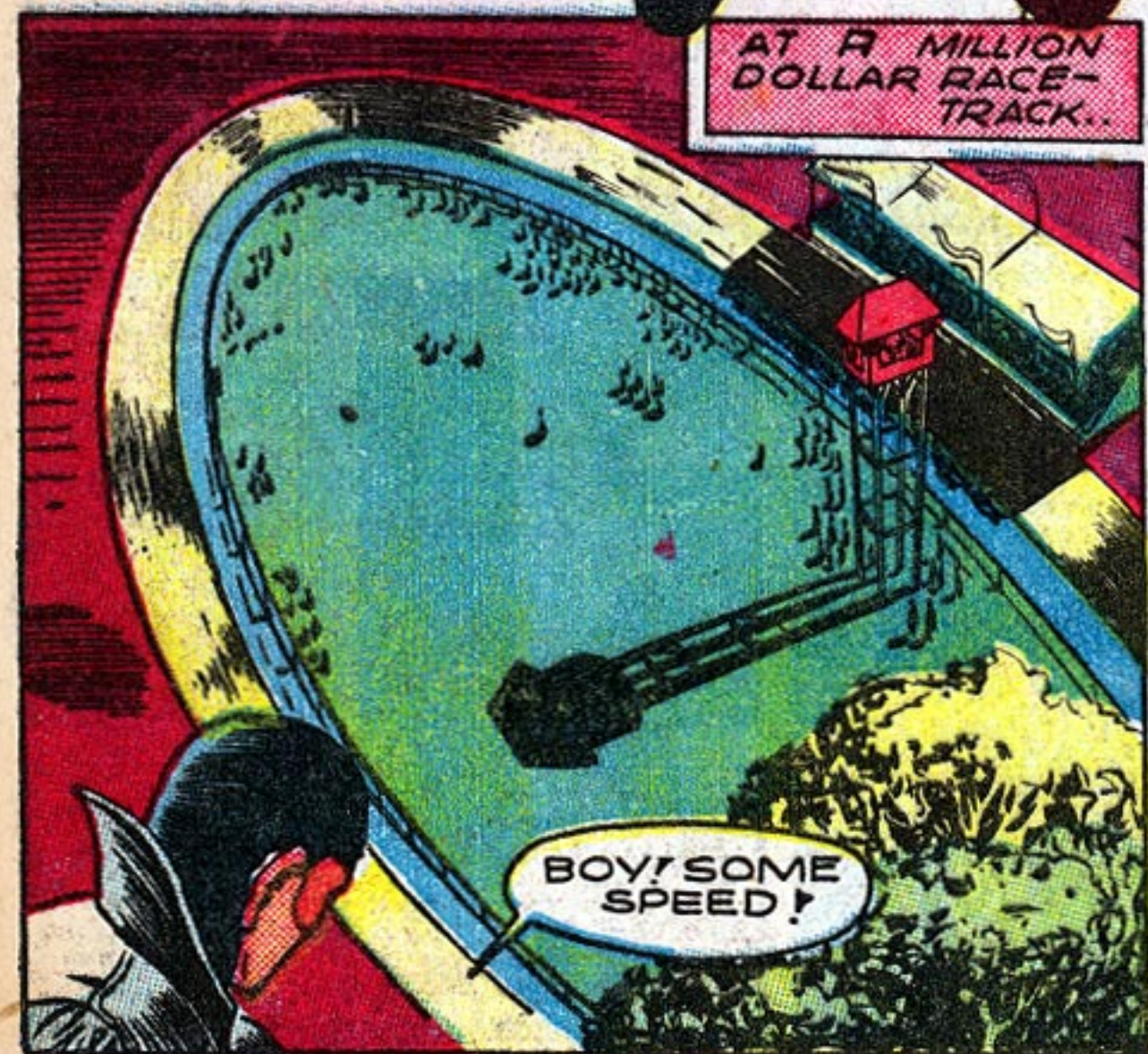
by NICK CARDY



DEATH RIDES THE RACETRACK!  
WATCH QUICKSILVER STREAK TO THE LEAD IN A BREATHTAKING TALE OF HIGH-POWERED ACTION...



AT A MILLION DOLLAR RACE-TRACK...



BOY! SOME SPEED!

THE PRELIMINARY HEATS HAVE BEEN RUN... THE MAIN EVENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE...



LARRY, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO THE AUTHORITIES...

BUT HONEY, I HAD TO!

I KNOW... BUT AFTER THE RACE! REILLY KNOWS YOU TOLD THEM... HE TRIED TO FOUL YOU... NOW HE'LL DO ALL HE CAN TO GET YOU OFF THE TRACK. HE - HE'LL KILL YOU!

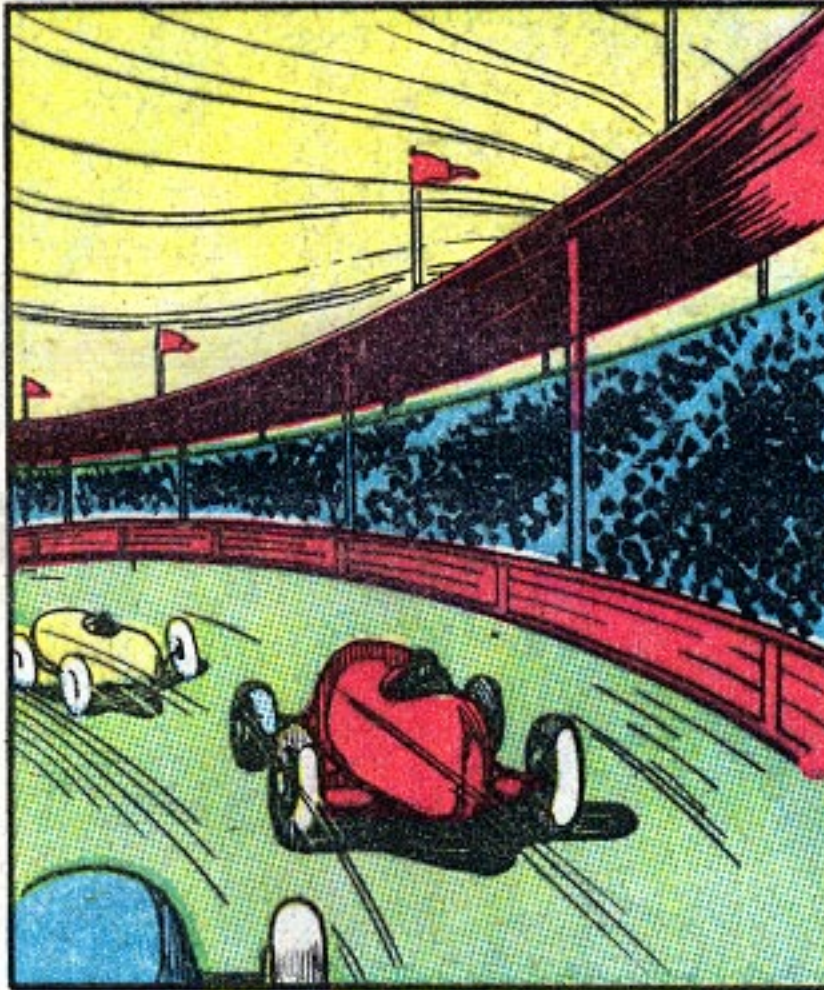




IT LOOKS LIKE BETSY'S RIGHT... REILLY DRIVES UP TO THE LINE...



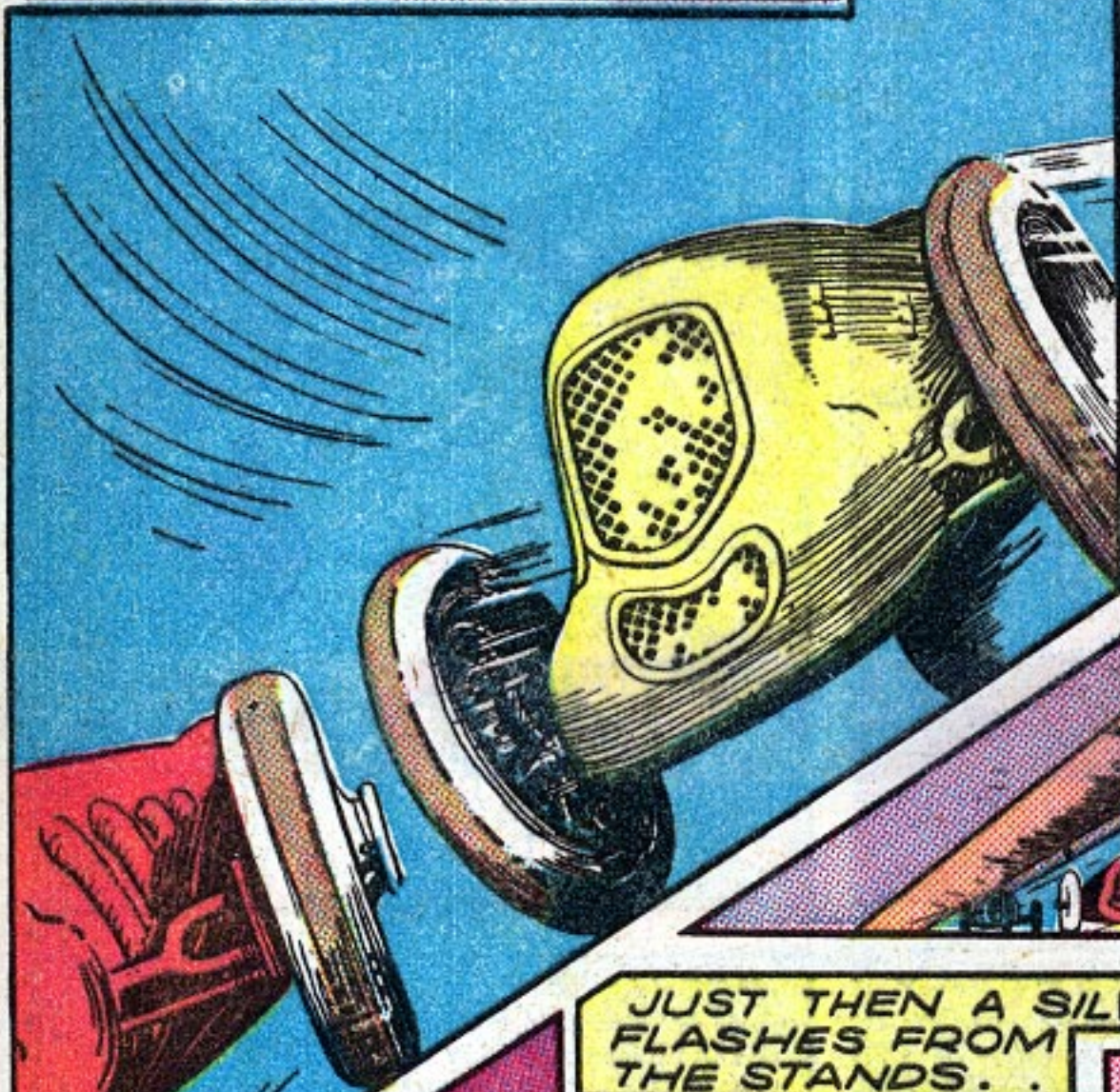
THE STARTING GUN CRACKS A SHARP REPORT... THEY'RE OFF... LARRY LEAPS INTO THE LEAD...



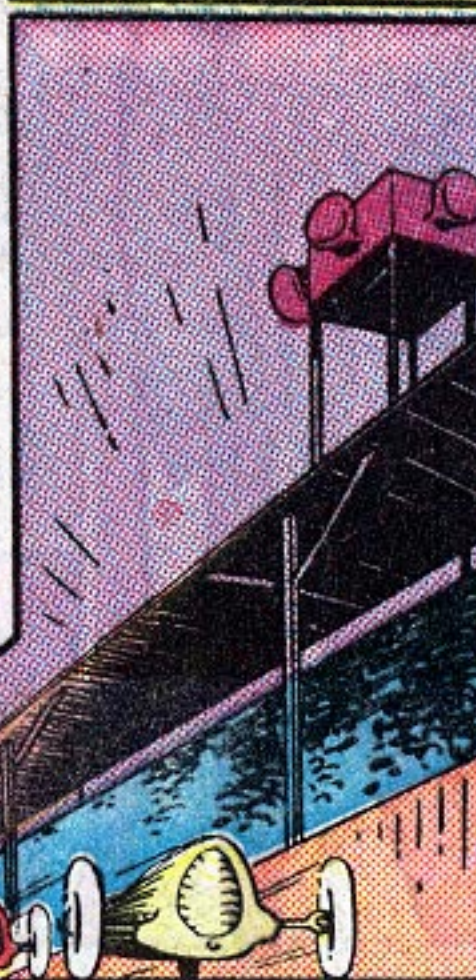
OH-OH!... HERE COMES REILLY... AND THERE'S MURDER IN THE ROAR OF THAT MOTOR... BOY, IS HE MAD!



AT THE BANK OF THE SECOND TURN REILLY SWERVES IN, CROWDING LARRY DANGEROUSLY...



A GASP RISES FROM THE GRAND STAND...

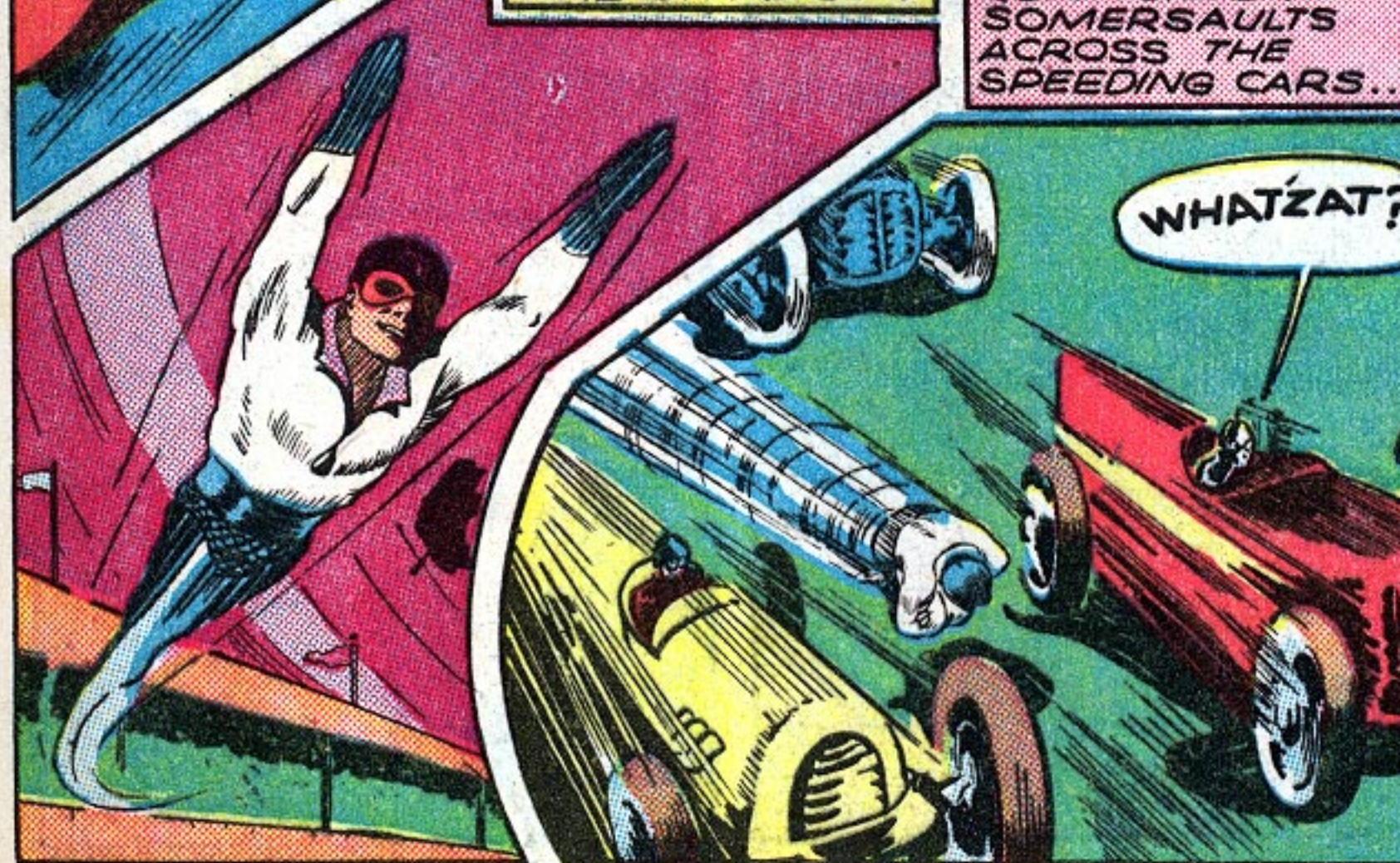


I CAN'T LOOK! OH, LARRY! HE'LL KILL YOU!



JUST THEN A SILVER STREAK FLASHES FROM THE STANDS...

QUICKSILVER SOMERSAULTS ACROSS THE SPEEDING CARS...

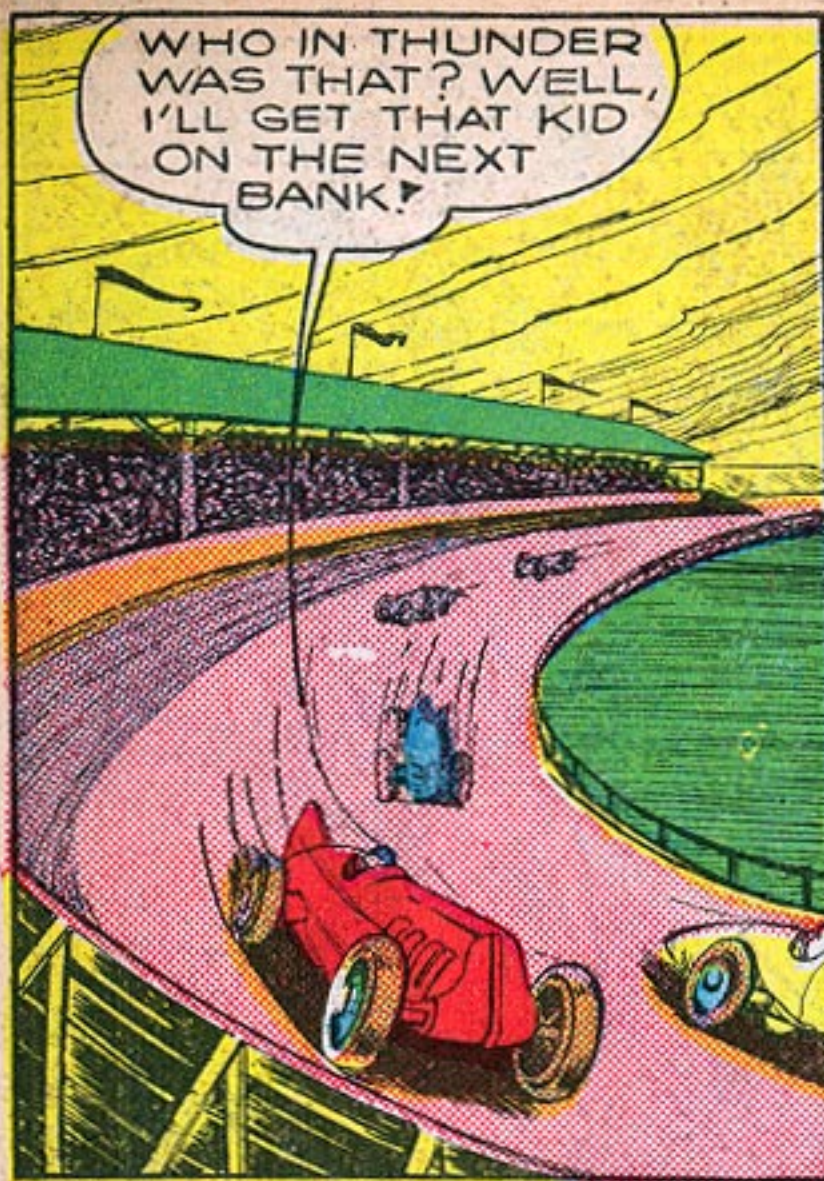


SWIFTLY HE STEERS REILLY'S CAR OFF ITS MURDEROUS COURSE...

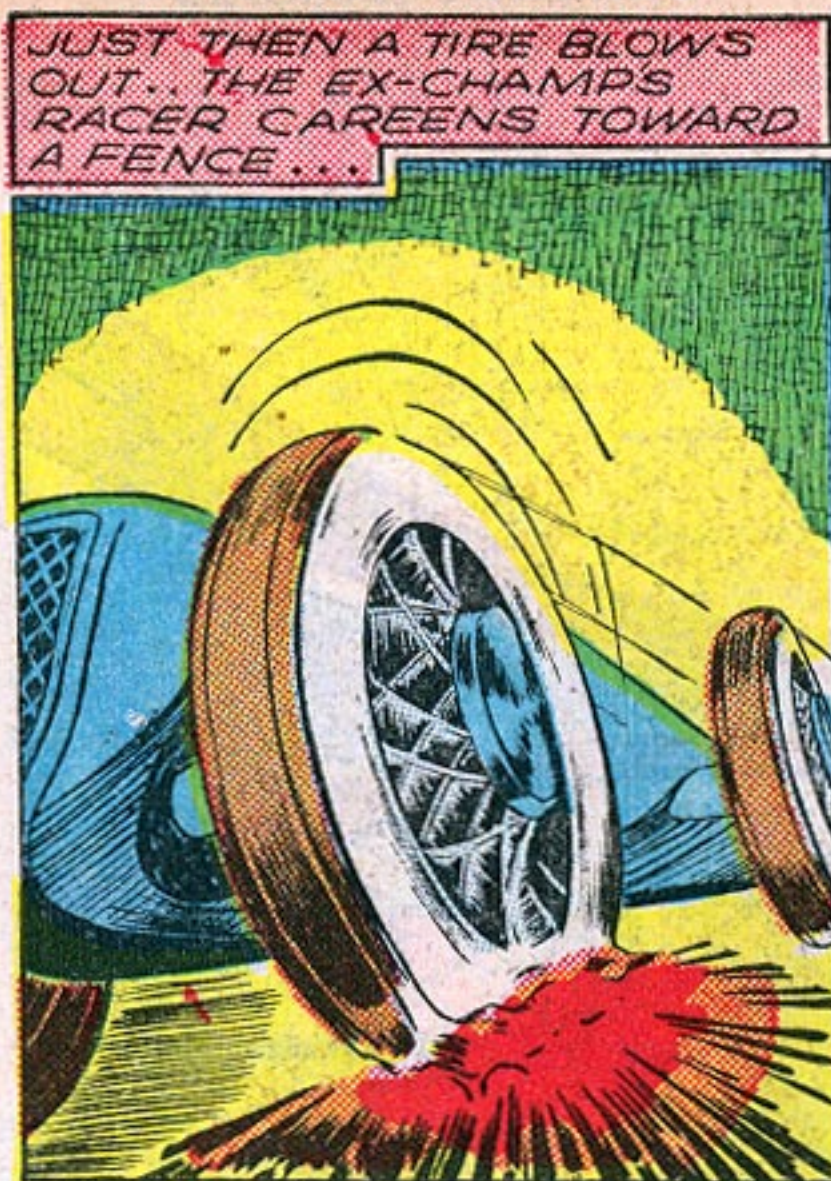


WHAT'ZAT?

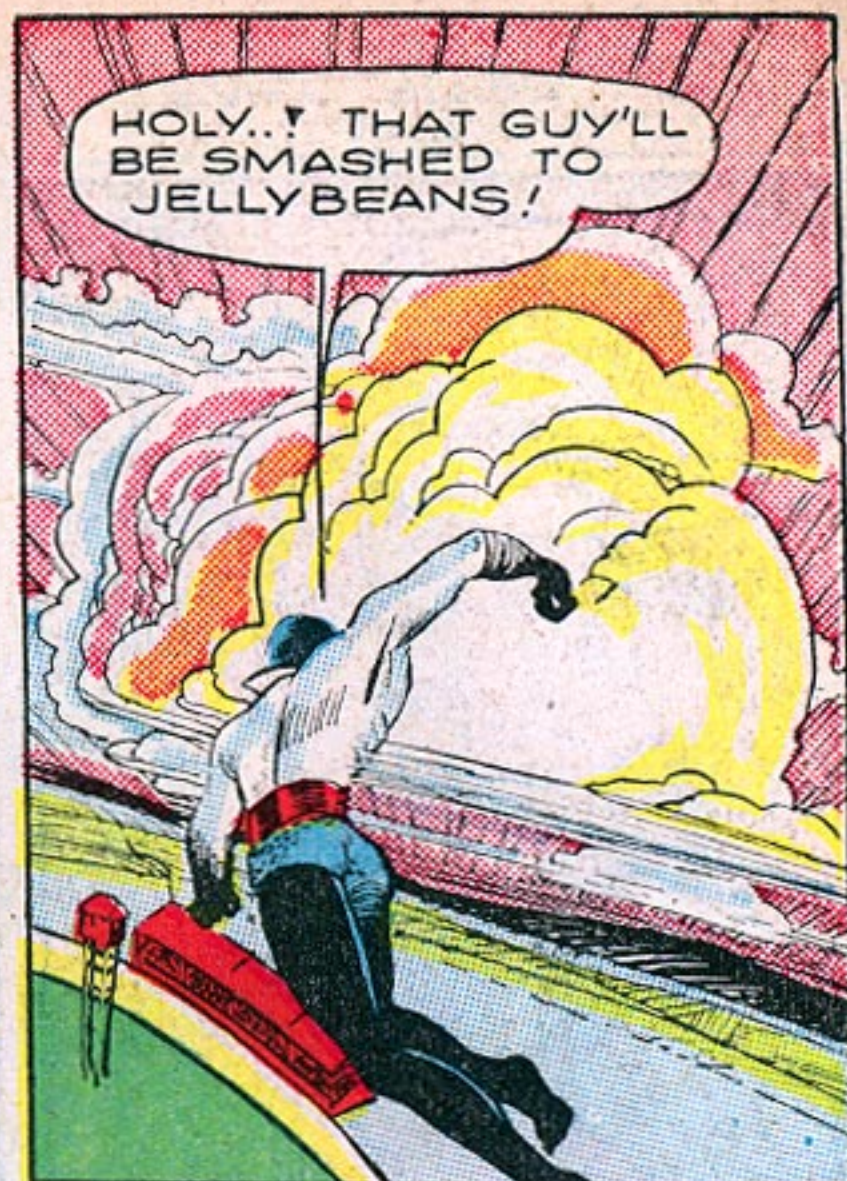




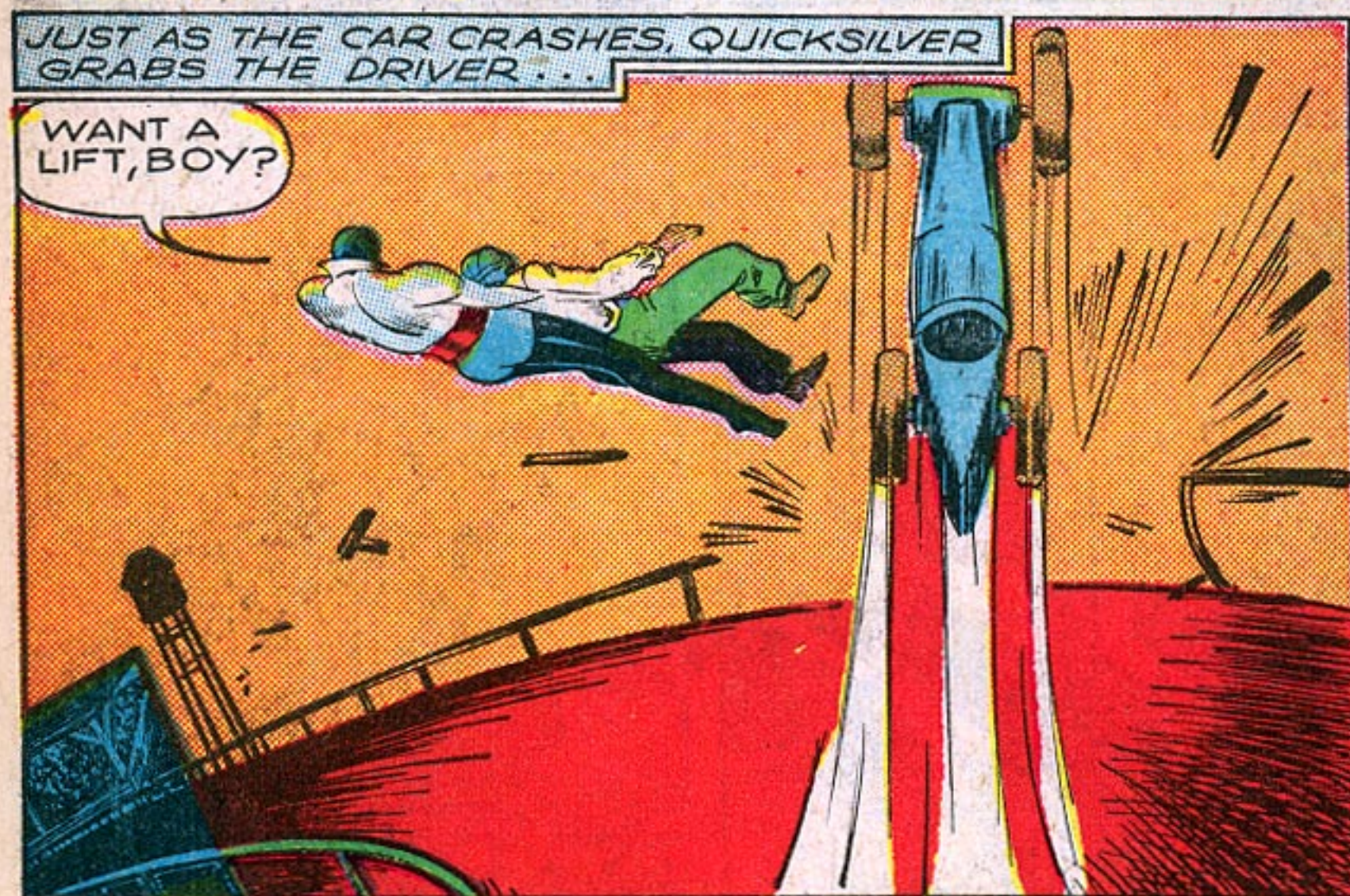
WHO IN THUNDER WAS THAT? WELL, I'LL GET THAT KID ON THE NEXT BANK!



JUST THEN A TIRE BLOWS OUT... THE EX-CHAMPS RACER CAREENS TOWARD A FENCE...



HOLY...! THAT GUY'LL BE SMASHED TO JELLYBEANS!



JUST AS THE CAR CRASHES, QUICKSILVER GRABS THE DRIVER...

WANT A LIFT, BOY?



AND DEPOSITS HIM IN THE GRANDSTAND...

YOU'LL BE SAFER HERE.. THAT TRACK IS GETTING TOO HOT!



HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE.. WHO'S THAT GUY? HE'S MUSSIN' UP OUR PLANS.. REILLY CAN'T DO NOTHING.. IF HE AIN'T STOPPED WE'LL LOSE A LOT O' DOUGH!



STILL DETERMINED, REILLY TAKES THE CURVES ON THE INSIDE AND GAINS ON LARRY...

THE BOSS'LL GIVE ME THE WORKS IF I DON'T SMASH THAT KID.. AH, HERE COMES AL.. HE'LL HELP!



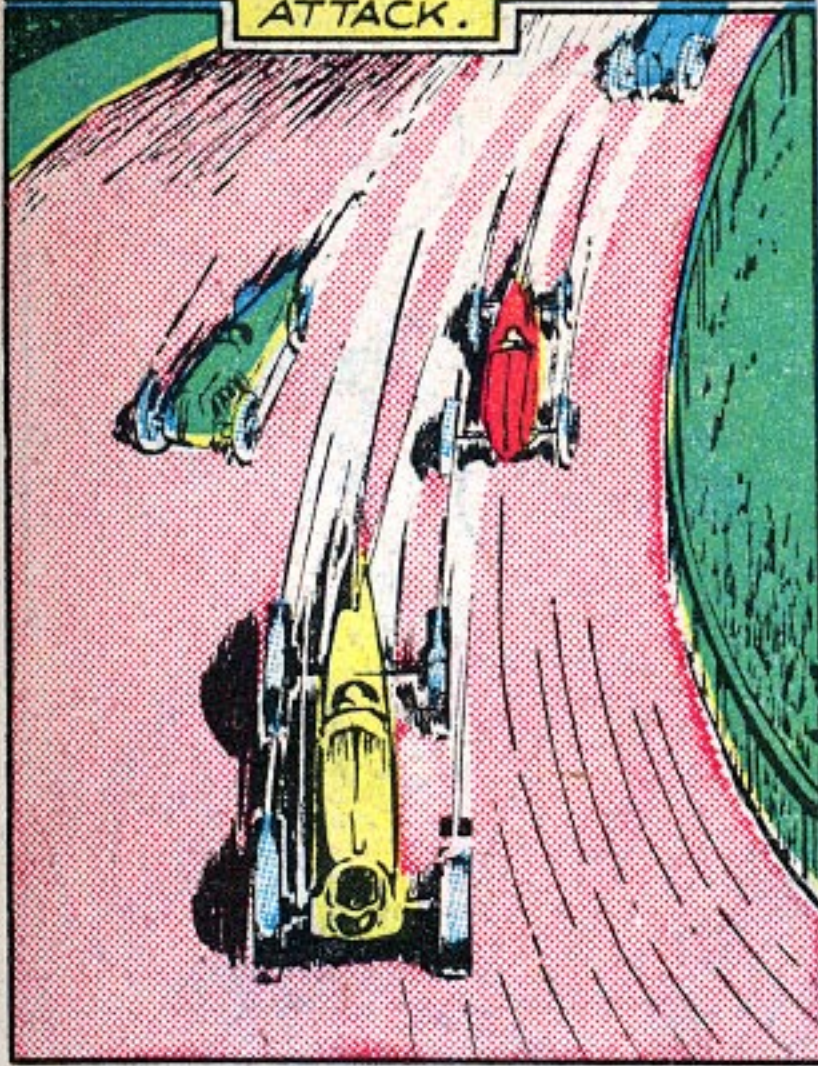
ANOTHER DRIVER IN LEAGUE WITH REILLY'S GANG IS RUNNING NECK AND NECK WITH HIM.

SHOOT THE COMBINATION AT HIM, AL!

RIGHT!



THE TWO RACERS CLOSE IN ON LARRY... FOR A PINCHER ATTACK.



WITH A FLIP OF HIS WRIST, QUICKSILVER TOSSES HIS SODA AWAY.



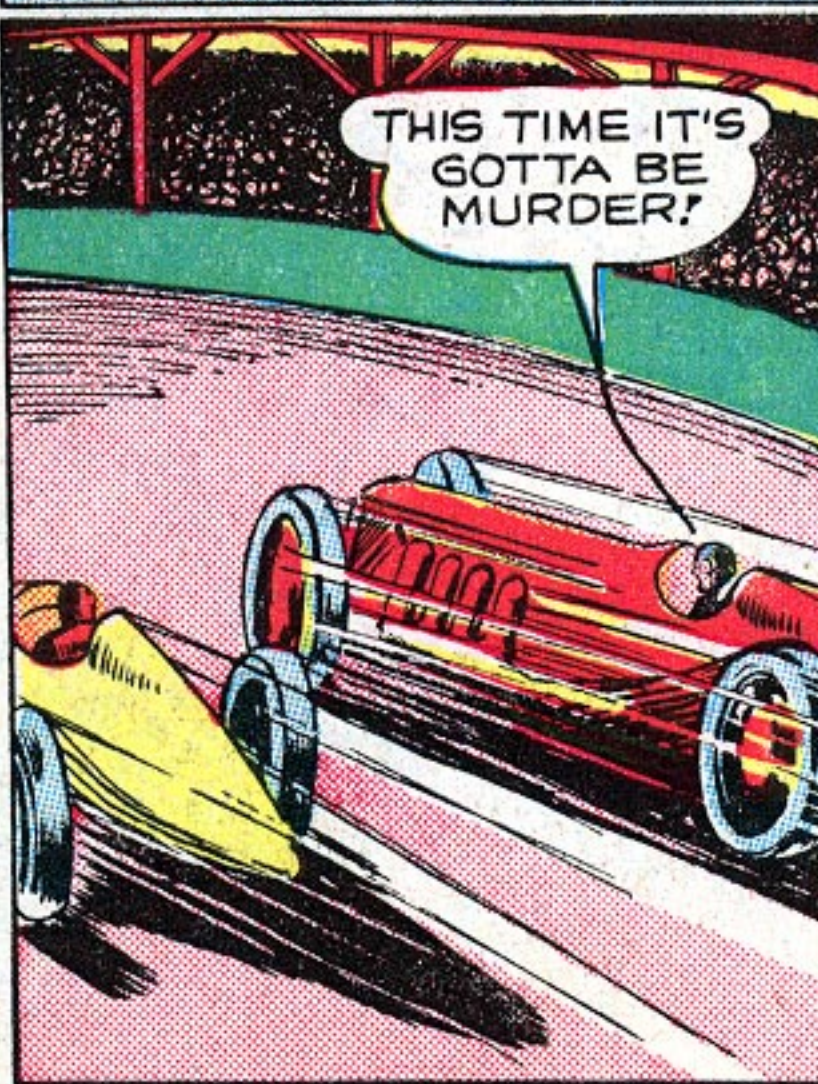
AND SPRINGS OVER THE COURSE.



AS QUICKSILVER FREES THEM, AL'S CAR SKIDS OFF THE CURVE AND SHOOT'S OFF THE TRACK.



BUT REILLY HASN'T QUIT YET.

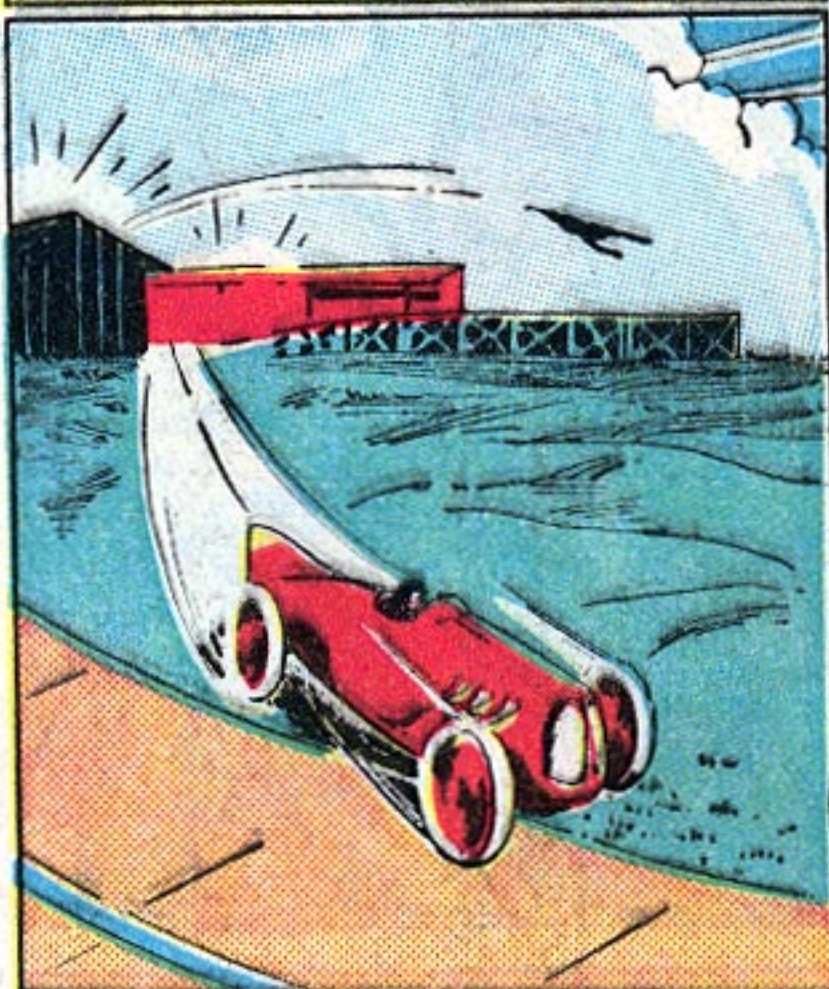




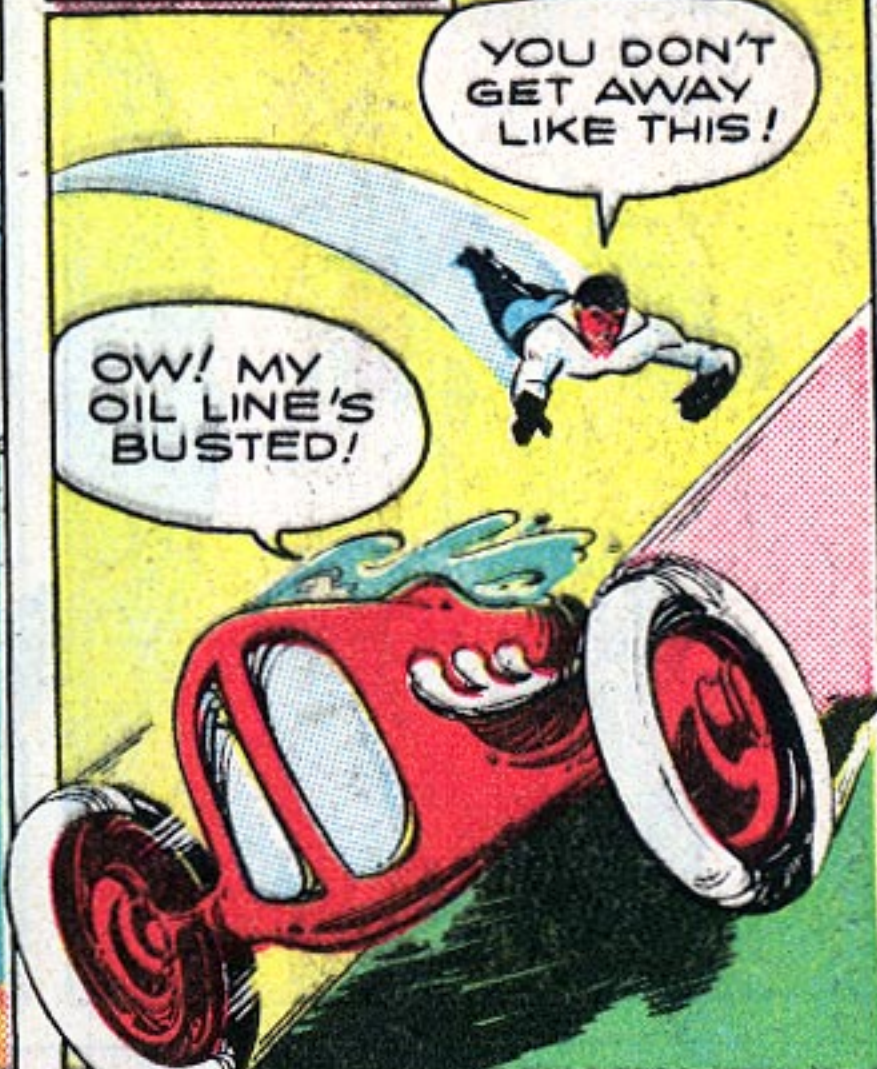
THE JUDGES SEND A FLAG-MAN ALONG THE TRACK.. REILLY SEES HIM..



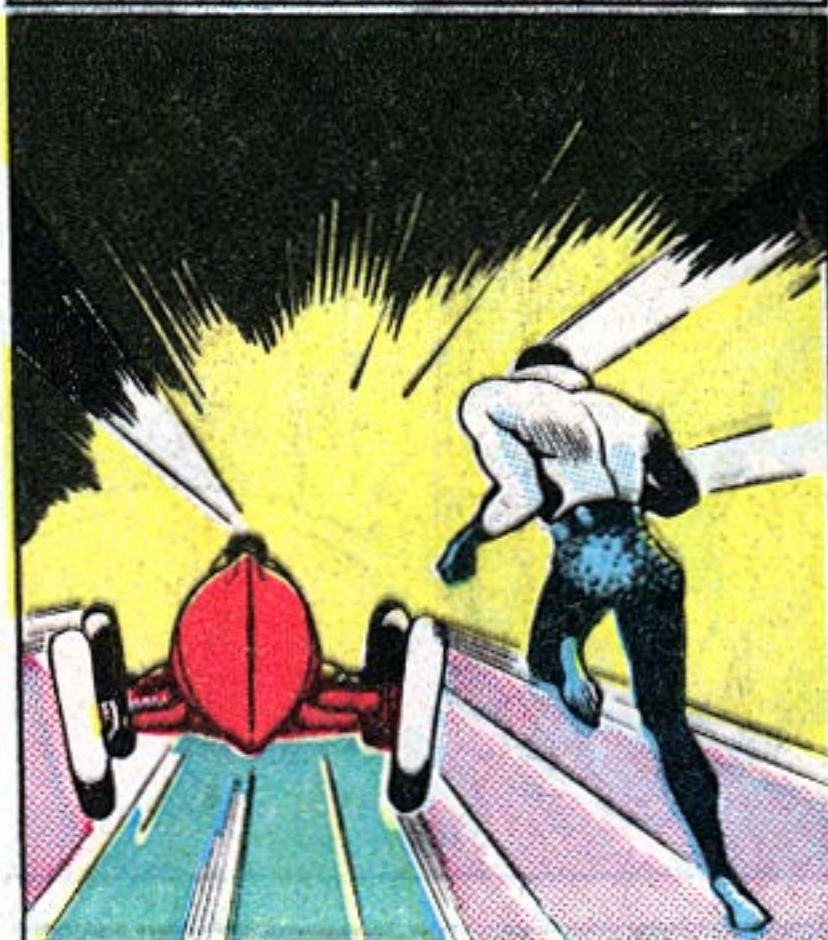
PRETENDING HIS CAR IS OUT OF CONTROL, HE SWINGS ACROSS THE FIELDS TO THE HIGHWAY..



QUICKSILVER IS HOT ON HIS TRAIL..



BUT HE SOON GAINS HIS FOOTING.. THE RACER IS NO MATCH FOR HIS MERCURIAL SPEED..



QUICKSILVER SENDS REILLY SPINNING INTO A DITCH..



REILLY COMES OUT OF THE WRECK WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN..



DROP THAT RATTLE, REILLY! YOU'RE GOING FOR YOUR LAST RIDE.. WITH ME..





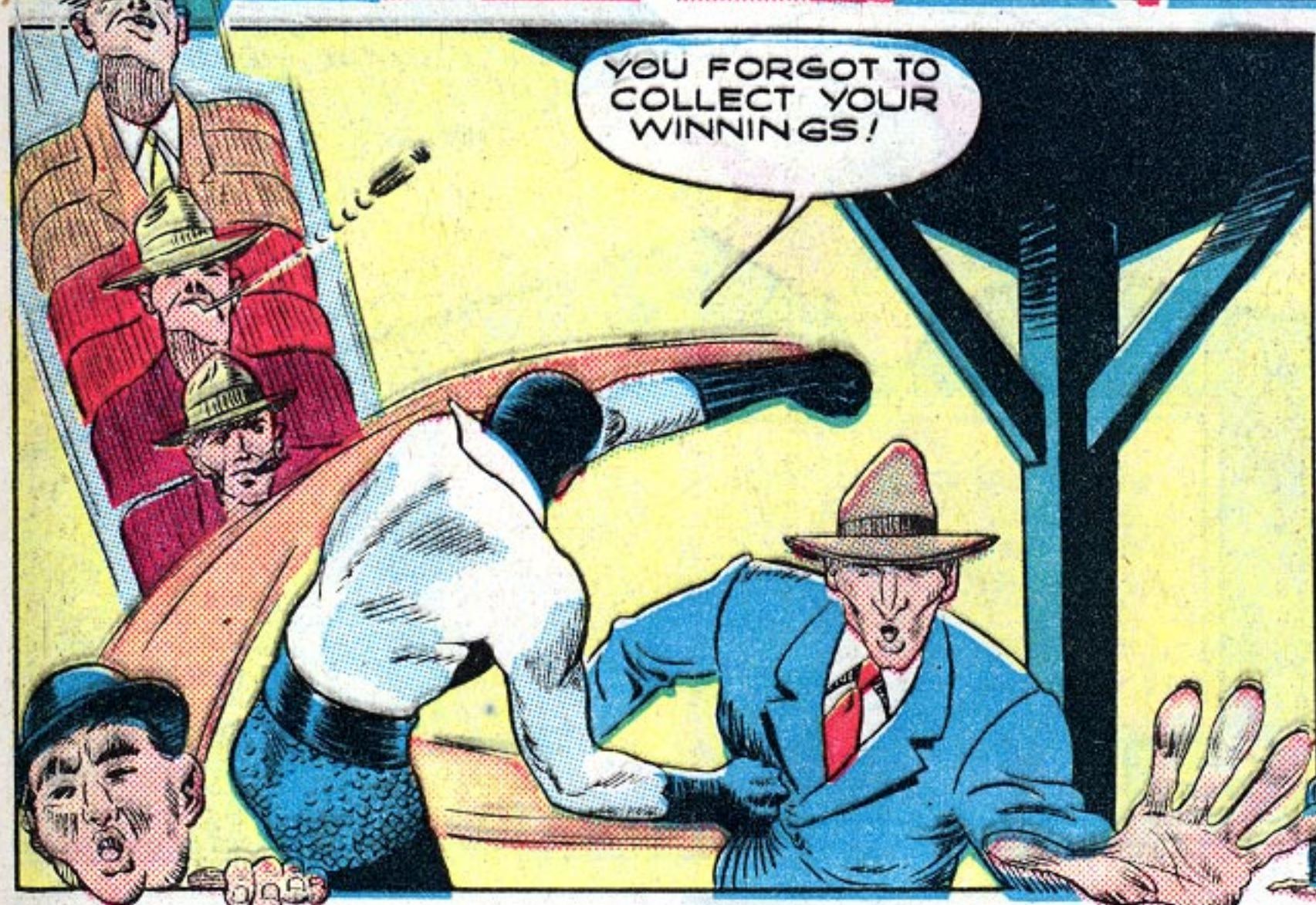
QUICKSILVER SKIMS BACK TO THE RACETRACK.



THE GAMBLERS WHO BACKED REILLY ATTEMPT A GETAWAY.



BUT...



A HUGE CROWD GATHERS TO CHEER THE HERO, BUT.



THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD DASHES ON TO ANOTHER SWIFT ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **NATIONAL COMICS**.



# JACK AND JILL

by  
Lowell  
Riggs



JACK AND JILL ARE OFF FOR A SECOND HONEYMOON... THEY'RE ON THE HONOLULU CLIPPER, HEADING FOR THE PEACE AND QUIET OF TROPICAL HAWAII. PEACE AND QUIET? WITH OUR TWO SUPER SLEUTHS AROUND? IS IT POSSIBLE? . . .



GOLLY, HONEY, THIS IS WON'ERFUL! THERE'S LAND! ARE WE IN HAWAII ALREADY?

NO, THAT'S MIDWAY ISLAND.

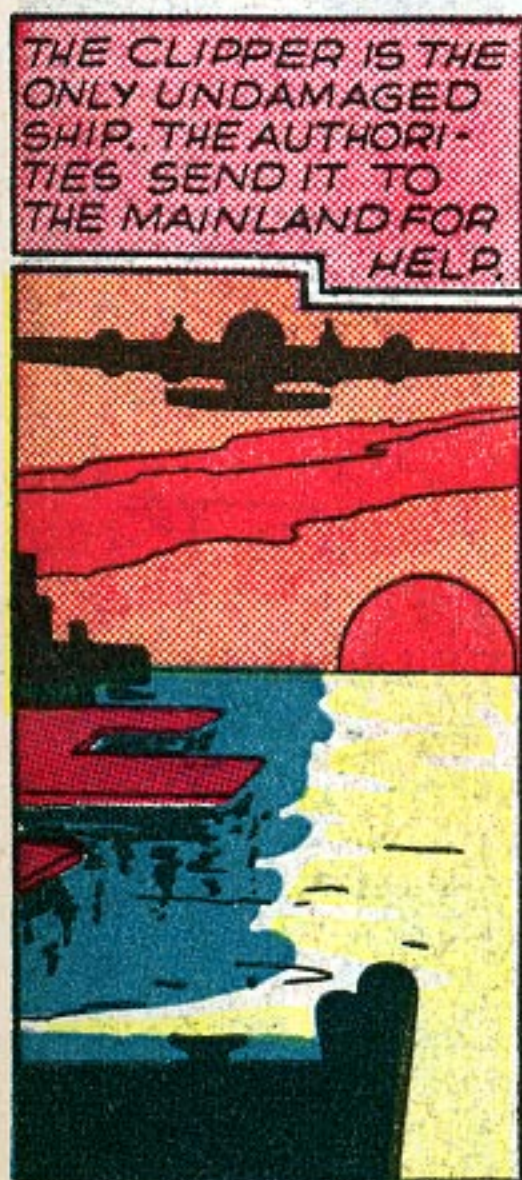
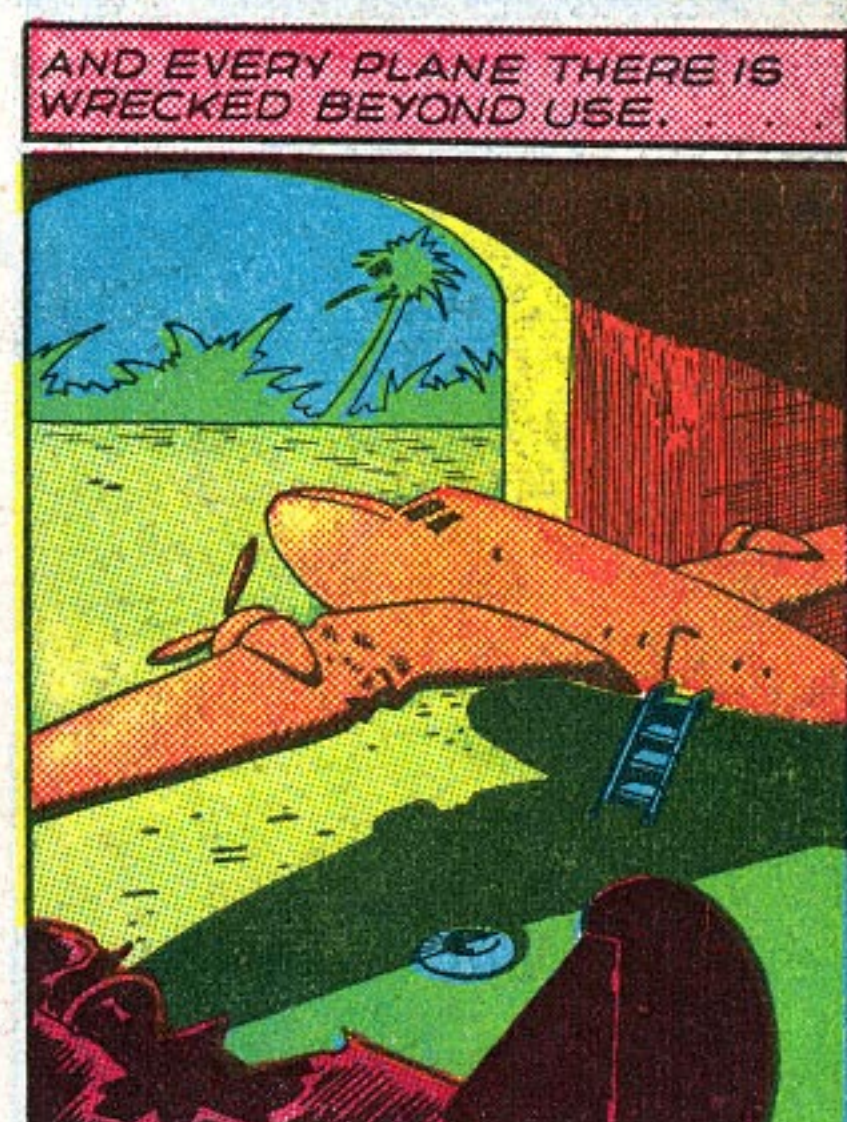
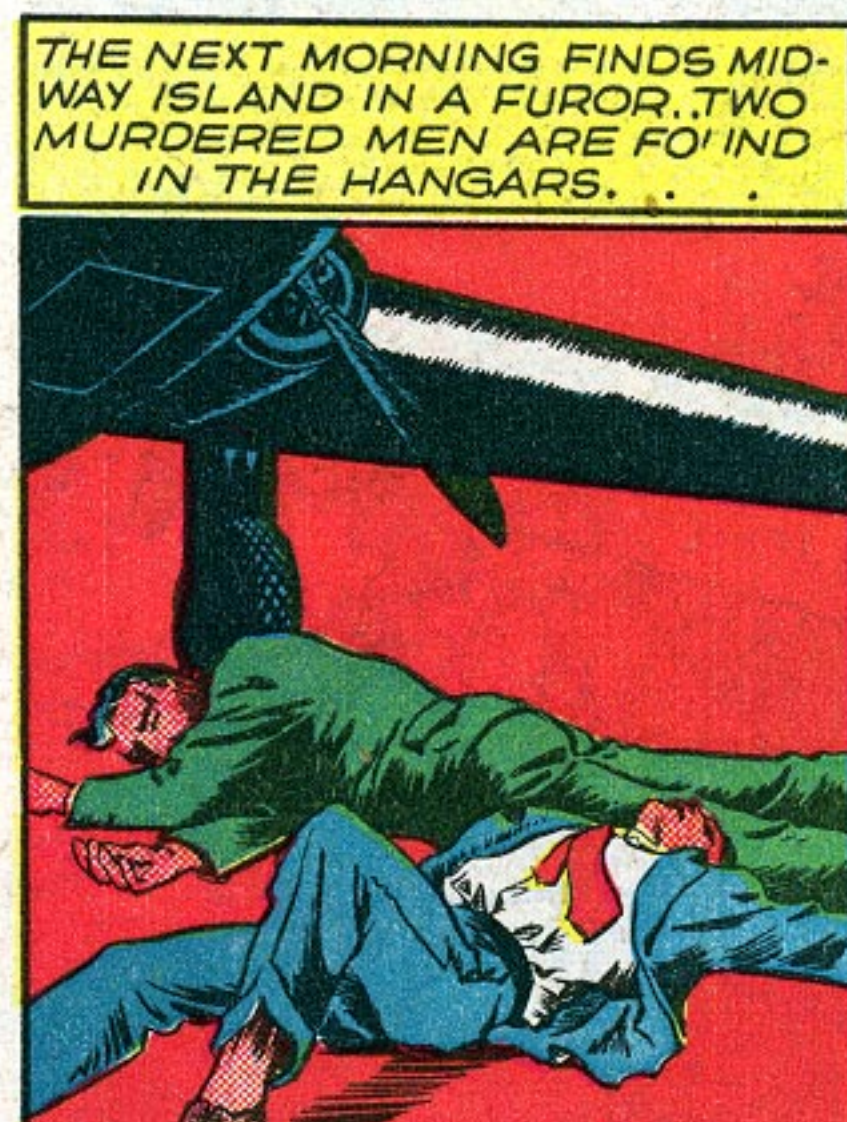
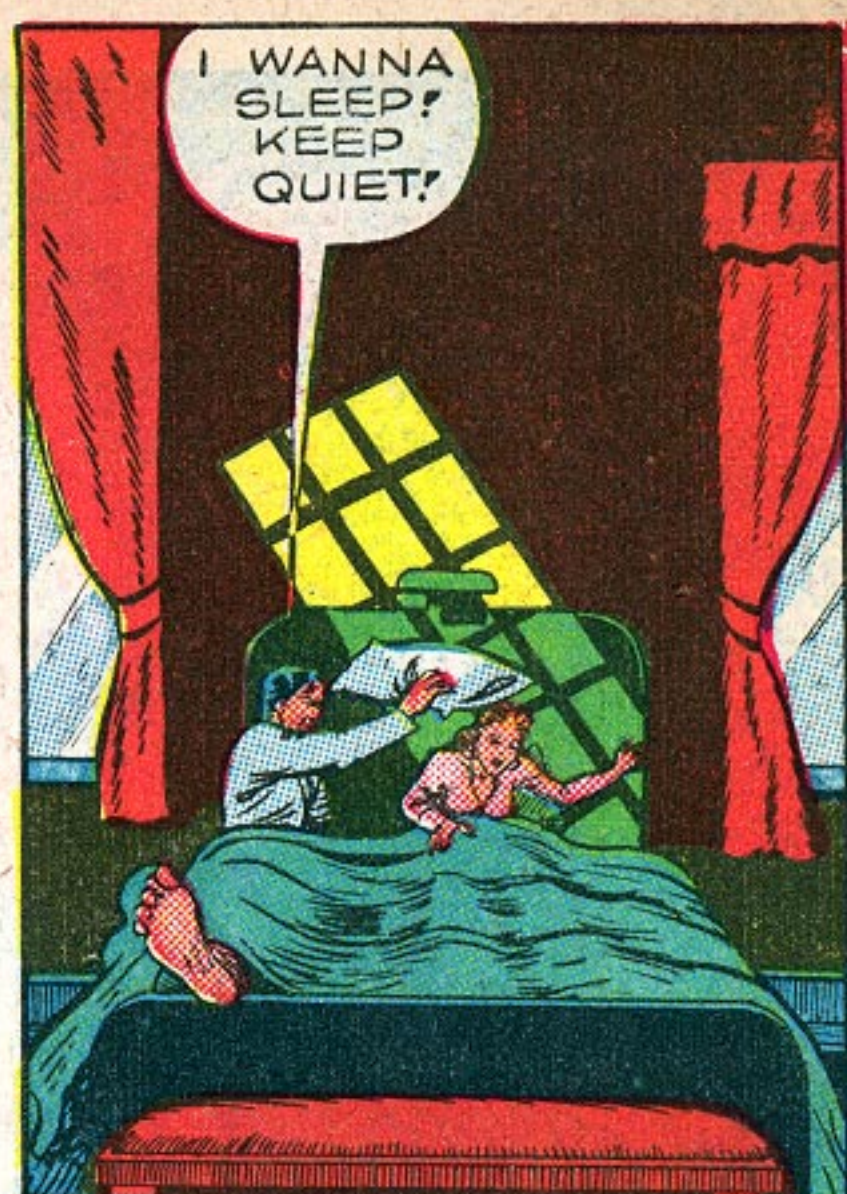


THIS IS THE ISLAND WHERE CLIPPERS REFUEL, JILL. IT'S THE HALF-WAY POINT! WE STAY HERE A NIGHT.

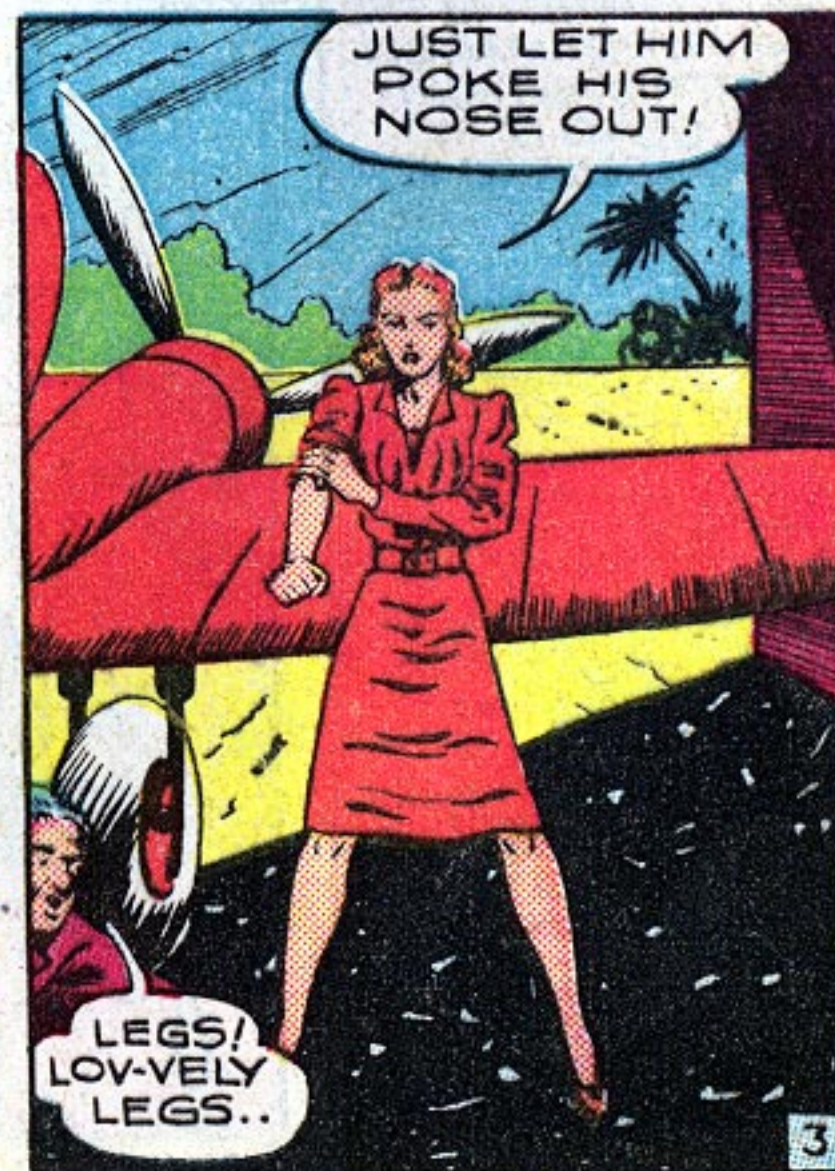
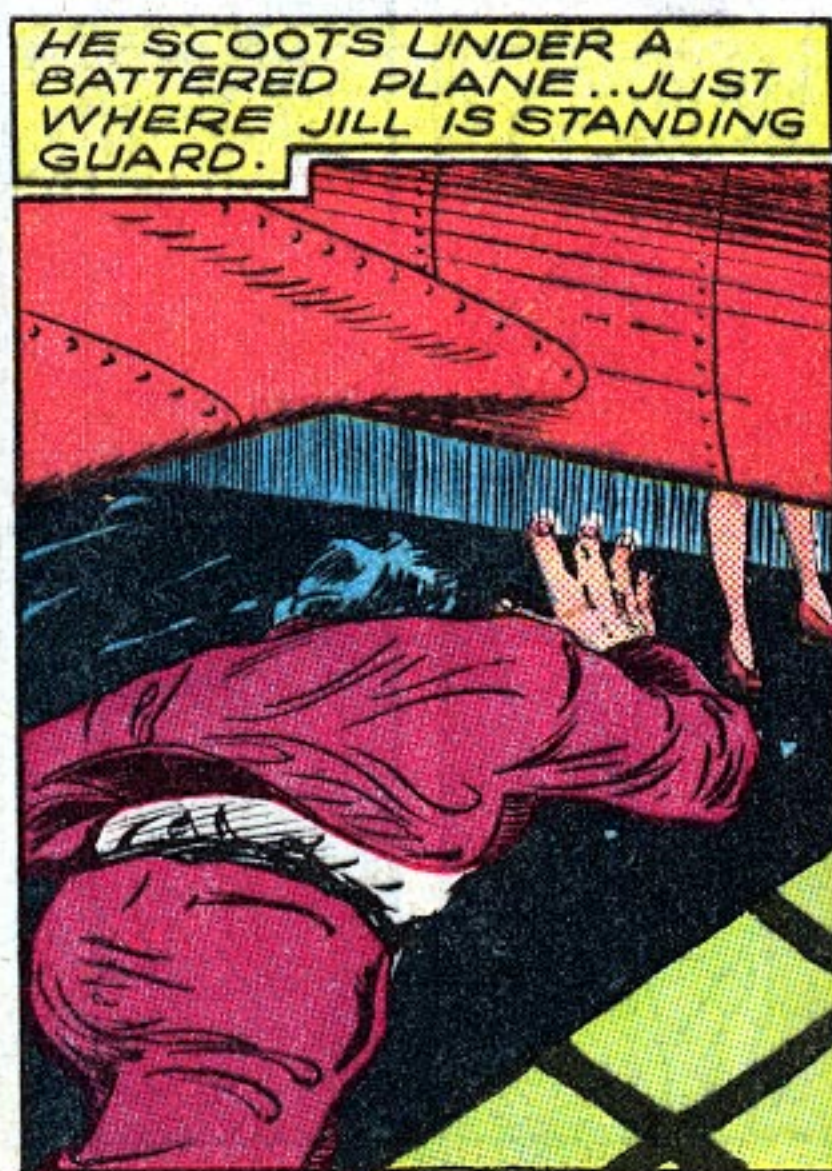
MAYBE IT'S THE EXCITEMENT, BUT THAT NIGHT IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM, JILL CAN'T SLEEP.













JACK, HOT ON THE TRAIL, INSPECTS EVERY PLANE.



NOPE! NOT IN THERE.. WONDER WHERE JILL IS?

MAYBE HE'S KILLING HER! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM IN A HURRY!



BUT THE MURDERER IS ALSO IN A RUSH.



NOW I'VE GOT YOU... TRYIN' TO KILL MY JACK, HUH? TAKE THAT!



OW! WHAT HIT ME?



THE FLOOR, HONEY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? LOOK! WE CAUGHT THE KILLER!



LATER, AT ISLAND HEADQUARTERS.

YES. I KILLED THEM! MAYER STOLE MY NEW PLANE DESIGNS.. HIS LAWYER WAS FILING THE PLANS IN WASHINGTON.. I WRECKED THOSE SHIPS.. NOBODY CAN USE THEM NOW!



THE CLIPPER RETURNS FROM THE MAINLAND.

GOLLY! THE AUTHORITIES WILL BE SORE! THEY COME OUT HERE AND THE CASE IS CLOSED!



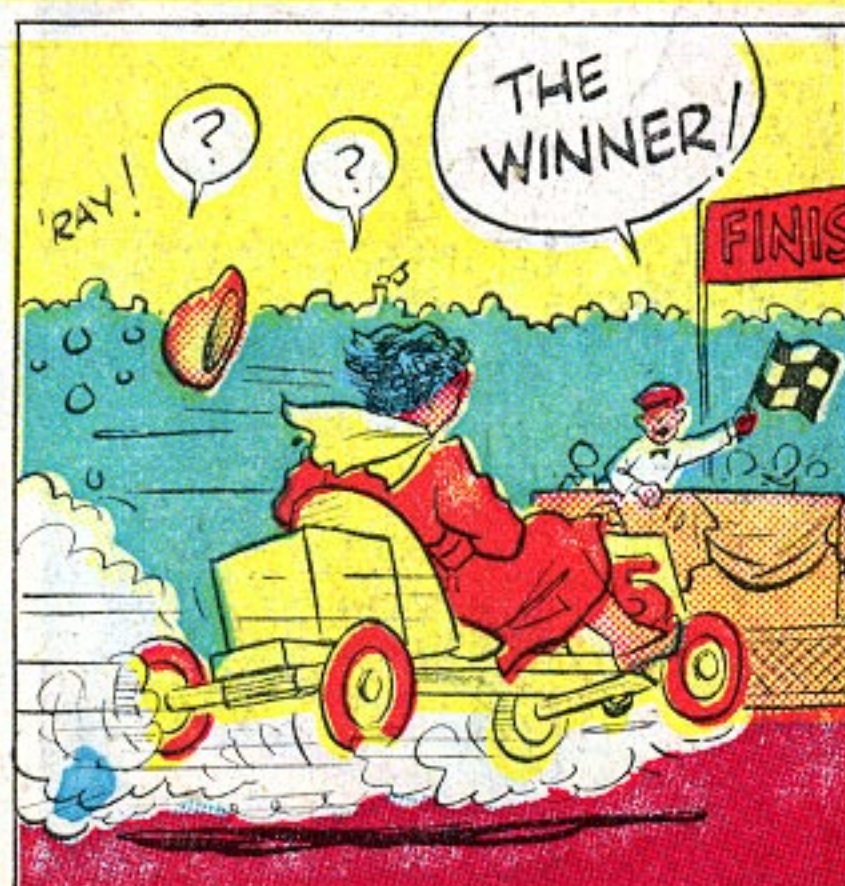
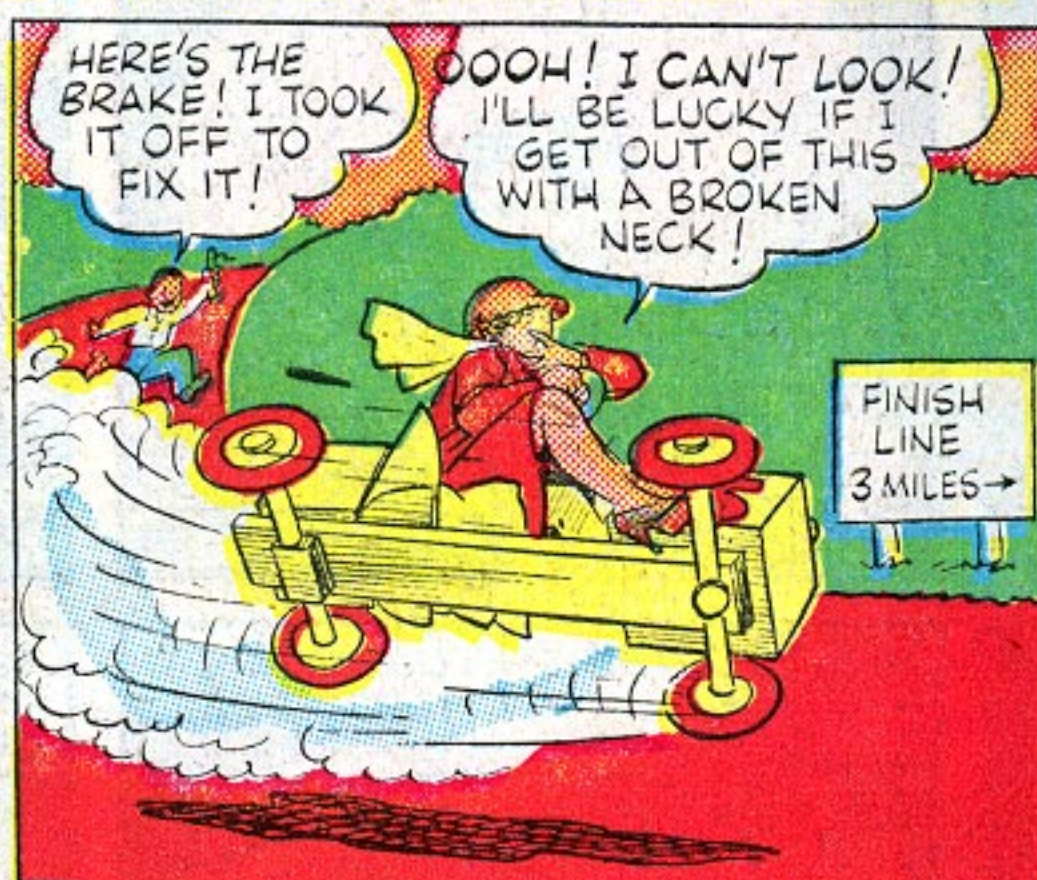
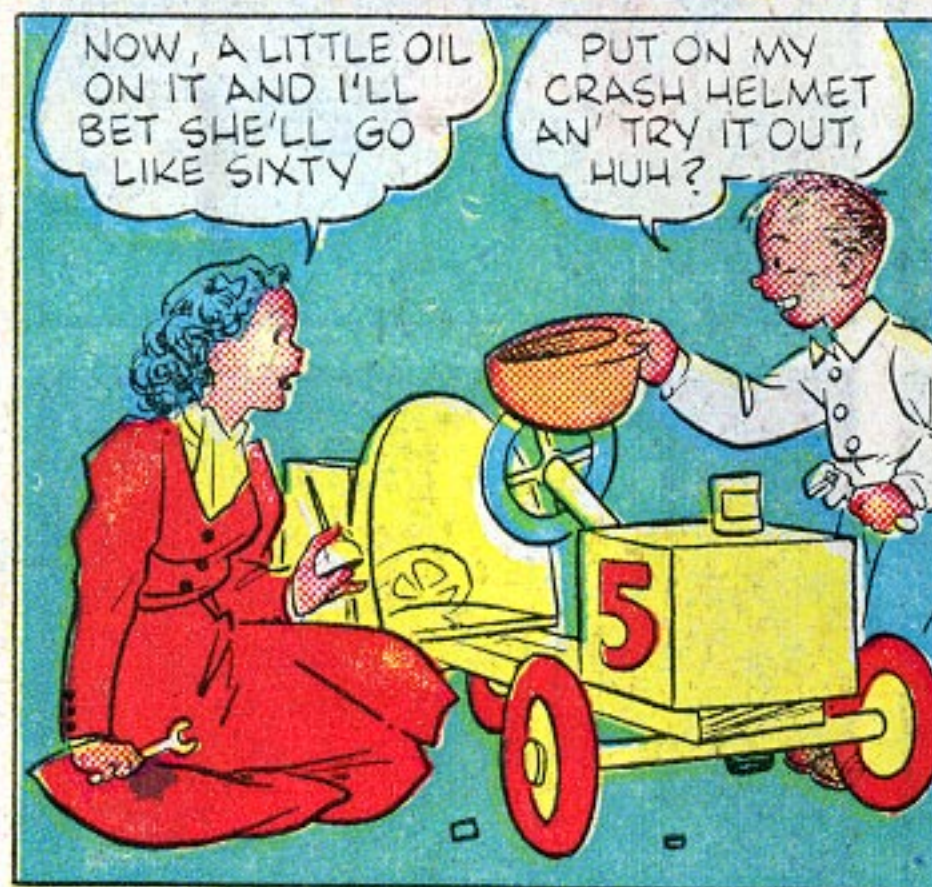
NOW WE CAN TAKE A REST, BUT FIRST..

M-M-M



THEY'LL TAKE A REST.. THEY THINK! EXCITEMENT TRACKS THEM RIGHT INTO THE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS.







# WONDER BOY

by Jerry Maxwell

HI'YA, FOLKS! COMIN' WITH ME ON THIS TRIP? THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF ACTION..YOU KNOW, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF PLANE CRACK-UPS OUT WEST LATELY, AND..

SEEMS TO BE THE PILOT'S FAULT EACH TIME AND IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE..THE PILOTS' BODIES ARE NEVER FOUND IN THE WRECK?

YOU COULDN'T GET ME INTO ONE OF THOSE GOL' DARN CONTRAPSHUNS AT THE END OF A PITCHFORK!

JUST THEN THE ROAR OF A CROSS-COUNTRY TRANSPORT COMES FROM THE CLOUDS.

LOOKA THERE! THET'S ONE OF THEM T.A.L. LINE PLANES NOW... THAT'S THE ONLY COMPANY WHOSE SHIPS HAVE BEEN CRACKIN' UP.



BEFORE A SECOND HAS PASSED, WONDER BOY IS STREAKING DOWN THE ROAD.



SUDDENLY A SMALL SPECK DROPS FROM THE SPEEDING SHIP. IT GROWS LARGER, AND...



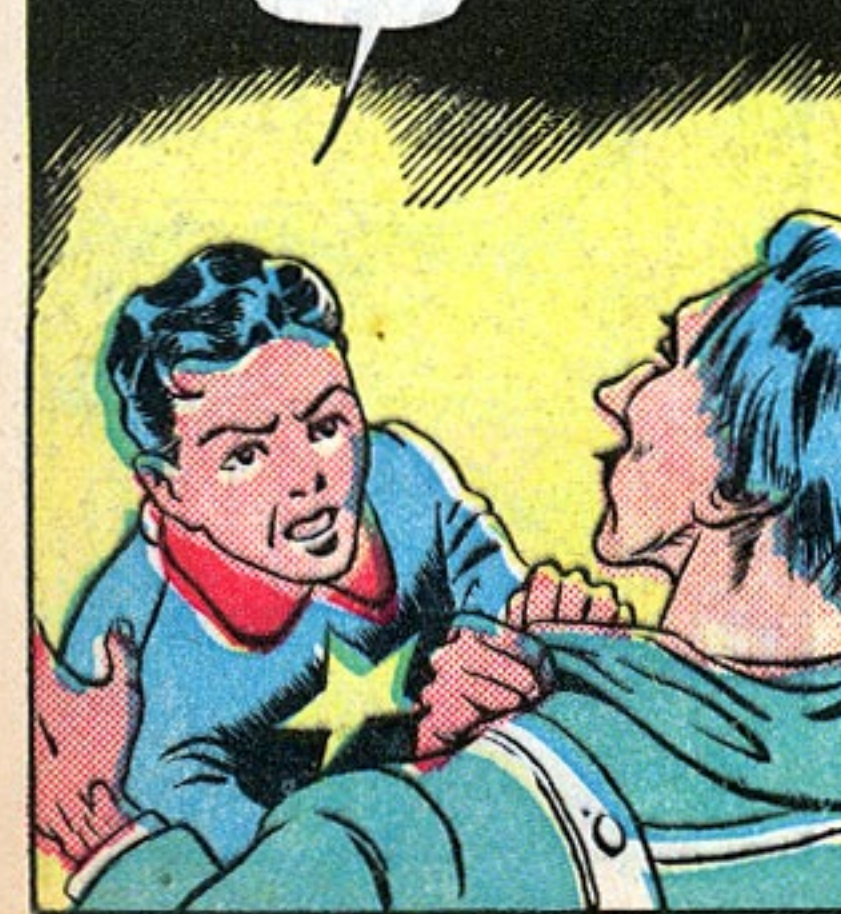
STRUGGLING WITH ENTANGLING 'CHUTE STRINGS, THE PILOT STAGGERS TO THE GROUND.



THE STEEL NOSE OF A REVOLVER THREATENS WONDER BOY... BUT...



NOW, TELL ME! WHATS THIS ALL ABOUT?! YOU'D BETTER TALK BEFORE I SHAKE IT OUT OF YOU!



BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE.. A MERE LAD WITH SUCH POWER!..

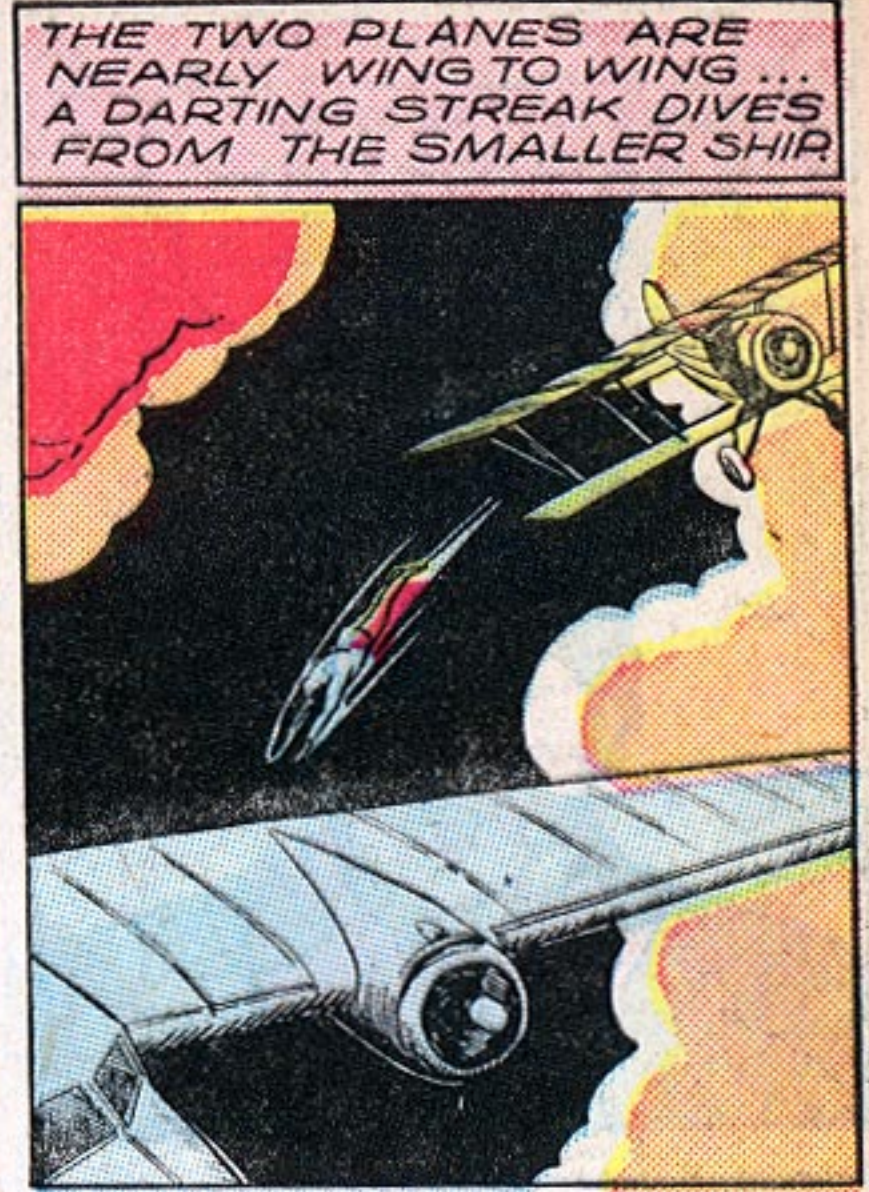


THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW! I'LL GET MY FRIEND WILLY'S PLANE!

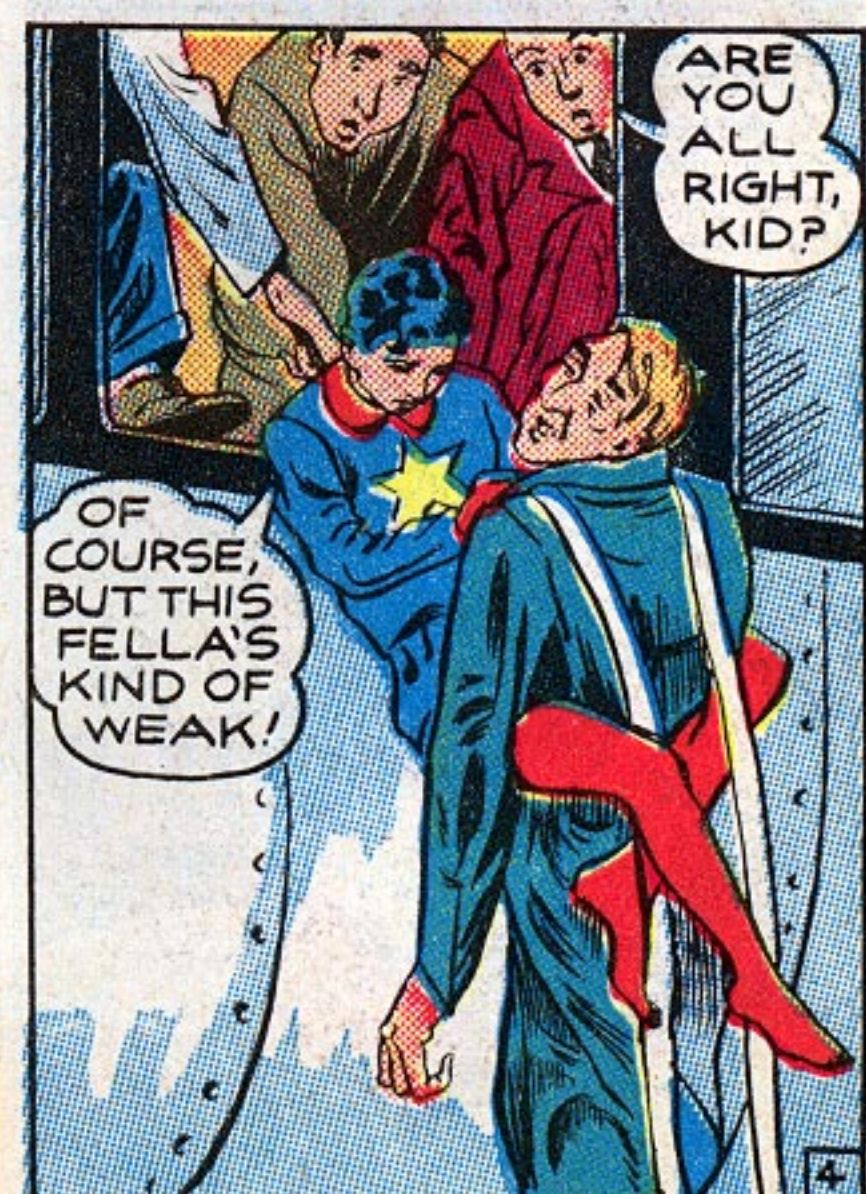
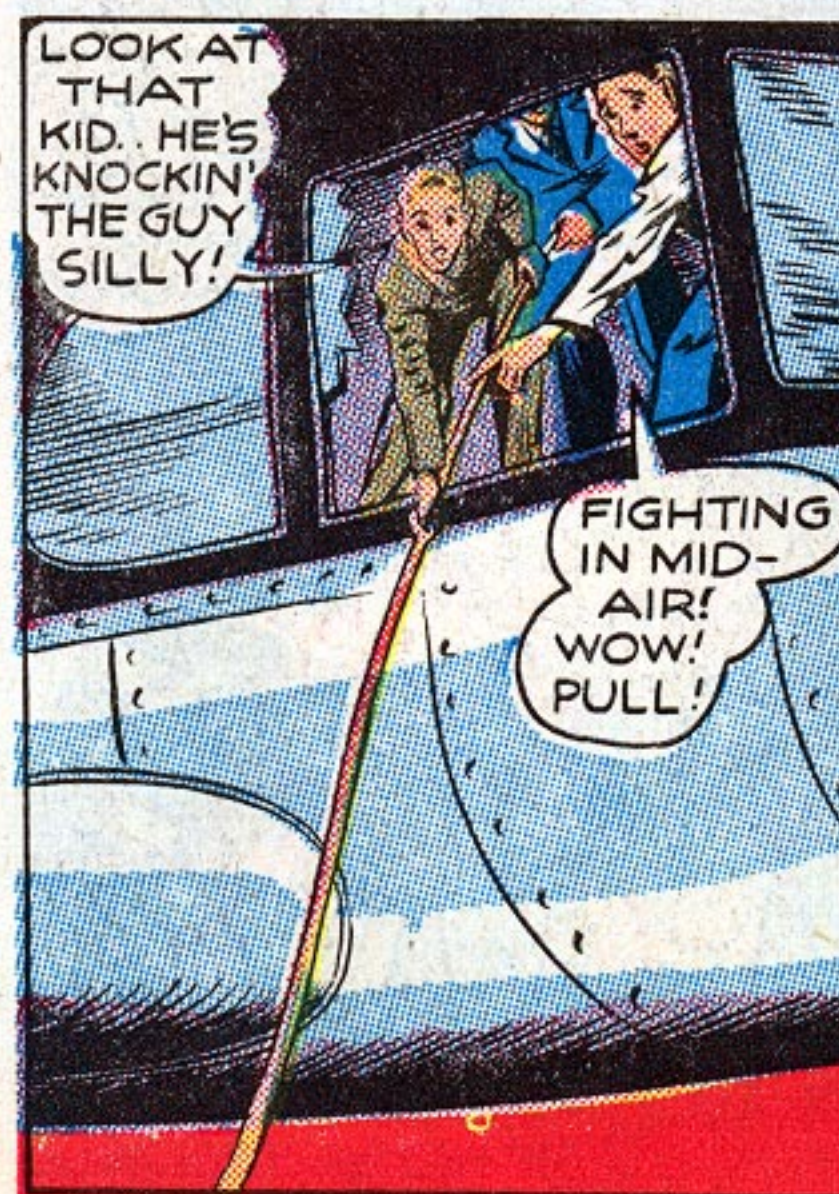
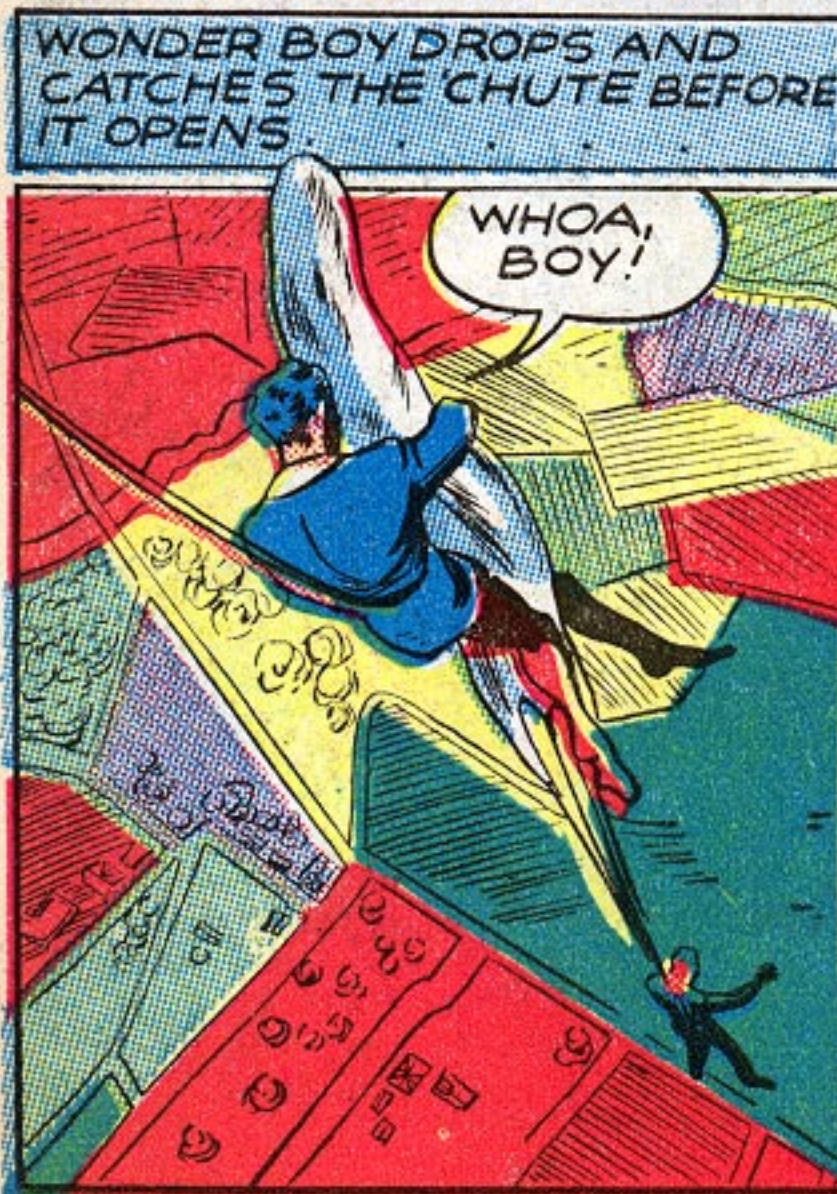
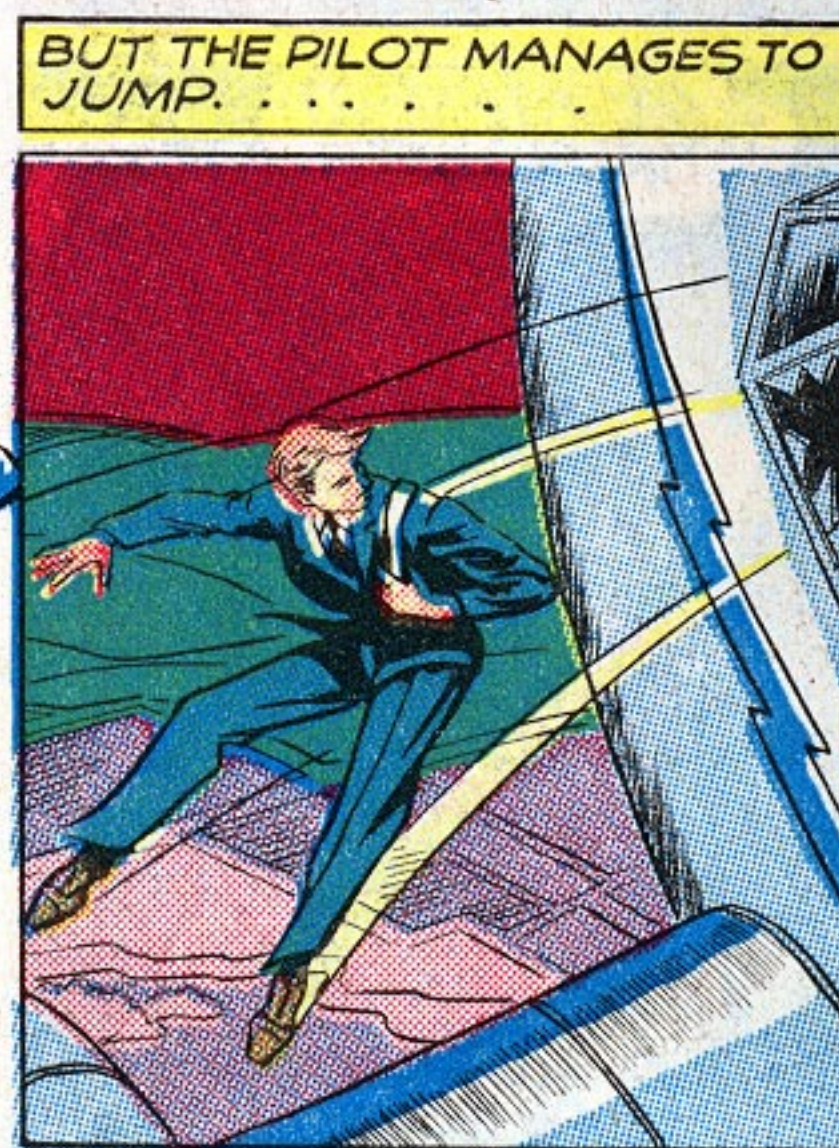
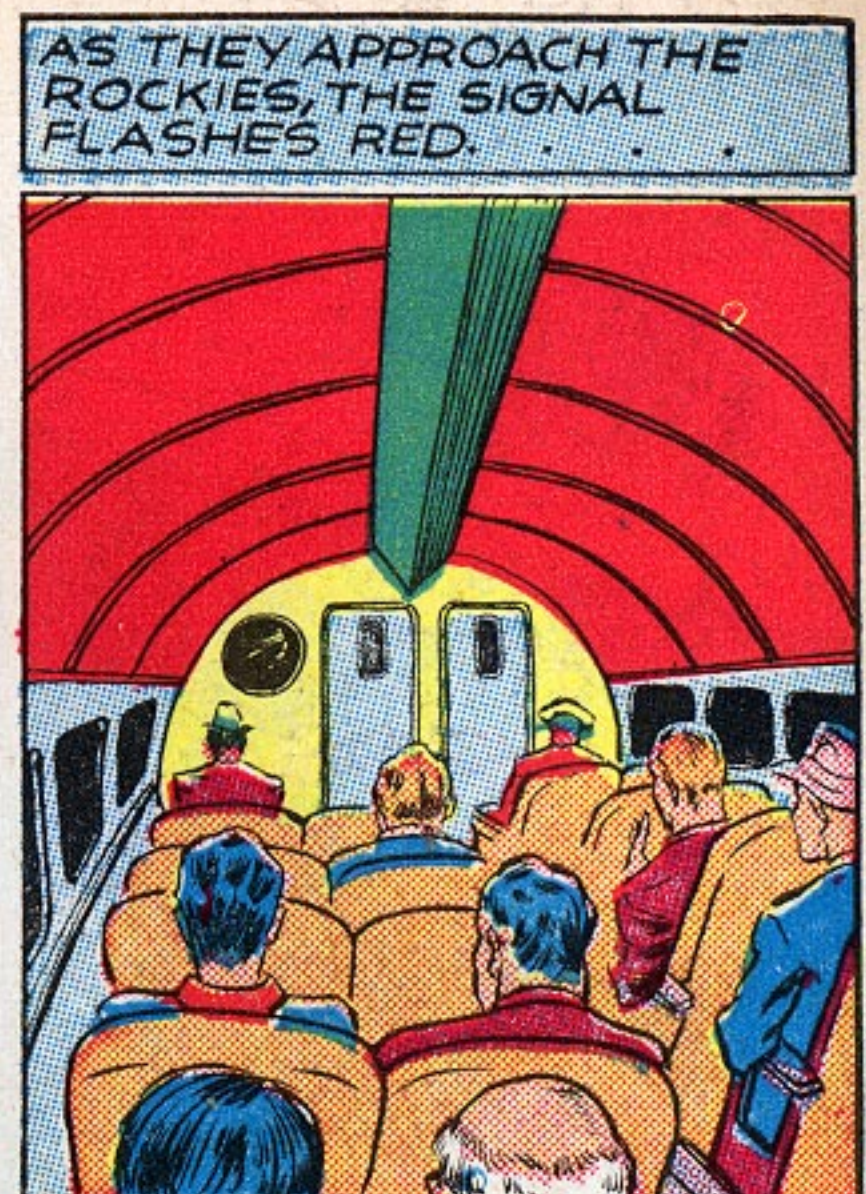
WILLY BLAKE, THE ONLY AIR-MINDED MAN IN TOWN, HAS HIS OWN FLYING CRATE OUT IN THE PASTURE.



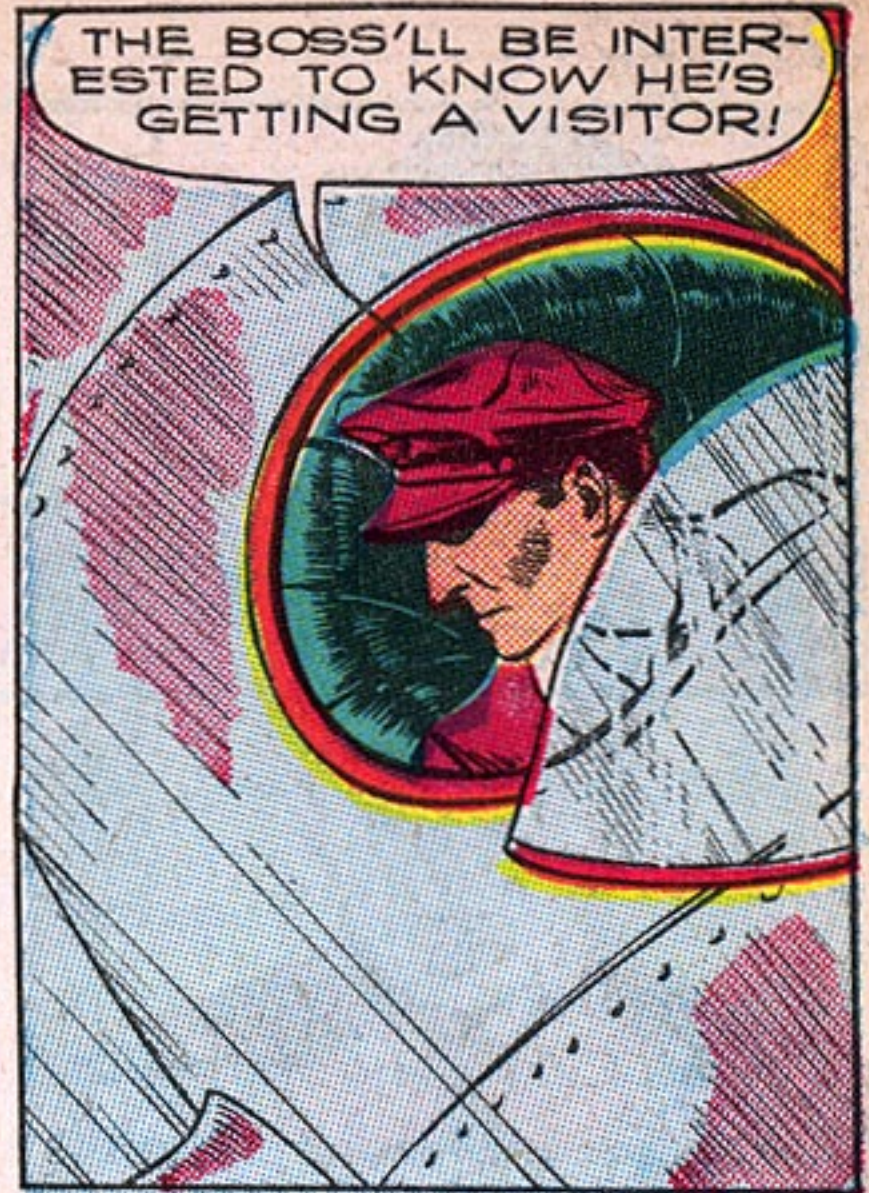












AS WONDER BOY REACHES CENTRAL AIRPORT, A PLANE CIRCLES DOWN AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR HIM.



WHIRLING ABOUT, HE SEIZES THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF THE PLANE AS IT IS ABOUT TO CRUSH HIM.



AND HURLS IT TO THE GROUND IN A TERRIFIC SMASH-UP.



WELL, WELL... THE GANG'S ALL HERE? I'M FLATTERED ALL YOU BIG SHOTS TURNED OUT TO MURDER ME!



OFFICERS! THINK YOU'VE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THESE BOYS IN THE PEN?

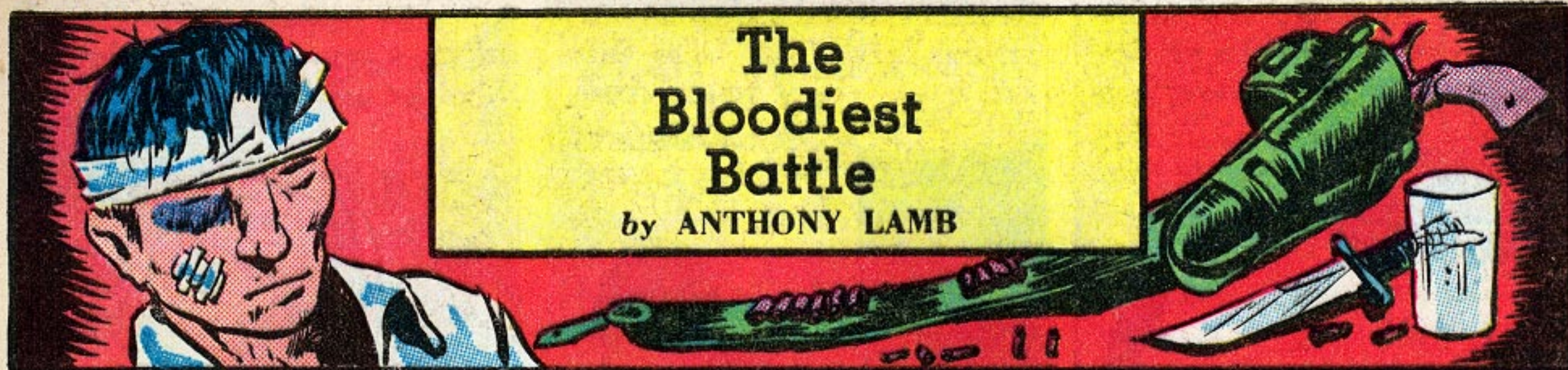


I DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE ALWAYS DO THINGS THE WRONG WAY... THEY OUGHT TO KNOW THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



NOT WHILE WONDER BOY IS ON THE JOB... MORE CRIMINALS MEET HIS CHALLENGE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS





Man, that was a brawl!

I'm tellin' you. You can rattle the pages of history back to Julius Caesar and you won't shake out a bloodier, honest to Jupiter, "go out and get 'em" battle as was staged that night in Creekville. It was a lulu. Two men shot and five injured only. But there wasn't a man in town—not one, even down to old Beetle who had no teeth and the use of one eye, not a one that didn't come out with some of his skin rubbed off as a badge to show he'd been to the front. Looka here, you can see for yourself where I got mine. That scar on the back of my neck . . . slashed with a bowie knife . . . my best friend, Tom Willakers. If I hadn't a ducked and sent him flying' into the barrel of brine with the pickles, there wouldn't be a neck there for me to show you.

The shootin' irons was talkin' that night. Most of them hadn't said a thing since the last Indian was run out across the state border some seventy-eighty years back. Men just toted them to look big—carry on the tradition of their

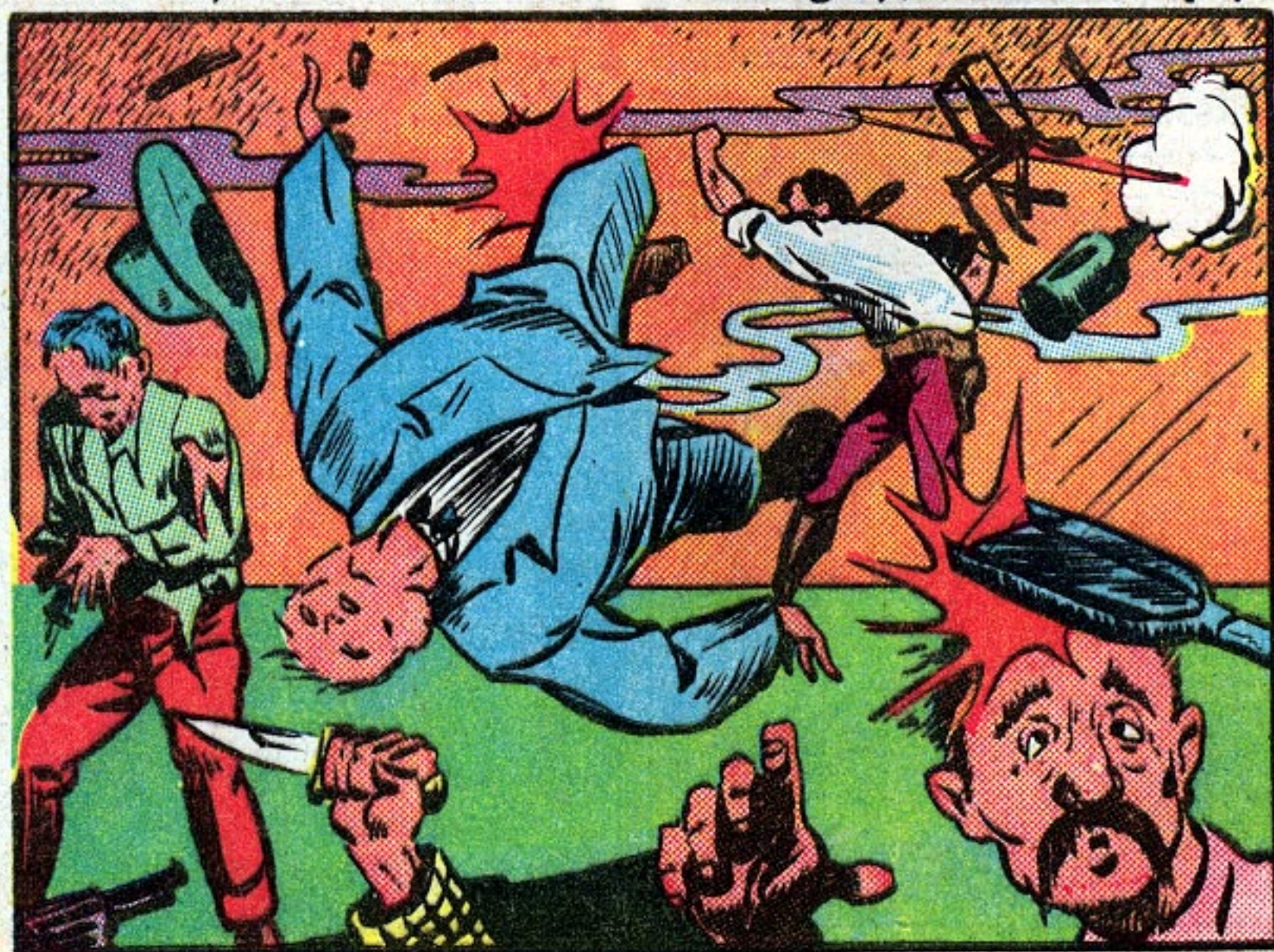
fightin' forebears. I kin still see Jeff Caulkins standing up on the dry goods counter with two six shooters that looked big enough to carry him over backward — shootin' holes in the boxes of crackers on the opposite shelf, an' shoutin', "Remember the Alamo, men . . . Don't give up the ship!"

I guess the general store sounded like its sides would bust wide open with the shootin' and the cursin' and the thumpin' up against the walls when big Juke, the farm-hand, took the Herrin twins by the seat of their pants and used 'em for pitch ball practice. Anyway, anyone who wasn't there already come runnin' out

of home and store to see what the 'citement was all about and soon every mother's son of them was adding his fists and lungs to the general confusion.

Of course the battleground soon widened till it spilled out all over Main Street and the women howled from the windows when they seen their men rollin' and kickin' and mixin' their blows all over the road. And the dust blowin' up so it looked like a sea all mad with brown foam.

The Sheriff and the Mayor got theirs, too. Boy, you should have seen them stompin' in and shoutin' like they was God All Mighty, and no one payed





them no attention until little Hess Jones come up from the ground with a haymaker that sent Mayor Gordon down flat on his back. I remember noticin' the way his fat paunch squashed in as the men stepped over him on their way to sockin' their next guy. The Sheriff stuck it out longer and soon his coat was torn off, and you could see the muscles of his back rollin' like the prairie in an earthquake as he mowed down through that mob sendin' his big fists right and left and cluckin' heads against cheeks and thigh-bones against the hard brown earth. I tell you, he was somethin' to watch until Jake Burly got him from behind with the flat of an iron shovel. I seen him go down but that was the last thing I did see. My lights went out, too, and I still don't know if it was Henry's pickax or George Doolum's horseshoe that did it.

Well, sir, there were plenty of sore heads and raw skins in town next morning. What's that? How'd it all start?

How'd it all start? Now that is a question. Lemme see, I was there at the beginning but—you know, stranger, ain't a soul in this town ever tried to trace the battle back that far. Nobody talks of nothin' but how they done their neighbor in or how they got their scars. Course we're all friends now. I sure don't hold it agin' Tom Willakers for the prize he gave me. Must have been somethin' started it. Must have been mighty important to set a fight like that one goin'.

Lemme see. Uh, yep, yep! That's it. I got it. It was Jeff

Caulkin's tossed a glass of sarsparilla, least that's what they said it was, into Jimmy Herrin's face, Jimmy backed up and knocked his twin brother into big Juke and squared off to let Jeff have it. Next thing I knowed Juke had thrown Willy Herrin into my lap and I fell off the cracker barrel.

Why? You mean why did Jeff slap the sarsparilla at Jimmy Herrin? Well, it was because Jimmy had thrown a slur on Jeff's ancestry. Said they were no good, Satan ridin', gun tottin' horse thieves. That's what he said. Woulda made any red-blooded man sore to hear him.

Jimmy said that because Jeff had told him his family had been jest a bunch of no good squatters, jest like all the rest of ours. He didn't mean it bad in a way, it was because Jimmy and Willy had tried to act proud and uppity.

You see Jeff tol' them he knew they didn't have no money cause their pa was mortgaging his farm. Everybody knew it and the twins took it hard. But Jeff hadn't meant it in a hard way.

Well, the subject came up naturally enough.

Jimmy asked Willy for the money and Willy fished around in his pockets awhile like he had lost his wallet or somethin'. No, they weren't owin' Jeff anything. He said he was willin' to pay but they said no, they had a right to pay for what was theirs.

Jeff had the silver out on the counter but Jimmy brush-

ed it aside and wouldn't hear of it. I remember shoutin' at him not to be a poor sap. Old

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Beetle was gettin' kind of impatient and kept tappin' on the till.

Anyway, that's how it started, stranger. Huh? What was they arguin' over? Ain't I told you?

Why Jeff Caulkin's had offered to buy the Herrin's boys a glass of sarsparilla, that's what they called it, and they was too proud to take it, thinkin' it was charity. They was like that, but it was foolish cause Jeff Caulkin's had always been their best friend. Still is, I reckon.

Yep, ain't a mother's son in Creekville that don't wear at least one scar from that great battle.



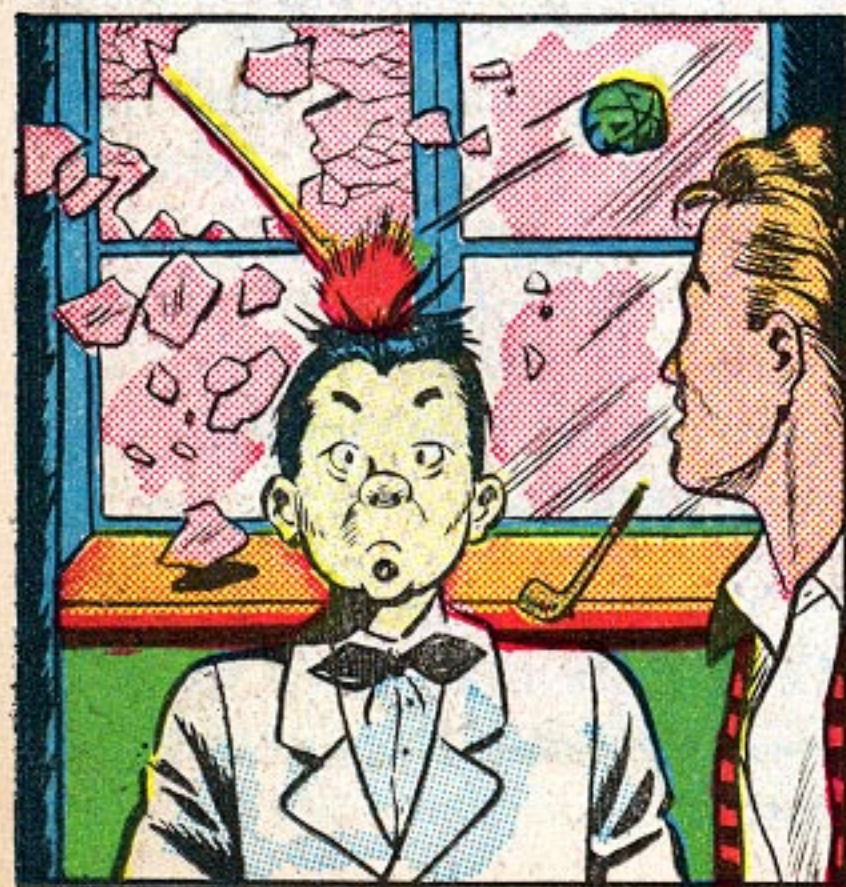
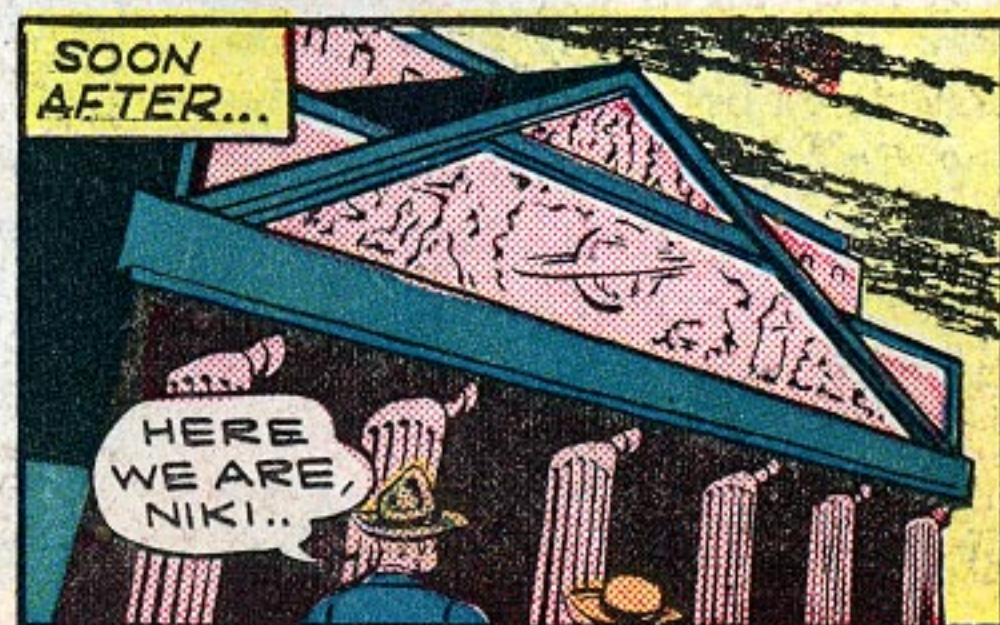
# PEN MILLER

By Klaus

**P**EN MILLER, A MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANT, FIGHTS CRIME WITH HIS PEN AND HIS WITS.. IN HIS COMIC BOOK CARTOONS HE EXPOSES CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES WHICH HE HAS INVESTIGATED AS A FAMOUS DETECTIVE...



CRASH! INTO THE ROOM SAILS A ROCK, WRAPPED IN PAPER!

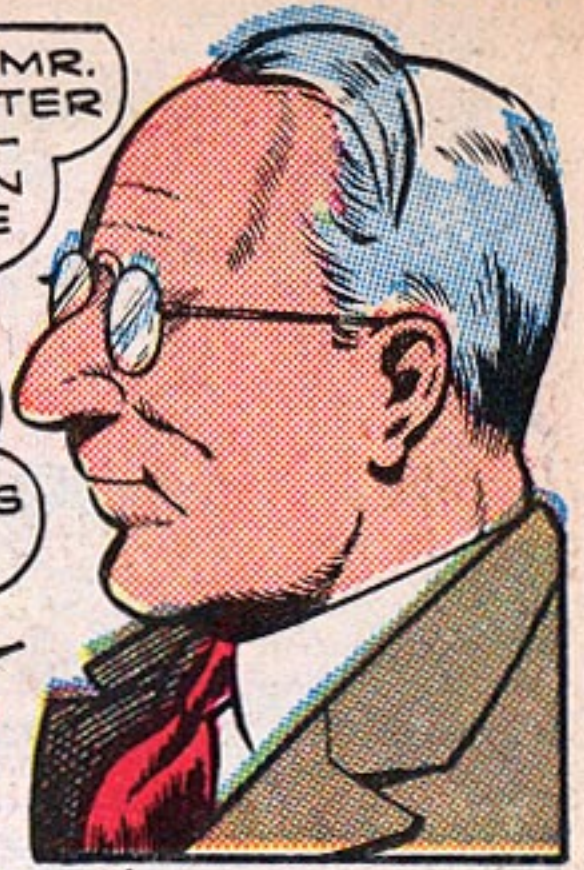






I AM THE CURATOR OF THIS MUSEUM.. AND THIS IS MR. RELICK, THE RETIRING CURATOR..

YOU SEE, MR. MILLER, AFTER YOUR CAR-TOON YARN ABOUT THE JEWEL THIEVES, THERE WAS AN OUTBREAK OF GEM ROBBERIES HERE...



NOW I'M WORRIED ABOUT OUR MOST PRICELESS PIECE.. A FLORENTINE CORONET...



THERE IT IS.. THE JEWELS ALONE ARE WORTH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



THERE'S AN ALARM SET TO GO OFF THE MOMENT THAT CORONET IS TOUCHED.. YET IT FAILED TO GO OFF DURING THE GEM THEFTS.



WHO'S THIS?

OH, JUST A SCULPTURE STUDENT MAKING A CLAY COPY OF A STATUE.

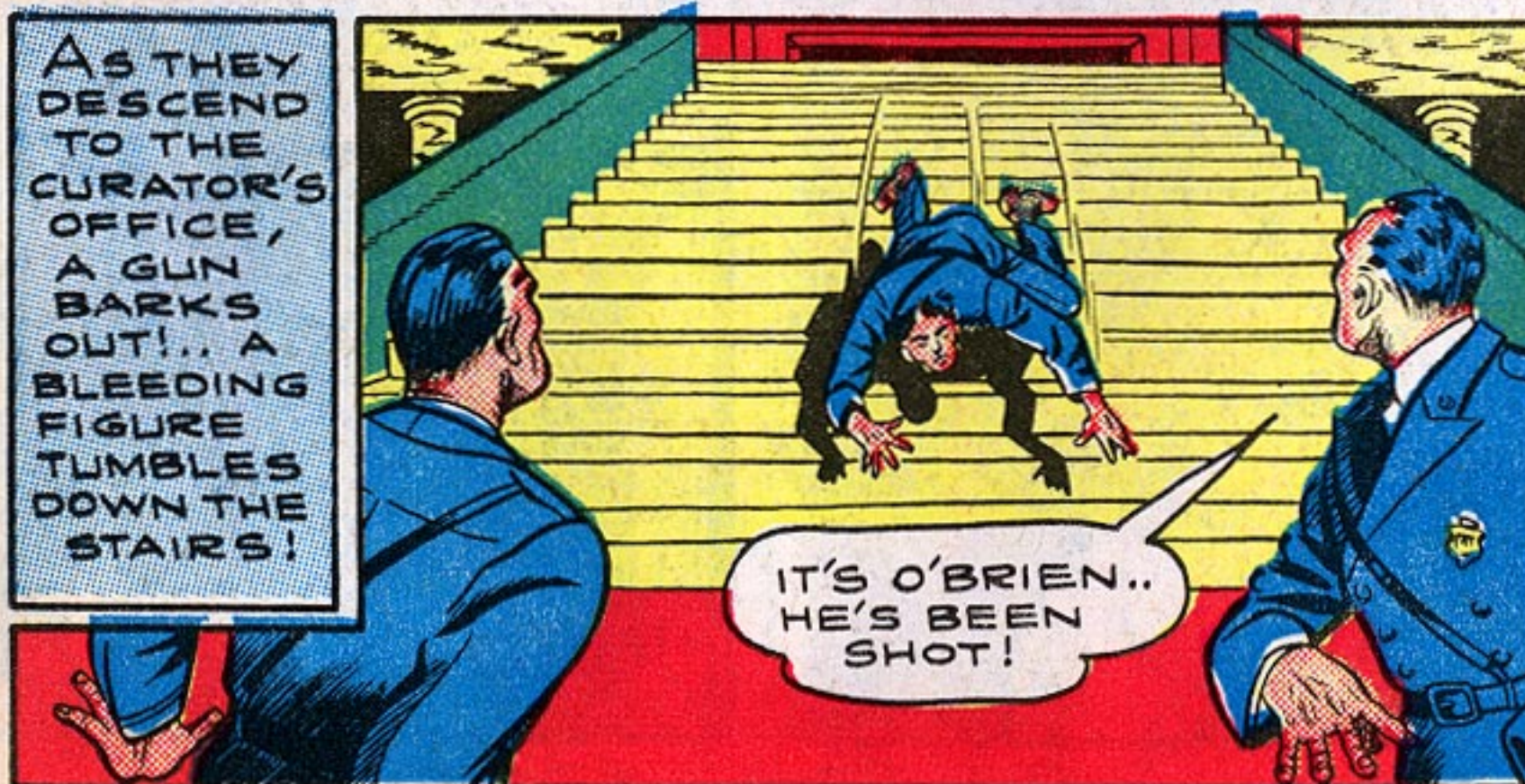


AH, GENTLEMEN! THE SWEEP OF THOSE LINES! THE PRIMITIVE ANGUISH THEY EXPRESS!



I'D LIKE YOUR ADVICE ON OTHER SAFEGUARDS I MIGHT ADOPT.

THE LUMBERING LITHESSNESS! EXQUISITE! EXQUISITE!



AS THEY DESCEND TO THE CURATOR'S OFFICE, A GUN BARKS OUT!.. A BLEEDING FIGURE TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS!

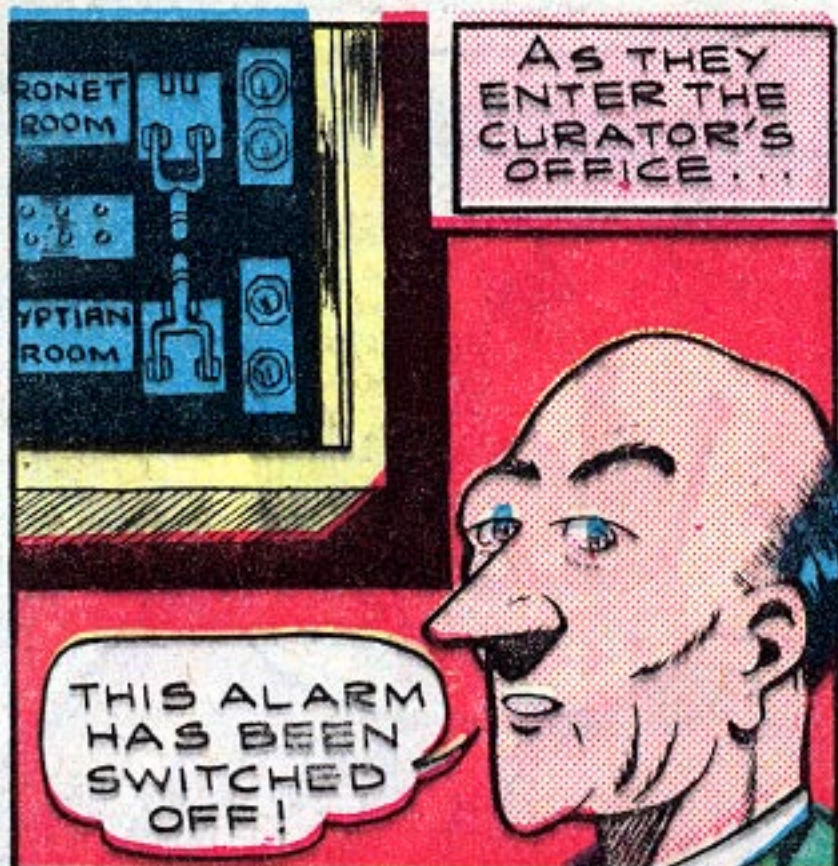
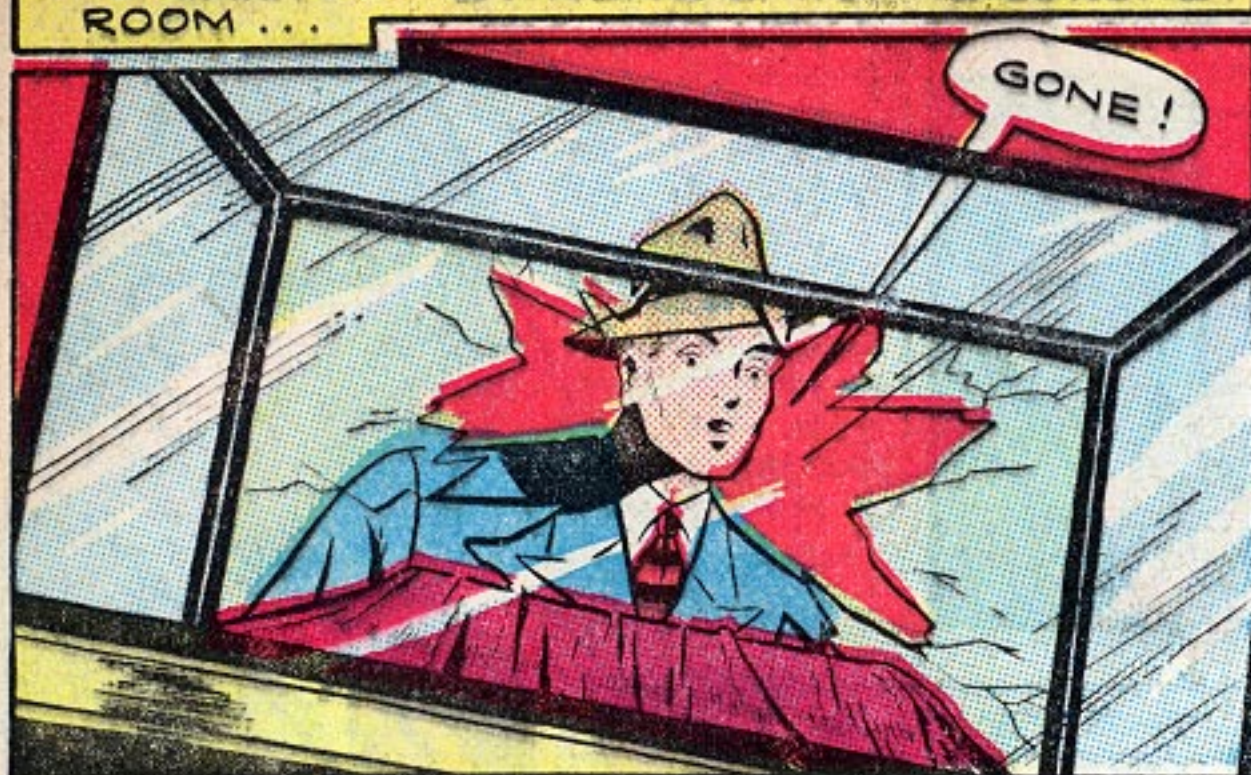
IT'S O'BRIEN.. HE'S BEEN SHOT!



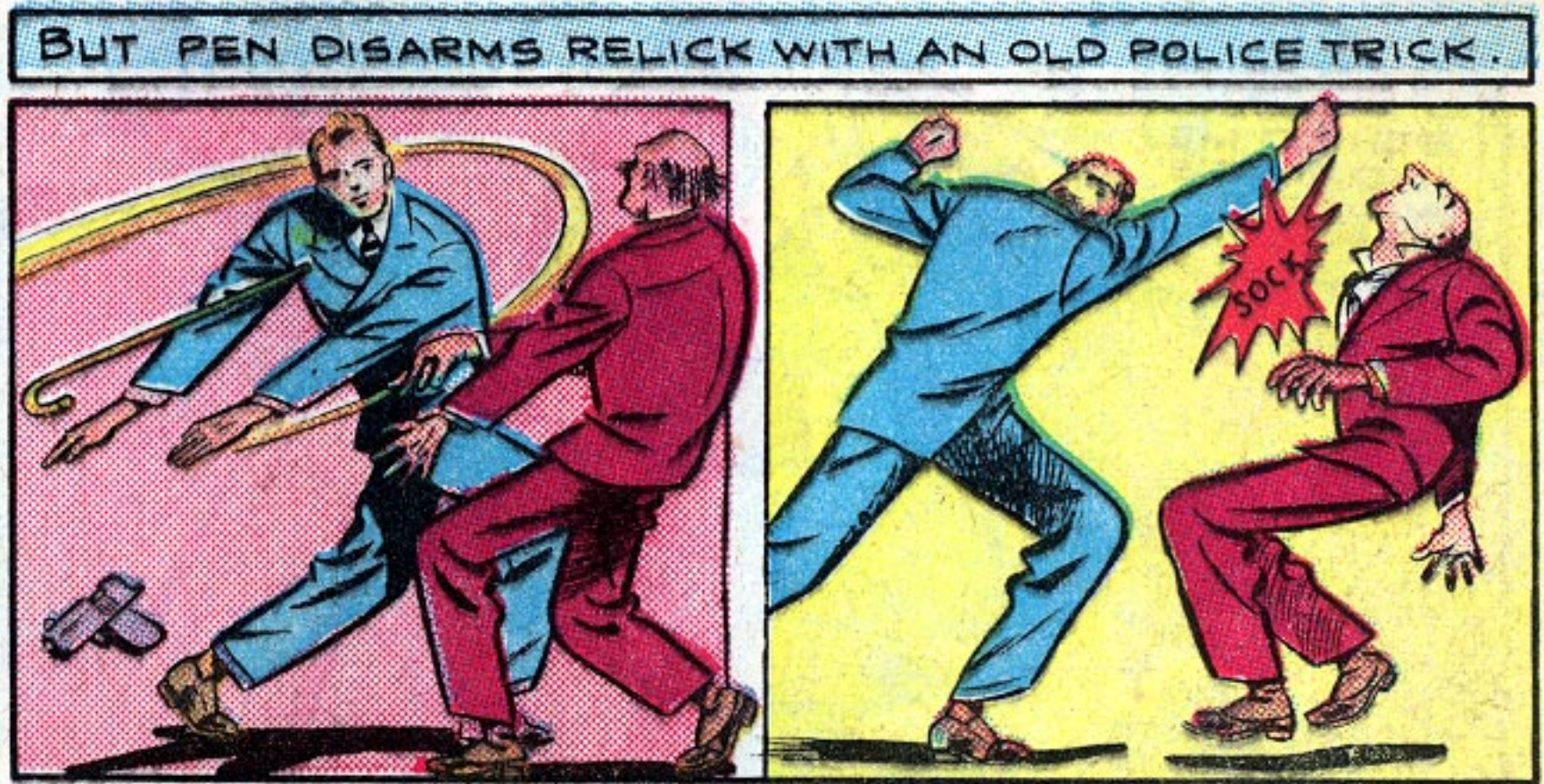
DON'T LET ANYONE OUT OF THE BUILDING !!



THE CARTOONIST RUNS UP TO THE CORONET ROOM ...







GO ON ANOTHER CRIME QUEST WITH PEN MILLER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS...



# Paul BUNYAN

by Storey Weaver

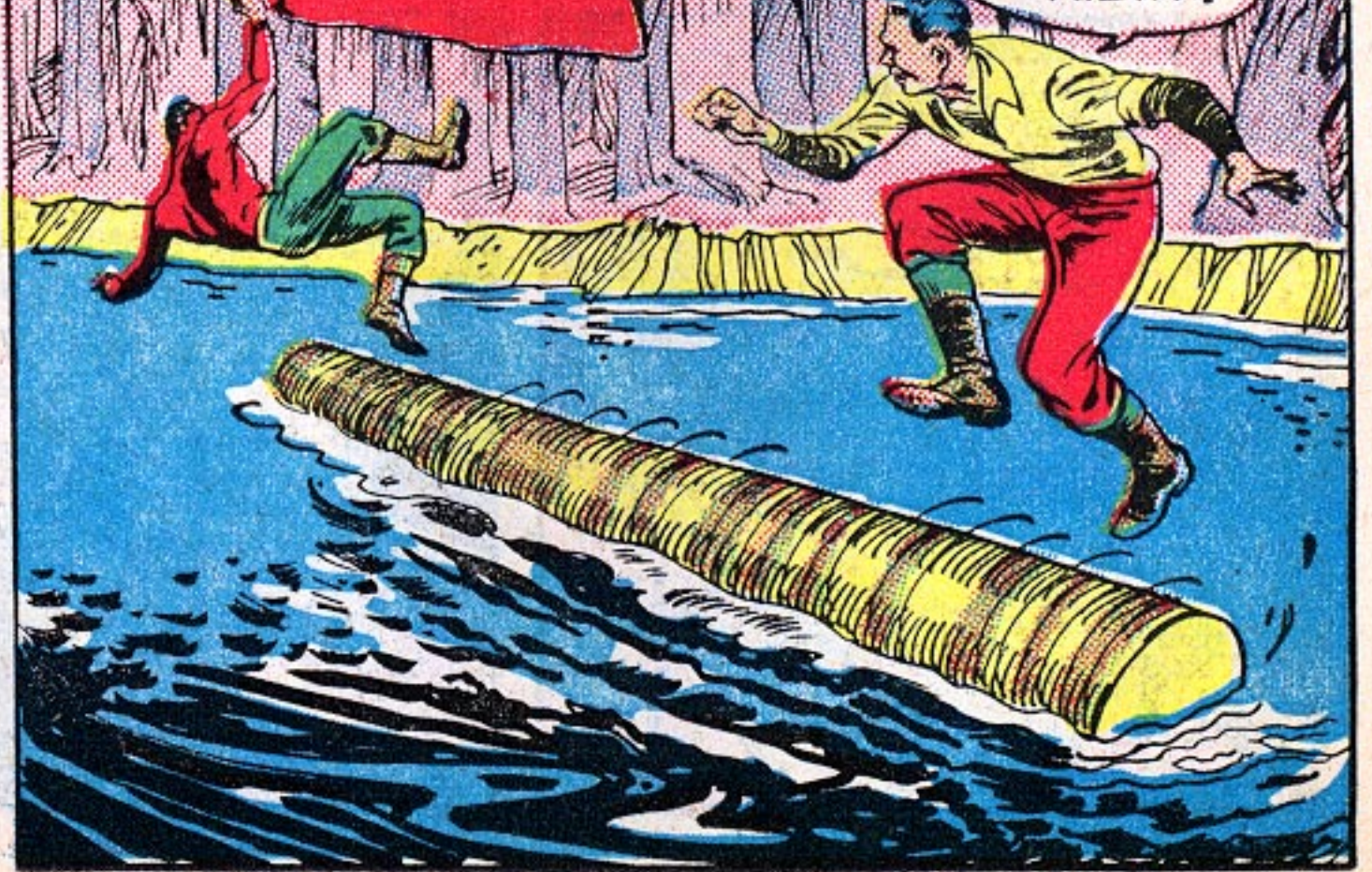
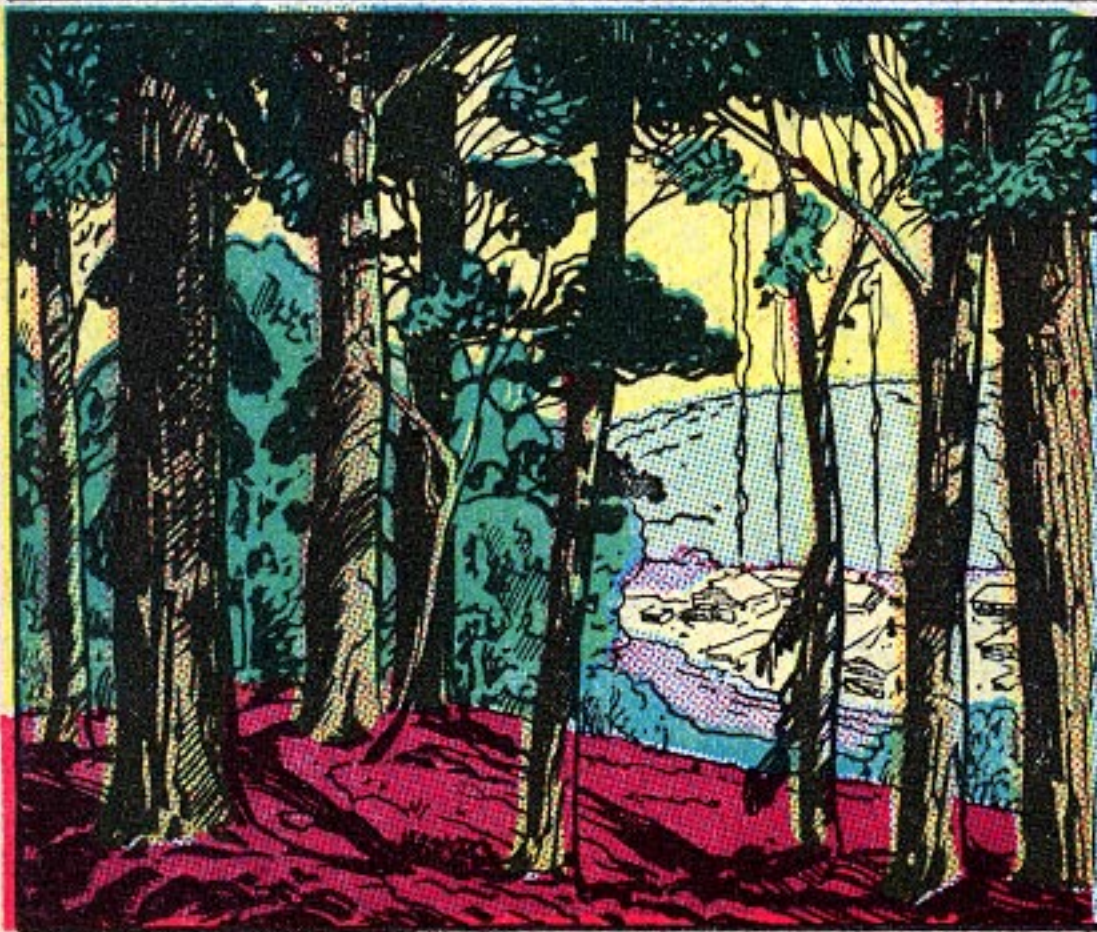
THE GIANT OF THE NORTH WOODS AND HIS FABULOUS BLUE OX, BABE, STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF INDIAN TIMBER THIEVES.

SPRING THAWS THE NORTHWEST TIMBERLAND.. ANOTHER LONG GRAY WINTER IS OVER. . .

AWK!

PAUL'S MEN RIOTOUSLY CELEBRATE THE SEASON.

YIP! YIP! DONKEY RIDIN'!





GREAT LOG CHOPPING CONTESTS ARE HELD... IN ONE CLEAVE, PAUL SLICES THROUGH HALF A DOZEN LOGS.



COME 'N GET IT!

AT NIGHT THE RAFTERS RING WITH THE STAMPING AND SHOUTING OF SQUARE DANCES.



SUDDENLY BILGEY, THE CAMP "MONEY MAN," BREAKS THE FESTIVITIES.

HEY! STOP THE MUSIC.. PAUL, SIWASH JOE'S AROUND.. OUR MONEY 'N SUPPLIES IS ALL GONE!



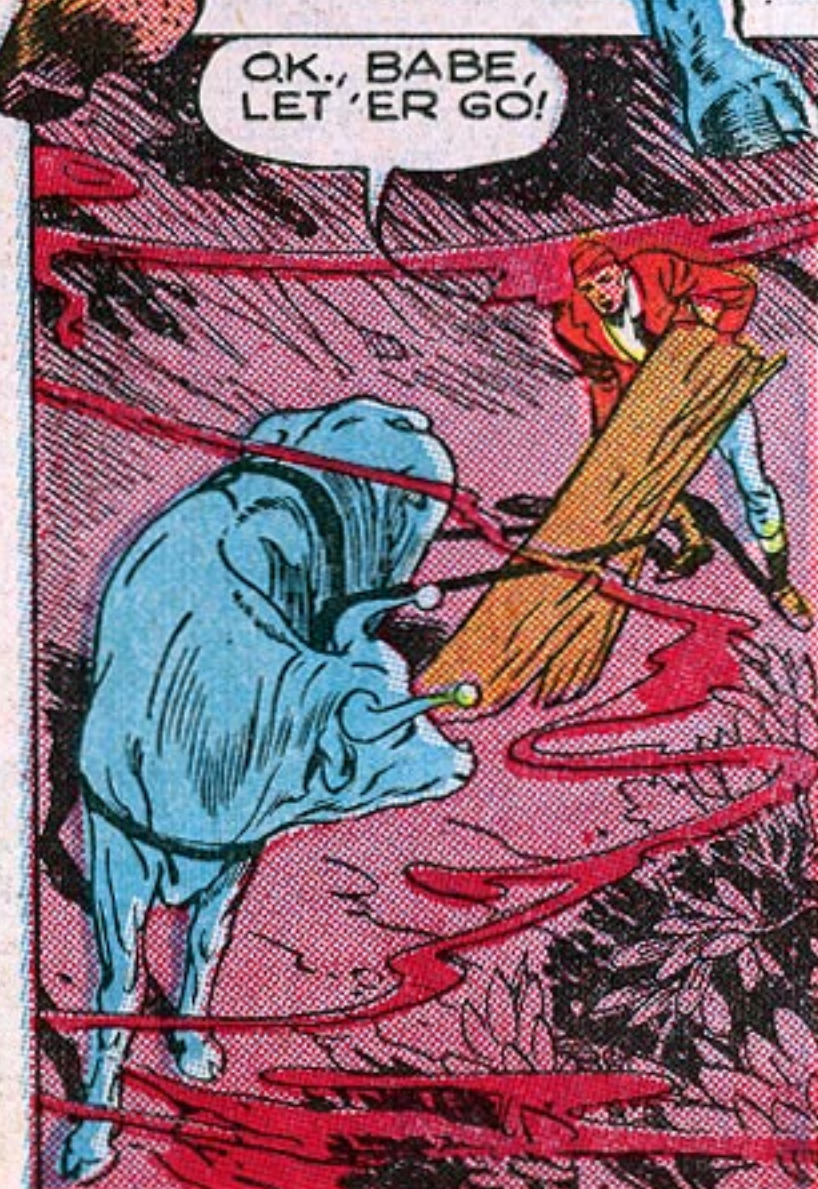
SIWASH JOE?.. STAY HERE, BOYS.. I'VE A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT HALF-BREED! GET BABE, SOMEBODY!



BUT BY NOW THE CROOKS HAVE STARTED A RING OF FIRE AROUND PAUL'S CAMP.



THIS TREE'LL MAKE A NIFTY PLOW!



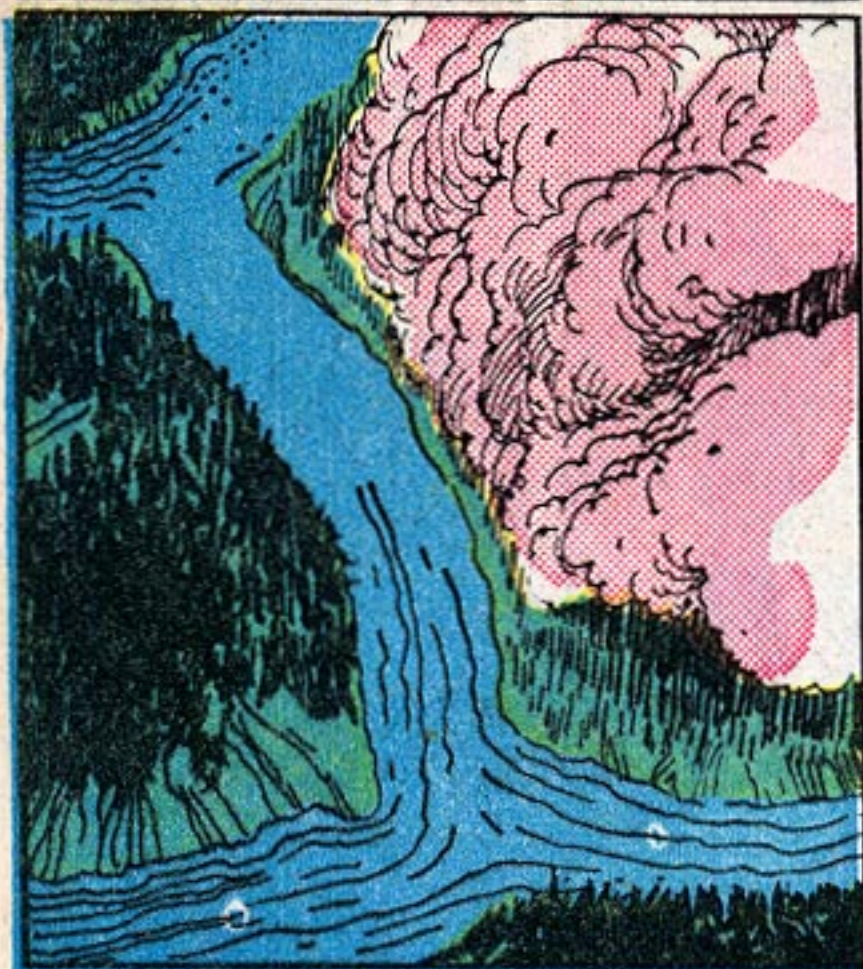
OK., BABE, LET 'ER GO!



'AT'S IT, BABE? A DEEP TRENCH ALL AROUND!



THE TRENCH IS SO DEEP THAT WATER FROM TWO RIVERS FLOWS INTO A NEW TRIBUTARY, BUNYAN GAP. . . .



SIWASH JOE GAPES IN ASTONISHMENT

HUMPH! THAT DEVIL PALE-FACE!



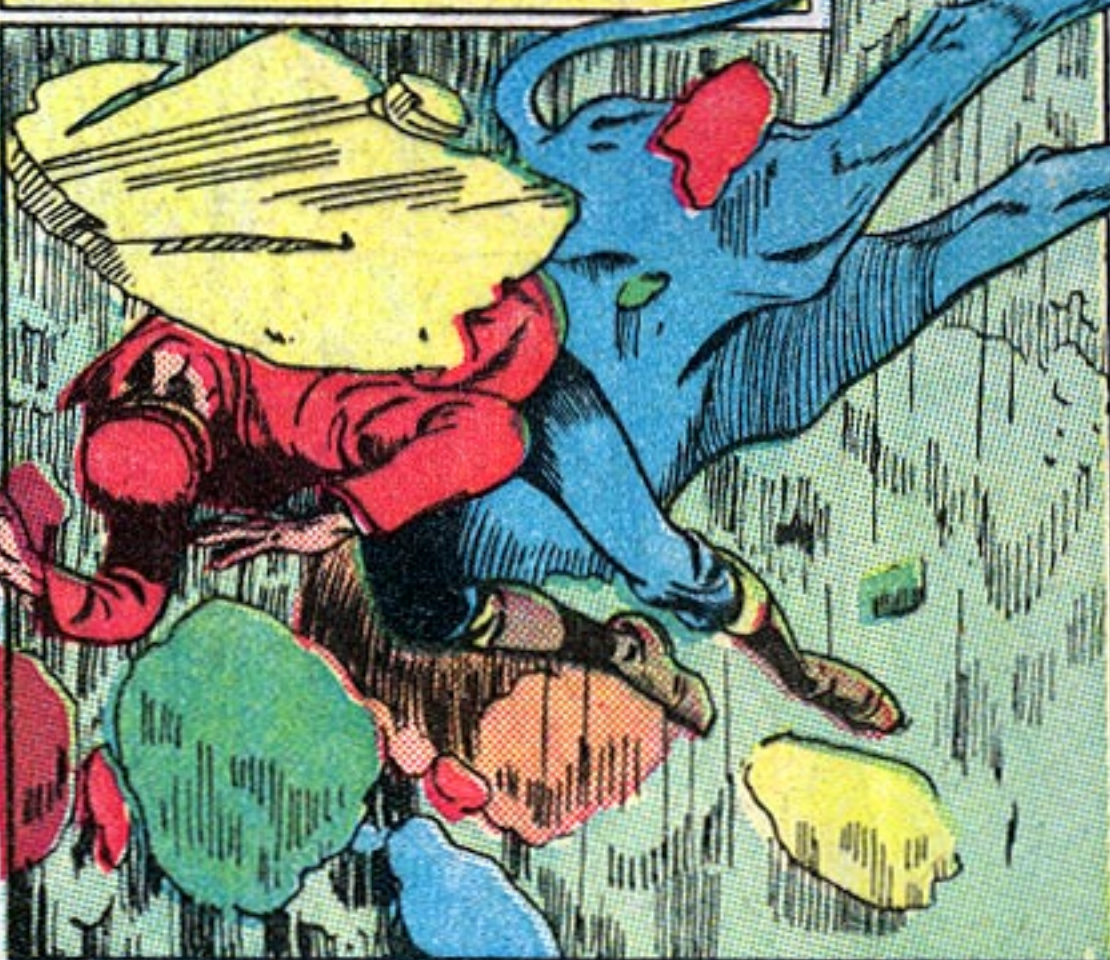
MONK, GO CLIMB MOUNTAIN.. BLOW IT UP! PAUL WILL BE BURIED ALIVE!



AT THE PEAK OF BALD MOUNTAIN, MONK LEAVES BOMBS SET FOR TEN MINUTES. . . .



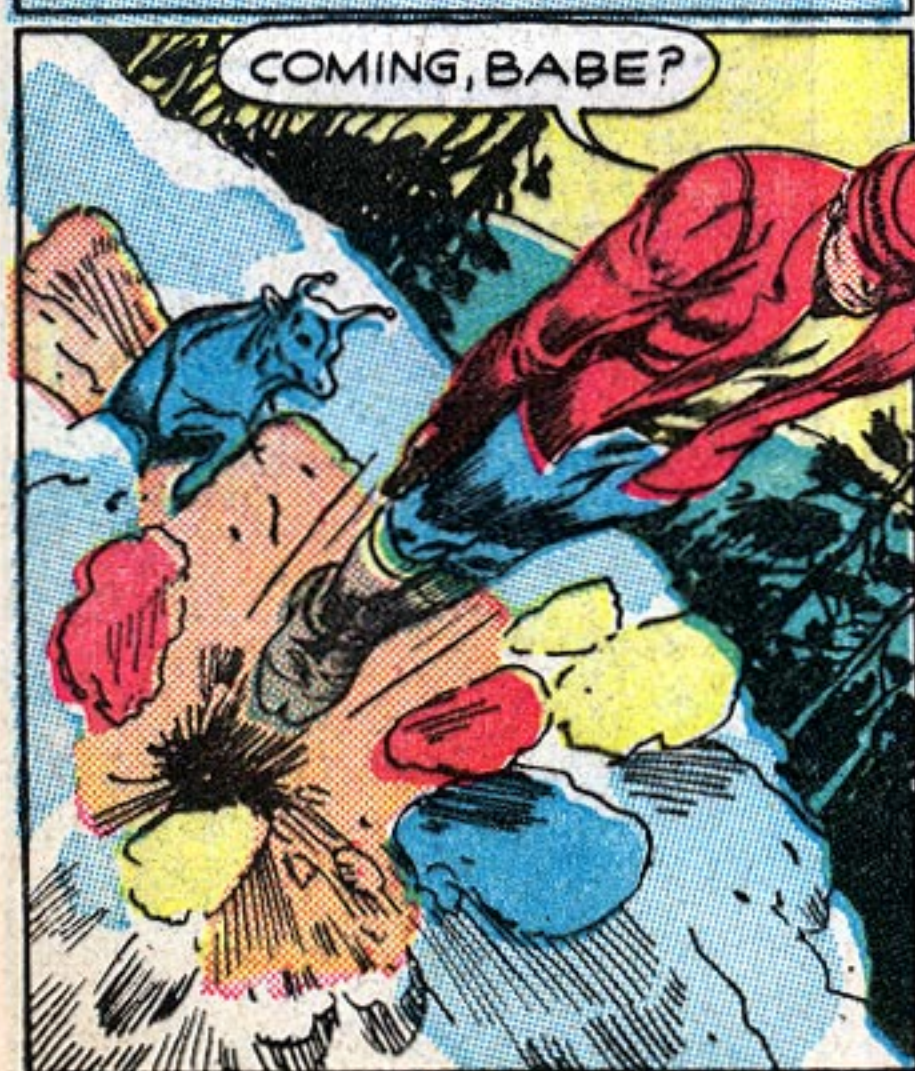
IN TEN MINUTES PAUL IS AT THE FOOT OF BALDY. . . SUDDENLY. . . .



ONLY SILENT ROCKS AND SNOW SHOW THE UPHEAVAL. . .



THEN A VIOLENT HEAVING SHAKES THE SURFACE. . . .



PAUL'S TREMENDOUS MOMENTUM CARRIES HIM TO THE TALLEST PINE IN THE TIMBER COUNTRY



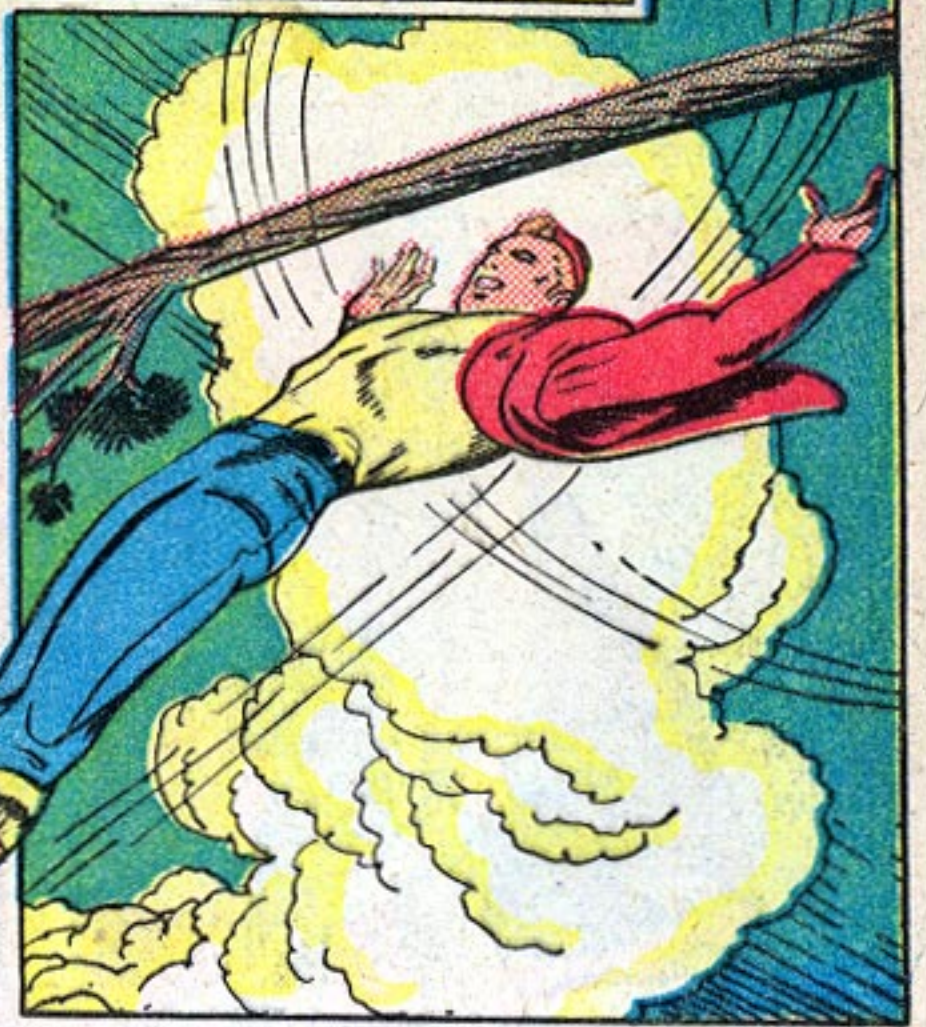
THERE GOES JOE. HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE BY WATER!



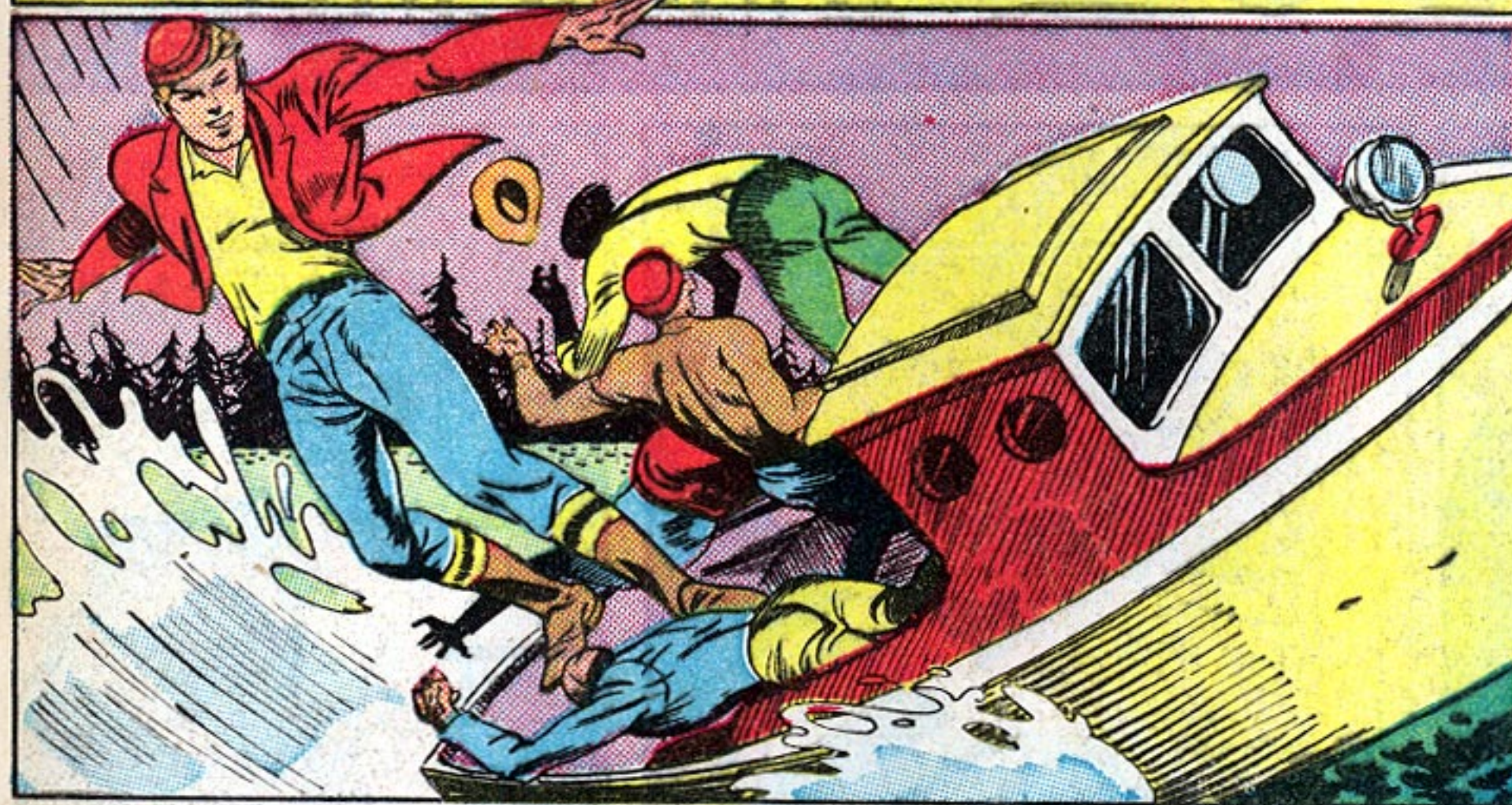




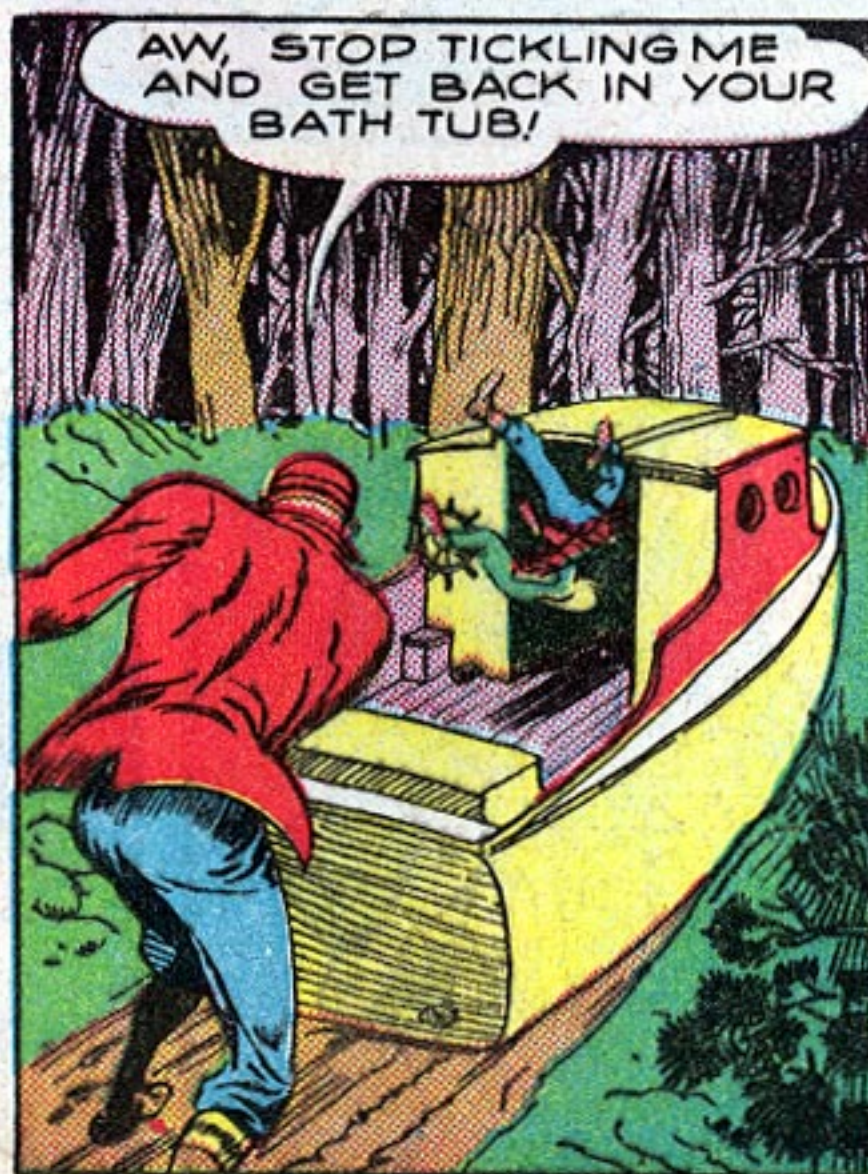
WHIRLING FROM ONE TREE TO ANOTHER, PAUL REACHES THE SHORES OF MANITO BAY . . . .



AND LANDS LIKE A HAWAIIAN SURF-BOARDER ON THE SMALL STERN DECK.



HE NOSES THE SPEEDING LAUNCH ONTO THE SHORE.



LOOK AT THE NEW FISH I CAUGHT, BOYS...SIWASH JOE! WE'LL GET OUR MONEY BACK NOW!

PAUL MEETS THE MAD MOOSE AND THE THREE-EYED LYNX IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS



**WAR!** THAT SCOURGE OF MANKIND AGAIN BLACKENS THE WORLD.. DEATH, POURING FROM THE SKIES RAINS DEVASTATING MISERY UPON MAN AND BEAST.. THE GOD OF WAR MUST HAVE HIS SACRIFICE.....

# MERLIN

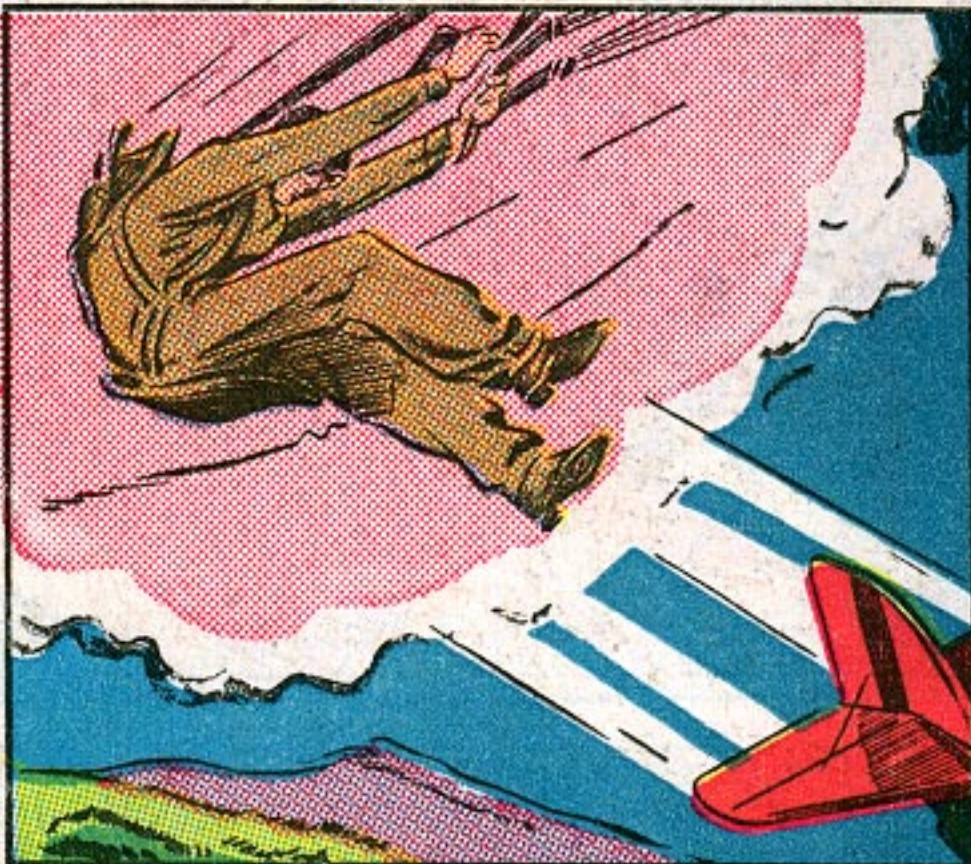
## The MAGICIAN

BY Lance Blackwood

UNDERLIN, IN BRITAIN, WITNESSES THE HORRORS OF CIVILIZED MODERN WARFARE...

OVER HEATHERY ENGLISH MEADOWS A YOUTH BAILS OUT... HALF DEAD, HE CLUTCHES HIS CHUTE REINS.....

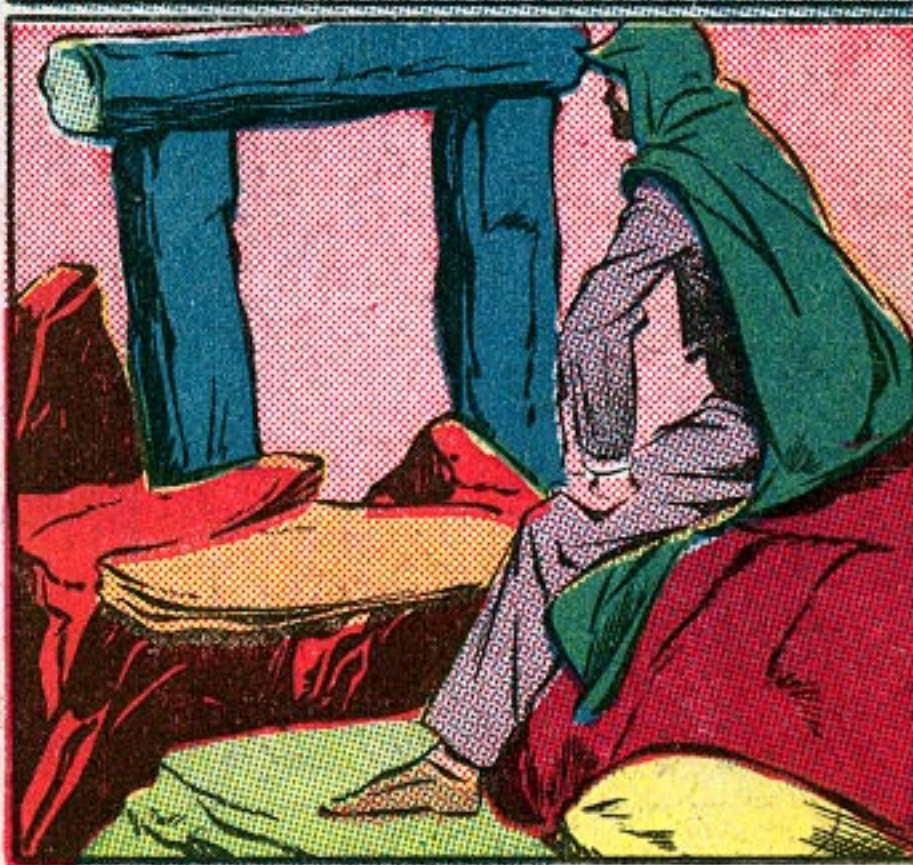
THOSE SOLDIERS ARE SO YOUNG! THEY HARDLY KNOW WHAT A HAPPY LIFE IS.. I MUST TEACH THEM THE JOYS OF PEACE.. THE VALUE OF FREEDOM.. THEY MUST OPEN THEIR EYES TO THE TRUTH!



IN A TRICE, THE MAGICIAN IS ENFOLDED IN HIS CHARMED CLOAK.



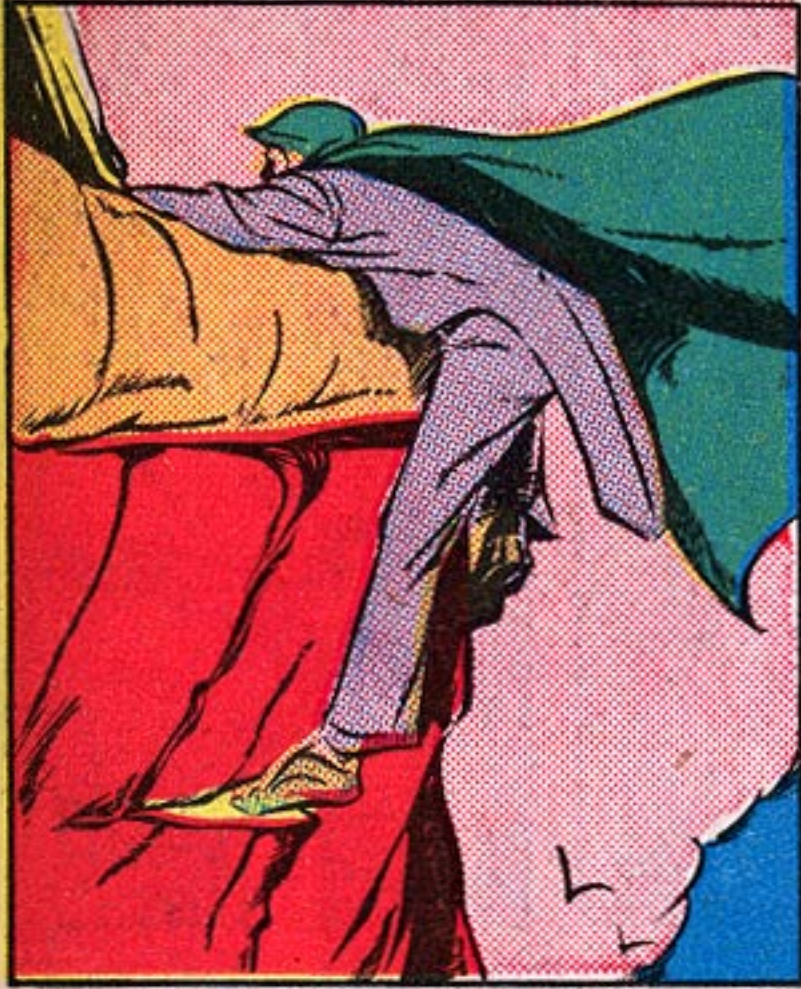
TRAVELING BACK THROUGH AEONS OF TIME, MERLIN STOPS BEFORE AN ANCIENT DRUID MONOLITH ON THE MOORS.



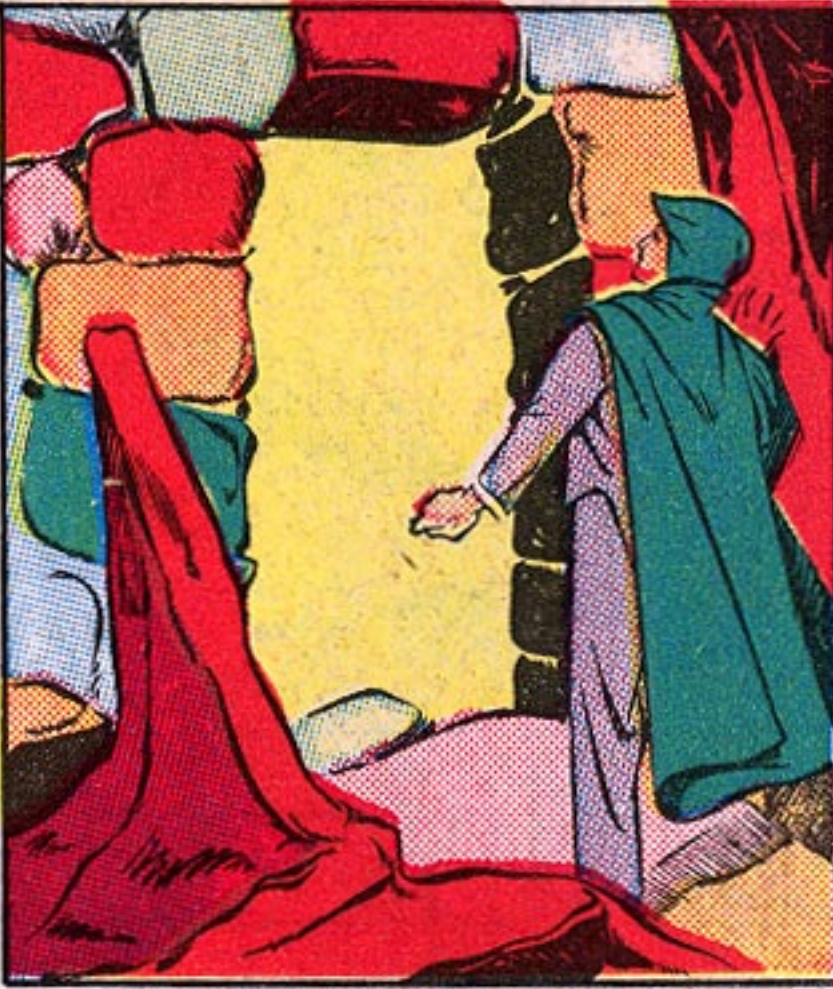
BEARHUNTER



ANXIOUS TO ENTER THE ANCIENT RUINS, MERLIN SCALES THE STEEP CLIFF.



SOON THE JAGGED STONE ENTRANCE OF THE DRUID TEMPLE LOOMS BEFORE HIM.

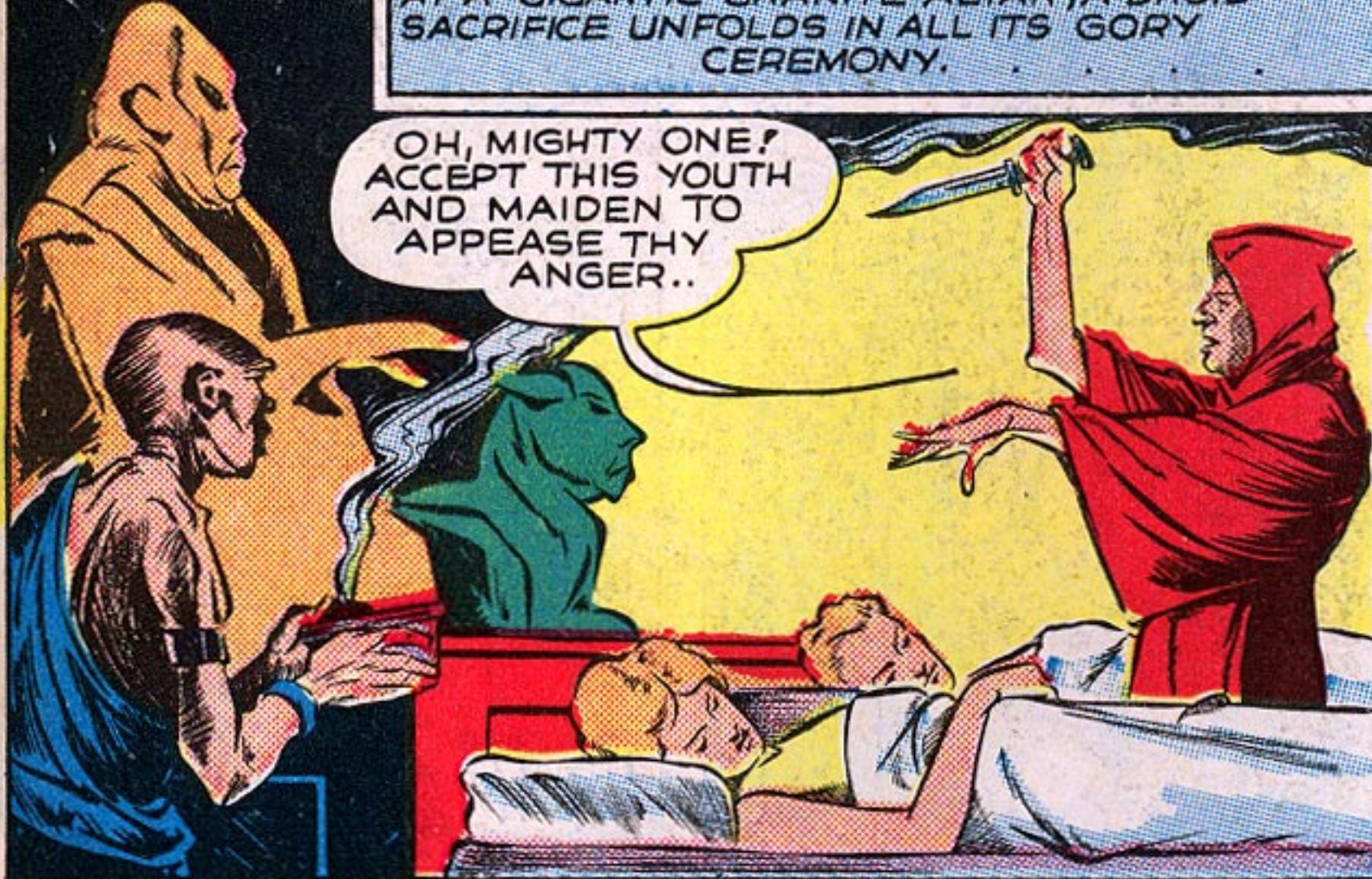


MERLIN'S KEEN EARS FOLLOW A WEIRD CHANT... AN UNCANNY SHRILLNESS THAT ECHOES OVER THE DISMAL STONES...

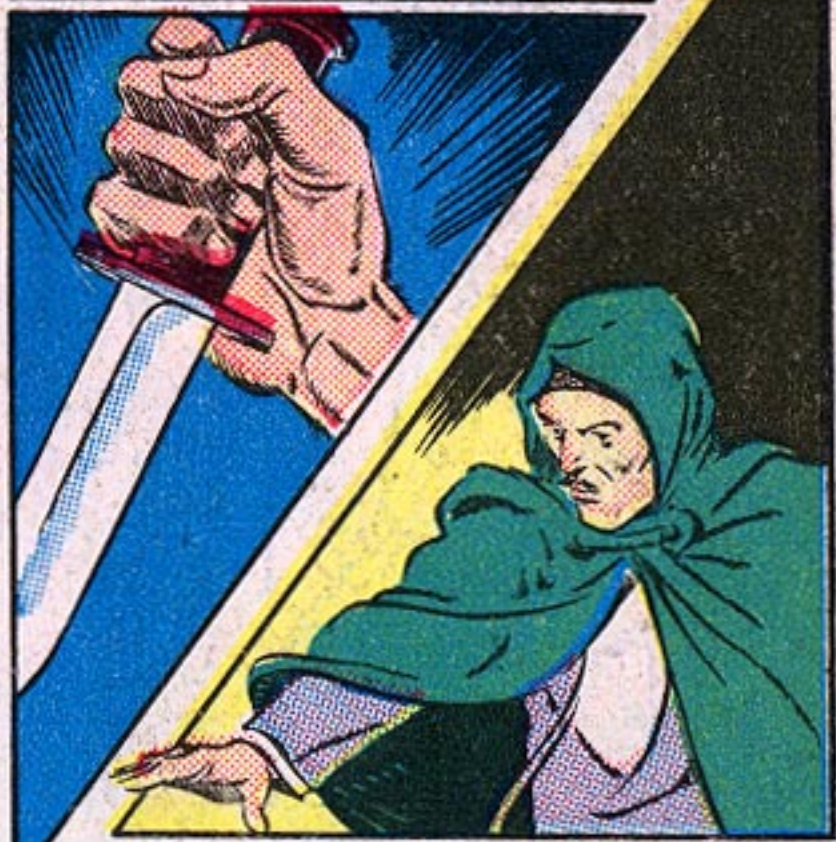


AT A GIGANTIC GRANITE ALTAR, A DRUID SACRIFICE UNFOLDS IN ALL ITS GORY CEREMONY.

OH, MIGHTY ONE! ACCEPT THIS YOUTH AND MAIDEN TO APPEASE THY ANGER..



THE CRUEL KNIFE BLAZES IN THE SUN... WITH A MUMBLED PHRASE, THE HIGH PRIEST POISES IT.



BUT MERLIN GESTURES.

AND THE KNIFE BECOMES A WAVING FEATHER.



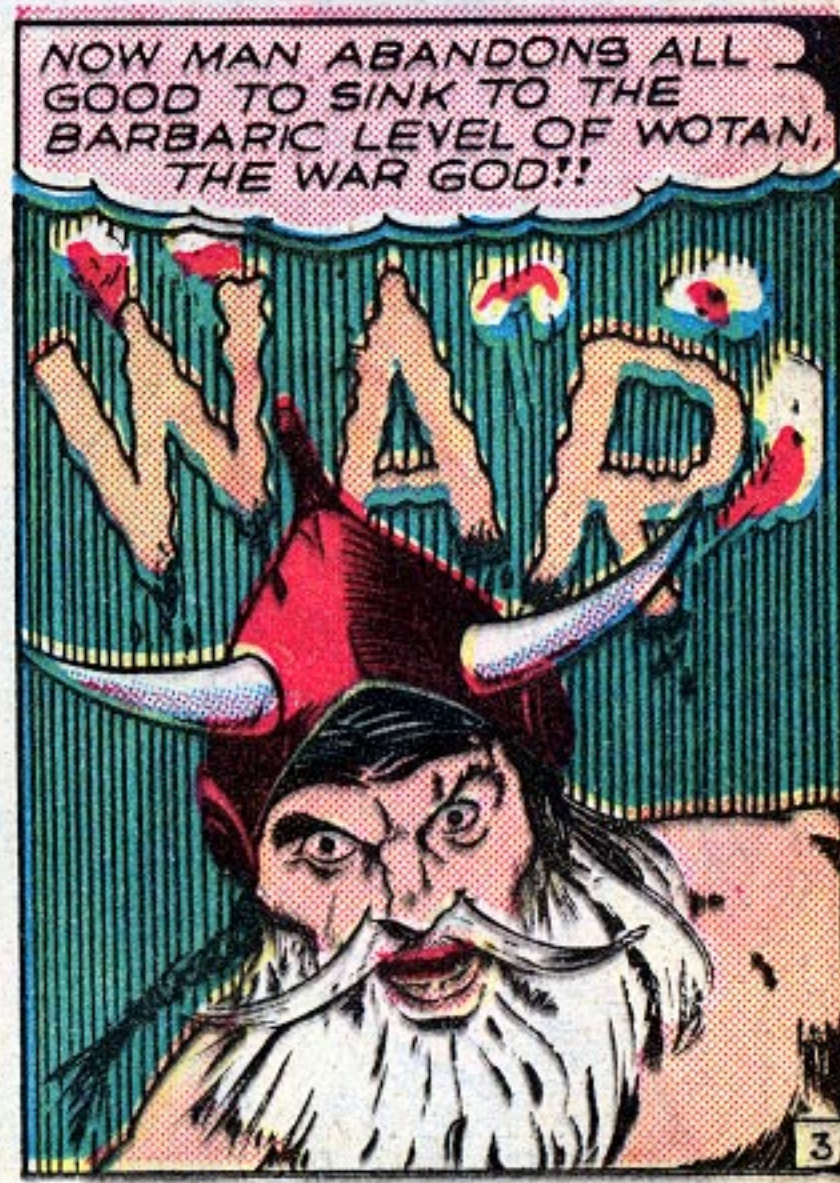
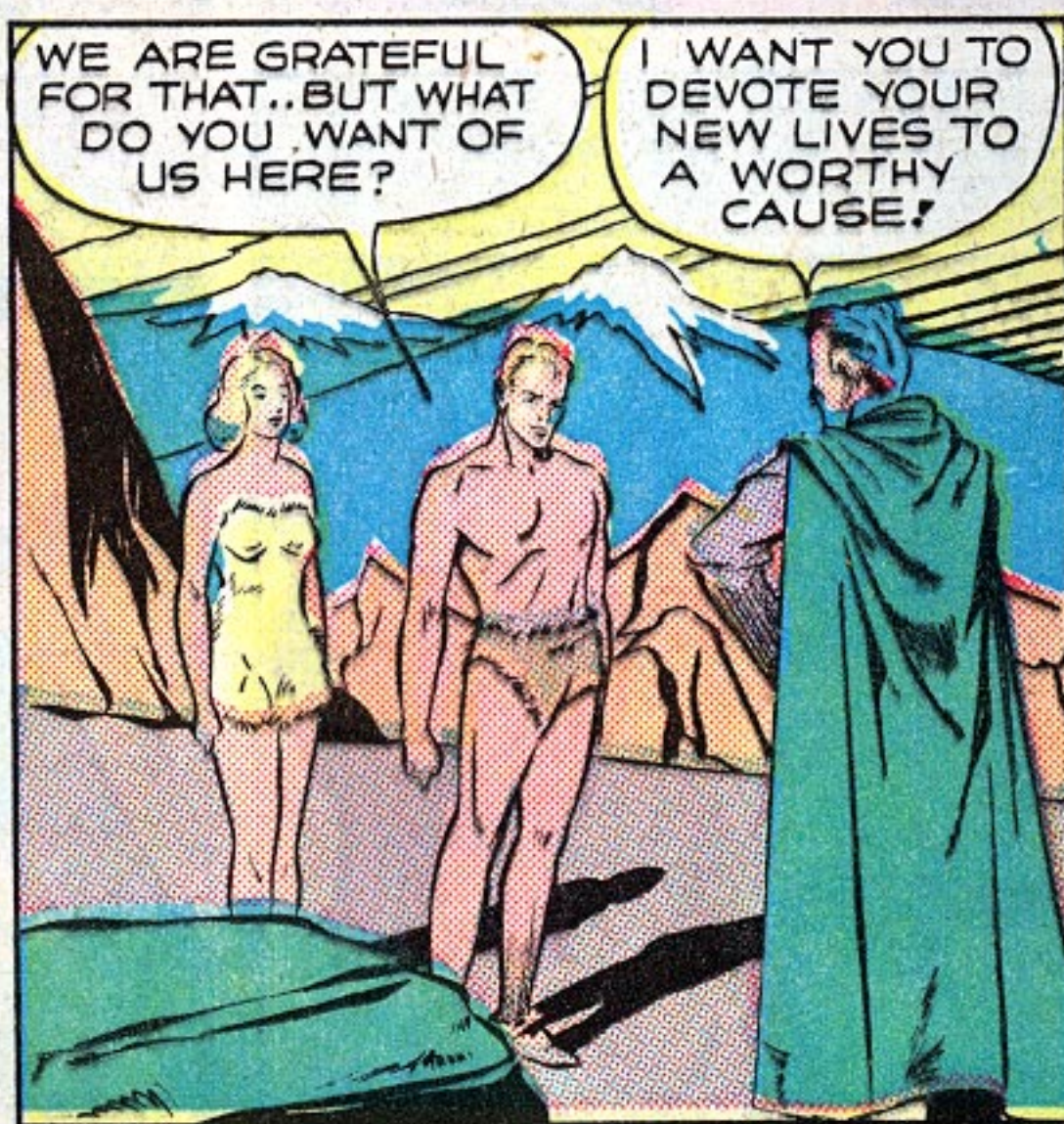
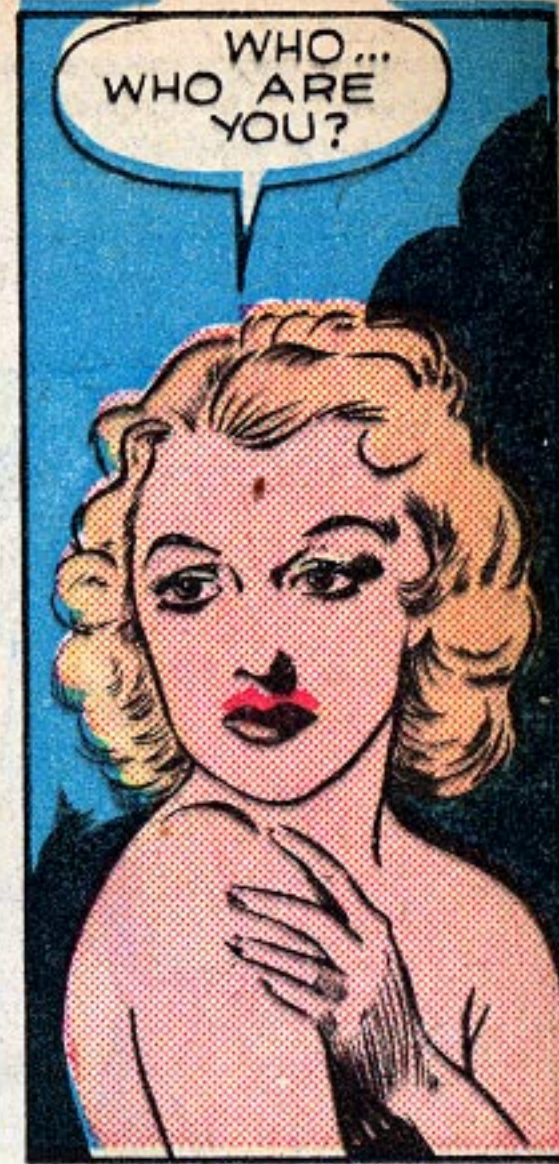
MERLIN GESTURES AGAIN.



... AND INTO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RISE THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE WHO A MOMENT AGO WERE FACING DEATH.









HE ROAMS THE EARTH, SPREADING SEEDS OF HATE..HE WOULD BREAK THE HEART OF MAN WITH HIS INSATIABLE LUST!..

WAR! NOW! NOW! STRIKE! YOU WILL BE MASTER!



I WANT YOU TO HELP DESTROY THIS EVIL MONSTER!

WE WILL BE GLAD TO HELP, MERLIN!



FINE! THERE ACROSS THE OCEAN LIES A LAND OF HATRED..I WANT YOU TO HELP ME CHANGE THAT HATE INTO LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING!



I'LL PREPARE YOU FOR THIS JOURNEY!



SO SAYING, MERLIN GESTURES

AND BOTH ARE ATTIIRED IN MILITARY DRESS.



WITH ANOTHER GESTURE A SEAPLANE APPEARS.



MY BLESSINGS TO BOTH OF YOU!



THE SILVER SHIP NOSES GRACEFULLY INTO THE HORIZON, GUIDED BY MERLIN'S MAGIC POWER



HOURS LATER..

LAND! THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!

RIGHT! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO BAIL OUT! THOSE WERE ORDERS!







BUT THE COMMANDER EAVES-DROPS.

BUT HIS CRIES FALL UPON DEAF EARS.

ANGERED, THE COMMANDER DRAWS HIS PISTOL.





SUDDENLY THE PISTOL CHANGES INTO A SQUEALING RAT. . .

WHAT TH' THE WORK OF SATAN!



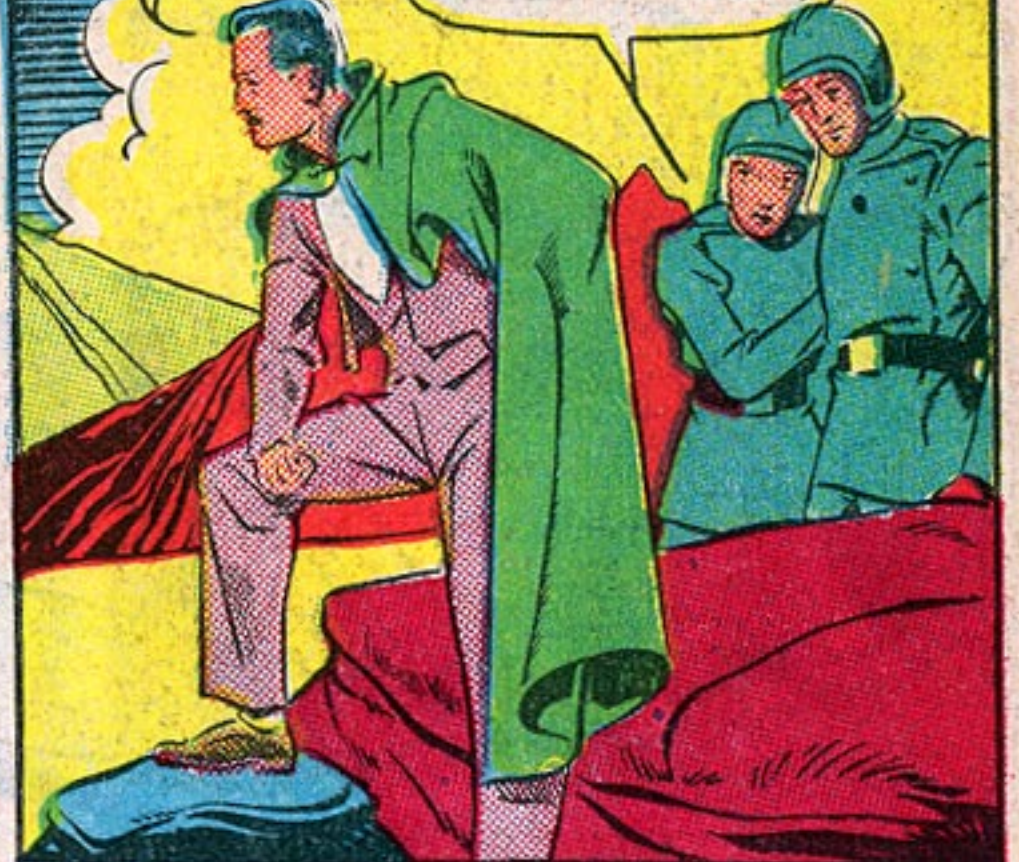
TERROR-STRICKEN, THE COWARDLY COMMANDER FLEES. . .



AND MERLIN APPEARS.

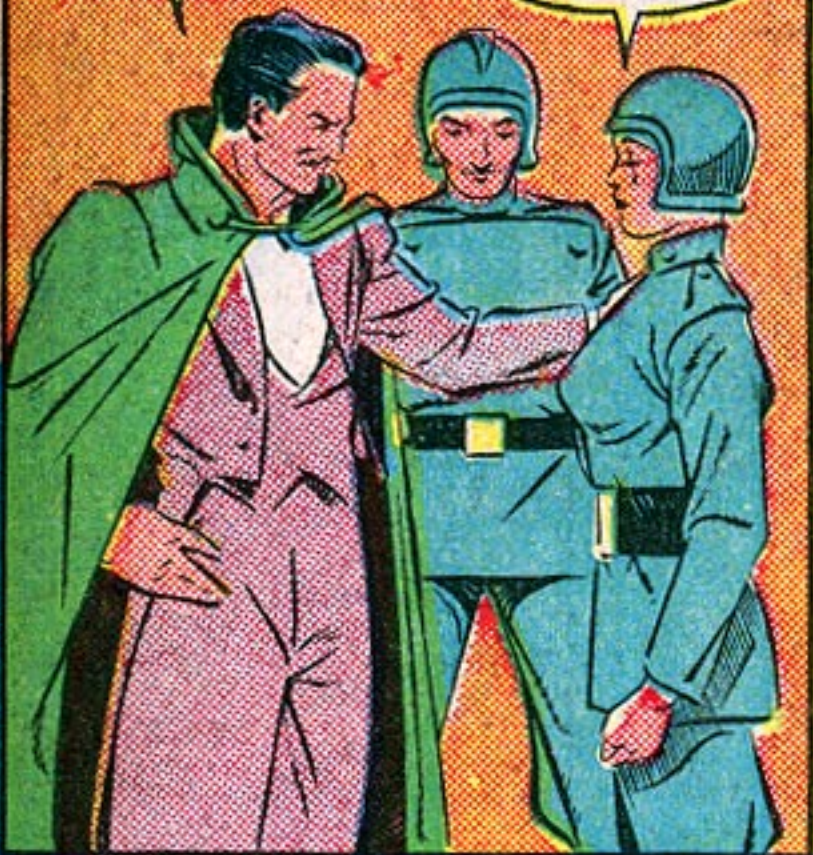
WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!

LOOK! IT WAS HE WHO SAVED US FROM THE COMMANDER!



THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES.. WHY DO YOU WEEP?

WE HAVE KILLED... THAT IS WRONG! WE KNOW IT NOW!



DRY YOUR TEARS.. WE CAN BRING THEM BACK TO LIFE!



EUREKA!



A BLAZE OF LIGHT, AND THEN.

LOOK! THEY'RE BOTH ALIVE!



SUDDENLY THE HEAVENS SPLIT WITH JAGGED STREAKS AND OMINOUS THUNDER. . .

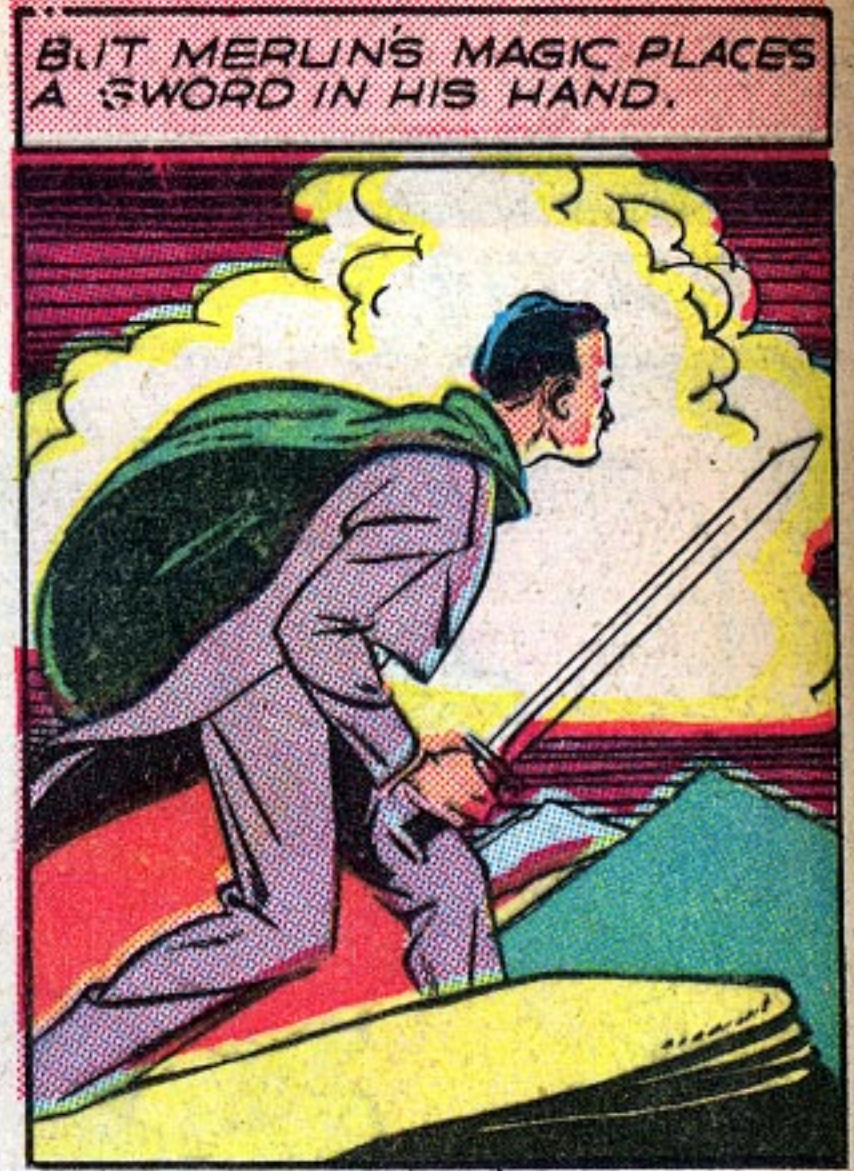


FROM INKY SPACE STRIDES WOTAN, THE WAR GOD, AGAIN ON A RAMPAGE!!

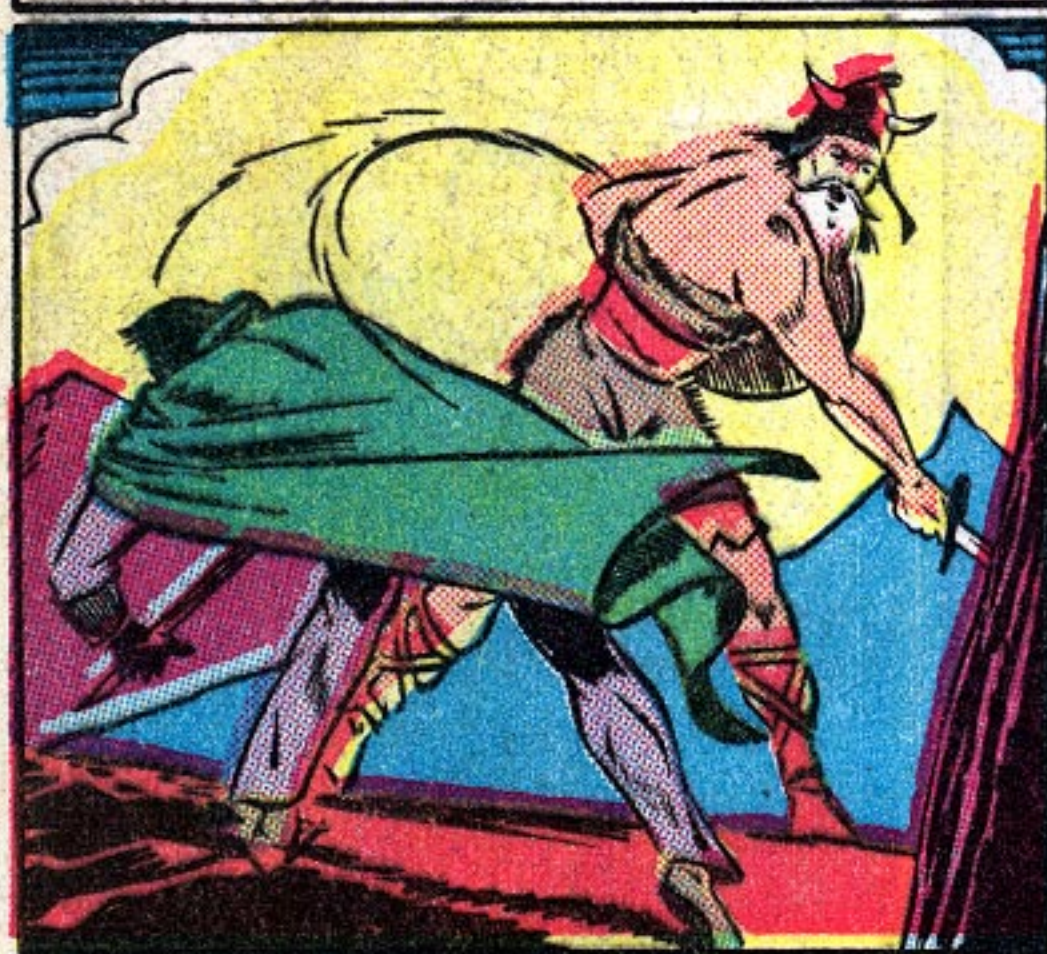
MERLIN, I HAVE COME TO DESTROY ALL OF YOU!







AGAIN AND AGAIN WOTAN'S FURIOUS THRUSTS CUT THE AIR... MERLIN DUCKS, WAITING FOR HIS CHANCE TO STRIKE.



FINALLY THE MOMENT COMES. MERLIN PUTS ALL HIS STRENGTH IN ONE DEADLY SWING.



DANGER TRAILS MERLIN AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS



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**QUARTERLY.**

**ON SALE ABOUT JUNE 1st.**

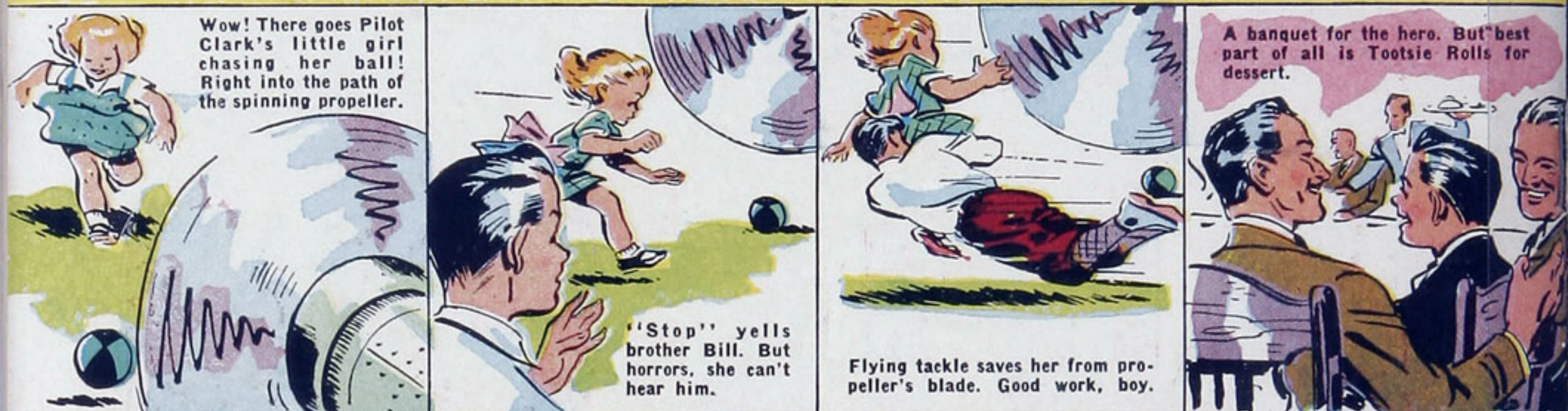
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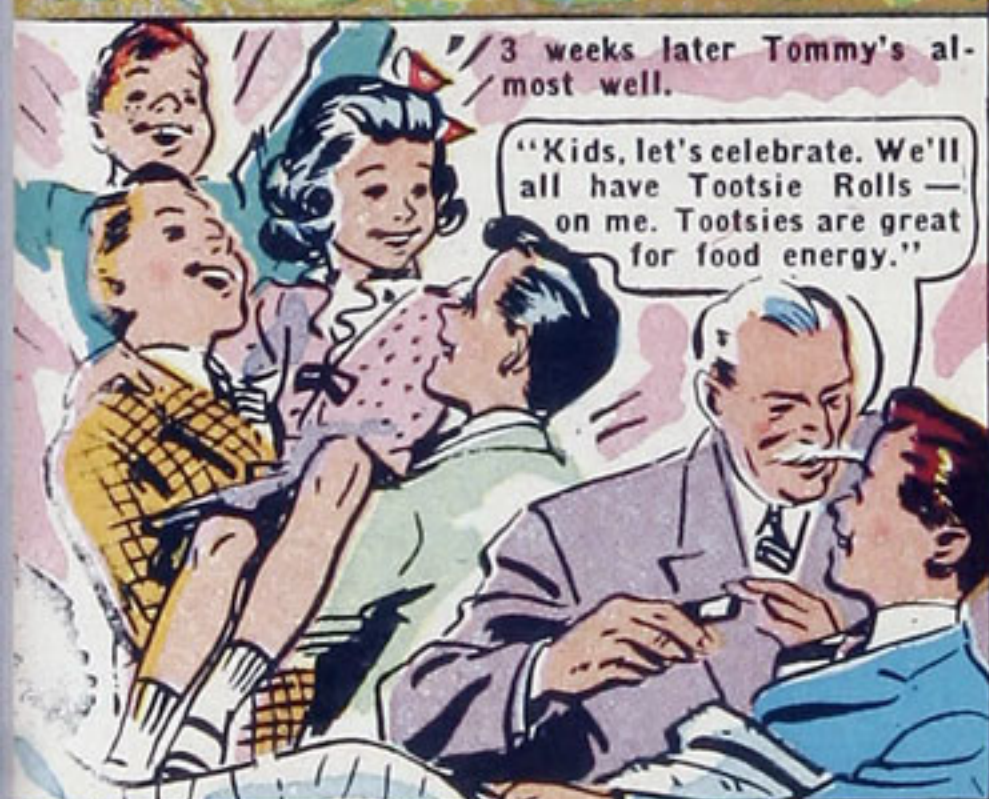
# THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

PUT YOURSELF IN THESE PICTURES—OPEN TO ALL—

## BOY-OH-BOY! WHAT A CLOSE CALL



## 3 CHEERS FOR PATSY



# EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—

ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE—FOR QUICK FOOD ENERGY



# 1¢ AND 5¢

Tootsies are softer and creamier! Now better than ever — always fresh and delicious. That's why over 1,500,000 Tootsie Rolls are bought daily. Everyone goes for Tootsies —

TRY TOOTSIE  
POPS TOO

SWELL—  
EACH WITH  
HEART OF  
TOOTSIE ROLLS!



# AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY

CHEWY! CHOCOLATEY! DE-LICIOUS!